38a

A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED;

WITH NOTES.

VOL. IV.

114

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Eng g Wa 4

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

WITH NOTES.



LONDON:
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MUSEUM
BRITAN
NICUM



AN ELEGY[a]

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD,

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day[b],
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now

[a] Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that this Elegy abounds with images which find a mirrour in every mind, and with ſentiments to which every boſom

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

returns an echo. The four ſtanzas beginning, *Yet ev'n theſe bones* are, ſays he, original: I have never ſeen the ſentiments in any other place; yet he that reads them here, perſuades himſelf that he has always felt them.

IMITATION.

b ——— ſquilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.

Dante Purg. l. 8. G.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care;
No children run to liſp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to Theſe the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem, of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingènuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

[c] Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

VARIATIONS.

[c] The thoughtleſs world to Majeſty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize ſucceſs;
But more to innocence their ſafety owe,
Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conſpir'd to bleſs.

And thou, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Doſt in theſe notes their artleſs tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the ſacred Calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous paſſion ceaſe;
In ſtill ſmall accents whiſpering from the ground
A grateful earneſt of eternal peace.

No more, with reaſon and thyſelf at ſtrife,
Give anxious cares and endleſs wiſhes room;
But through the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
Purſue the ſilent tenor of thy doom.

And here the Poem, ſays Mr. Maſon, was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed Swain, &c. ſuggeſted itſelf to the Author. The third of theſe rejected ſtanzas is not inferior to any in the whole Elegy.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires[d].

For

IMITATION.

[d] Ch'i veggio nel penſier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiuſi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

Petrarch, ſon. 169. G.

VARIATION.

Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

"Thus (ſays Mr. Maſon) it ſtood in the firſt and ſome following "editions, and I think rather better; for the authority of Petrarch "does

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn[e].

'There

"does not deſtroy the appearance of quaintneſs in the other: the "thought however is rather obſcurely expreſſed in both readings. He "means to ſay, in plain proſe, that we wiſh to be remembered by our "friends after our death, in the ſame manner as when alive we wiſhed "to be remembered by them in our abſence: this would be expreſſed "clearer, if the metaphorical term *fires* was rejected, and the line run "thus:

"Awake and faithful to her firſt deſires."

In Chaucer's Reve's Prologue, v. 3880,

Yet in our aſhen cold is fire yrekin.

There is, ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, ſo great a reſemblance between this line and the above, that I ſhould certainly have conſidered the latter as an imitation, if Mr. Gray had not referred us to the ſonnet of Petrarch as his original.

VARIATION.

[e] On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

After which, in the firſt manuſcript, followed this ſtanza:

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove:
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

'The next with dirges due in ſad array,
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne,
'Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn[f].

The

Him have we ſeen the greenwood ſide along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell ſong,
With wiſtful eyes purſue the ſetting ſun.

"I rather wonder (ſays Mr. Maſon) that he rejected this ſtanza, as "it not only has the ſame ſort of Doric delicacy which charms us pe-"culiarly in this part of the poem, but alſo completes the account of "his whole day: whereas, this evening ſcene being omitted, we have "only his morning walk and his noontide repoſe."

[f] Between this line and the epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inſerted a very beautiful ſtanza, which was printed in ſome of the firſt editions, but

The EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailities from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe) g
The boſom of his Father, and his God.

but afterwards omitted; becauſe he thought that it was too long a parentheſis in this place. The lines however are, in themſelves, exquiſitely fine, and demand preſervation.

There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
By hands unſeen, are ſhow'rs of violets found;
The redbreaſt loves to build and warble there,
And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

IMITATION.

g ——— paventoſa ſpeme.

Petrarch, ſon. 114. G.

HYMN

HYMN to ADVERSITY[b].

By the Same.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs Pow'r,
Thou Tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The Bad affright, afflict the Beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling Child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' woe.

[b] An imitation, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, of the 35th Ode of the firſt book of Horace, beginning, *O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium*; but Mr. Gray has excelled his original, by the variety of his ſentiments, and by their moral application.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh! gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic Train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart,
The generous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
[i] Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel, and know myſelf a man.

i "The many hard conſonants (ſays Mr. Maſon) which occur in "this line, hurt the ear. Mr. Gray perceived it himſelf, but did not "alter it, as the words themſelves were thoſe which beſt conveyed his "idea, and therefore did not chuſe to ſacrifice ſenſe to ſound."

EDUCATION.

A POEM:

IN TWO CANTOS[k].

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER's FAIRY QUEEN.

Inſcribed to Lady LANGHAM[l], Widow of Sir JOHN LANGHAM, Bart.

By GILBERT WEST, Eſq.

Unum ſtudium vere liberale eſt, quod liberum facit. Hoc ſapientiæ ſtudium eſt, ſublime, forte, magnanimum: cætera puſilla & puerilia ſunt.—Plus ſcire velle quàm ſit ſatis intemperantiæ genus eſt. Quid, quòd iſta liberalium artium conſectatio moleſtos, verboſos, intempeſtivos, ſibi placentes facit, & ideo non dicentes neceſſaria, quia ſupervacua didicerunt.

SEN. Ep. 88.

O Goodly DISCIPLINE! from heaven y-ſprong!
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the *Graces*, and the *Nine* belong:
O! bid thoſe *Graces*, in fair chorus join'd

[k] One canto only of this poem was publiſhed. The objections that were made to the obſolete words are ſaid to have occaſioned its being left unfiniſhed.

[l] Lady Langham was the author's mother.

With

With each bright *Virtue* that adorns the mind!
O bid the *Muſes*, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erſt humaniz'd mankind,
Inſpire, direct, and moralize the ſtrain,
That doth eſſay to teach thy treaſures how to gain!

And THOU, whoſe pious and maternal care,
The ſubſtitute of heavenly Providence,
With tendereſt love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly ſtrength and ſenſe;
With mildeſt awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the ſmooth walks of Truth and Innocence;
Where Happineſs heart-felt, Contentment ſweet,
Philoſophy divine aye hold their bleſt retreat;

THOU, moſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd!
Accept this verſe, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if by each tye endear'd,
Of nature, gratitude, and friendſhip true,
The whiles this *moral theſes* I purſue,
And trace the *plan* of goodly [m] *Nurture* o'er,
I bring thy *modeſt virtues* into view;
And proudly boaſt that from *thy* precious ſtore,
Which erſt enrich'd my heart, I drew this ſacred lore.

[m] Nurture, Education.

And

And thus, I ween, thus ſhall I beſt repay
The valued gifts, thy careful love beſtow'd;
If imitating THEE, well as I may,
I labour to diffuſe th' important good,
'Till this great truth by all be underſtood;
" That all the pious duties which we owe,
" Our parents, friends, our country, and our God;
" The ſeeds of every virtue here below,
" From *Diſcipline* alone, and early *Culture*, grow."

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to [n] PÆDIA'*s houſe*
He his young ſon conveys,
Is ſtaid by CUSTOM; *with him fights,*
And his vain pride diſmays.

I.

A Gentle KNIGHT there was, whoſe noble deeds
O'er *Fairy Land* by Fame were blazon'd round:
For warlike enterprize, and ſage [d] areeds,
Among the chief alike was he renown'd;

[n] Pædia is a Greek word, ſignifying Education.
[d] Areeds, counſels.

Whence

Whence with the marks of higheſt honours crown'd
By GLORIANA, in domeſtic peace,
That port to which the wiſe are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the toſſing ſeas
Of buſtling buſy life, for calm ſequeſtred eaſe.

II.

There in domeſtic virtue rich and great
As erſt in public, 'mid his wide domain,
Long in primæval patriarchal ſtate,
The lord. the judge, the father of the plain,
He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
Of wedded faith y-link'd, a *matron* ſage
Aye dwelt; ſweet partner of his joy and pain,
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliſs, his ſorrows to aſſuage.

III.

From this fair union, not of ſordid gain,
But merit ſimilar and mutual love,
True ſource of lineal virtue, ſprung a train
Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
Which round the temple of *Olympic Jove*,
Bigirt with youthful bloom the P *parent* tree,
The *ſacred olive*; whence old *Elis* wove

P *Parent* tree, the *ſacred olive*.] This tree grew in the Altis, or ſacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was eſteemed ſacred, and from that were taken the Olympic crowns. See Pauſanias. Eliac. and the Diſſertation on the Olympic games.

Her

Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The [q] guerdons of bold ſtrength, and ſwift activity.

IV.

So round their noble parents goodly roſe
Theſe generous ſcyons: they with watchful care
Still, as the ſwelling paſſions 'gan diſcloſe
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young ſhoots to rear:
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a [r] *Palmer* ſage inſtructed were,
Who from deep thought and ſtudious ſearch erewhile
Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human ſoil.

V.

For by cœleſtial *Wiſdom* whilom led
Through all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the ſecret ſtores, and mark'd the [s] ſted
To judgment, wit, and memory aſſign'd;
And how ſenſation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darkſome *grotte*,
Where variouſly disjointed or combin'd,
As reaſon, fancy, or opinion wrought,
Their various maſks they play'd, and fed her penſive thought.

[q] Guerdons, rewards.

[r] Palmer, pilgrim. The Perſon here ſignified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.

[s] Sted, place, ſtation.

VI.

[t] Alſe through the fields of *Science* had he ſtray'd
With eager ſearch, and ſent his piercing eye
Through each learn'd *ſchool*, each *philoſophic ſhade*,
Where *Truth* and *Virtue* erſt were deem'd to lie;
If haply the fair vagrants he [u] mote ſpy,
Or hear the muſic of their charming lore:
But all unable there to ſatisfy
His curious ſoul, he turn'd him to explore
The *ſacred writ of Faith*; to learn, believe, adore.

VII.

Thence foe profeſs'd of *Falſhood* and *Deceit*,
Thoſe fly artificers of tyranny,
[x] Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light, to *Knowledge*, *Liberty*,
Mankind he led, to *Civil Policy*,
And mild *Religion*'s charitable law,
That, fram'd by *Mercy* and *Benignity*,
The perſecuting ſword forbids to draw,
And free-created ſouls with penal terrors awe.

VIII.

[y] Ne with theſe glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wiſdom up in churliſh pride;
But, ſtooping from his height, would even deign
The feeble ſteps of *Infancy* to guide.

[t] Alſe, alſo, further.
[u] Aye, ever.
[x] Mote, might.
[y] Ne, nor.

Eternal

Eternal glory Him therefore betide!
Let every generous youth *his* praiſe proclaim!
Who, wand'ring through the world's rude foreſt wide,
By him hath been y-taught his courſe to frame
To *Virtue*'s ſweet abodes, and heav'n-aſpiring *Fame!*

IX.

For this the FAIRY KNIGHT with anxious thought,
And fond paternal care his counſel pray'd;
And him of gentleſt courteſy beſought
His guidance to vouchſafe and friendly aid;
The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
Through devious paths to that ſecure retreat,
Where ſage PÆDÍA, with each tuneful maid,
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural ſeat,
'Mid flow'ry gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that ſame virtuous *Palmer* them to guide;
Arm'd all to point, and on a courſer fair
Y-mounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he ſlow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle *ſquire*[z] enſues,
With his young *lord* aye marching ſide by ſide,
His counſellour and guard in goodly[a] thews,
Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every Muſe.

[z] Enſues, follows. [a] Thews, manners.

XI.

Thus as their pleaſing journey they purſued,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain,
Ere long deſcending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes out-ſtretch'd a ſpacious plain,
That fruitful ſhew'd, and apt for every grain,
For paſtures, vines and flow'rs; while Nature fair,
Sweet-ſmiling all around with count'nance[b] fain,
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
Her wildneſs to correct, her laviſh waſte repair.

XII.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the ſoil,
Aye wont in happy ſeaſon to repay
With tenfold uſury the peaſant's toil.
But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
The ſheep ſhorne down with barren[c] brakes o'er-grown;
The whiles the merry peaſants ſport and play,
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or every public care from every breaſt was flown.

XIII.

Aſtoniſh'd at a ſcene at once ſo fair
And ſo deform'd; with wonder and delight
At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,
In ſtudious thought awhile the Fairy Knight

[b] Fain, earneſt, eager. [c] Brakes, briars.

Bent on that goodly [d] lond his eager ſight:
Then forward ruſh'd, impatient to deſcry
What towns and caſtles therein were [e] empight;
For towns him ſeem'd, and caſtles he did ſpy,
And to th' horizon round he ſtretch'd his roaming eye.

XIV.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
To a wide ſtream, that with tumultuous roar
Emongſt rude rocks its winding courſe did frame.
Black was the wave and ſordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and ſtain'd with infants gore.
Thereto along th' unlovely margin ſtood
A birchen grove that, waving from the ſhore,
Aye caſt upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoiſon'd all the flood.

XV.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
Not diſtant far a *forked mountain* roſe;
In outward form preſenting to the ſight
That fam'd *Parnaſſian* hill, on whoſe fair brows
The *Nine Aonian Siſters* wont repoſe,
Liſt'ning to ſweet *Caſtalia*'s ſounding ſtream,
Which through the plains of *Cirrha* murm'ring flows.
But This to That compar'd mote juſtly ſeem
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's eſteem.

[d] Lond, land. [e] Empight, placed.

XVI.

For this nor founded deep, nor ſpredden wide,
Nor high up-rais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art through tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with ſtudious pain,
Was [f] erſt up-thrown; if ſo it mote attain,
Like that *poetic mountain*, to be [g] hight
The noble ſeat of *Learning*'s goodly train.
Thereto, the more to captivate the ſight,
It like a garden fair moſt curiouſly was [h] dight.

XVII.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
By meaſure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
With ſymmetry ſo regular diſpos'd,
That plot to plot ſtill anſwer'd, ſhade to ſhade;
Each correſpondent twain alike array'd
With like embelliſhments of plants and flow'rs,
Of ſtatues, vaſes, ſpouting founts, that play'd
Through ſhells of Tritons their aſcending ſhow'rs,
And labyrinths involv'd and trelice-woven bow'rs.

XVIII.

There likewiſe mote be ſeen on every ſide
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And ſhapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently ſhone, and with prepoſterous ſkill

[f] Erſt, formerly. [g] Hight, called, named. [h] Dight, dreſt.

To

To various beaſts and birds of ſundry quill
Transform'd, and human ſhapes of monſtrous ſize;
Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill
High-heaping, ſought with impious vain [i] emprize,
Deſpite of thund'ring *Jove*, to ſcale the ſteepy ſkies.

XIX.

Alſe other wonders of the ſportive ſhears
Fair Nature miſ-adorning there were found;
Globes, ſpiral columns, pyramids and piers
With ſpouting urns and budding ſtatues crown'd;
And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artiſts trac'd;
And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd faſt;
[k] All were their bellying ſails out-ſpread to every blaſt.

XX.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terraſſes on terraſſes up-thrown;
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
And viſtoes broad, the velvet ſlopes adown
The ever verdant trees of *Daphne* ſhone.
But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From *Latian* plains, and *Grecian Helicon*,
They ſhrunk and languiſh'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful ſummers ſtarv'd, and pinch'd by winter's cold.

[i] Emprize, enterprize, attempt.

[k] All, uſed frequently by the old Engliſh poets for although.

XXI.

Amid this verdant grove with ſolemn ſtate,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majeſty *Nine Virgins* ſate,
In features various, as unlike in mind:
Alſe boaſted they themſelves of heav'nly kind,
And to the ſweet *Parnaſſian Nymphs* allied;
Thence round their brows the *Delphic bay* they twin'd,
And, matching with high names their apiſh pride,
O'er every learned *ſchool* aye claim'd they to preſide.

XXII.

In antique garbs, for modern they diſdain'd,
By *Greek* and *Roman* artiſts [1] whilom made,
Of various woofs, and variouſly diſtain'd,
With tints of every hue, were they array'd;
And here and there ambitiouſly diſplay'd
A purple ſhred of ſome rich robe, prepared
Erſt by the *Muſes* or th' *Aonian Maid*,
To deck great *Tullius* or the *Mantuan Bard*;
Which o'er each motley veſt with uncouth ſplendor glared.

XXXIII.

And well their outward veſture did expreſs
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wiſdom's antiquated dreſs,
And uſages by Time caſt far behind.

[1] Whilom, formerly.

Thence,

Thence, to the charms of younger Science blind,
The cuſtoms, laws, the learning, arts, and phraſe,
Of their own countries they with ſcorn declin'd;
Ne *ſacred Truth* herſelf would they embrace,
Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

XXIV.

Thus ever backward caſting their ſurvey;
To *Rome*'s old ruins and the groves forlorn
Of elder *Athens*, which in proſpect lay
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn
Their buſy ſearch, and o'er the rubbiſh mourn.
Then gathering up, with ſuperſtitious care,
Each little ſcrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This *Ennius*, *Varro*; This the *Stagyrite* did wear.

XXV.

Yet, under names of venerable ſound,
While o'er the world they ſtretch'd their aweful rod;
Through all the provinces of *Learning* own'd
For *teachers* of whate'er is wiſe and good.
Alſe from each region to their [m] drad abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taſte
The *ſtreams* of Science; which united flow'd
Adown the *mount*, from *nine* rich ſources caſt;
And to the yale below in one rude torrent paſs'd.

[m] Drad, dreadful.

XXVI. O'er

XXVI.

O'er every ſource, protectreſs of the ſtream,
One of thoſe *Virgin Siſters* did preſide;
Who, dignifying with her noble *name*
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of *ſcholaſtic pride*
Deſpotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
Vain love of praiſe, with adulation join'd,
And diſingenuous ſcorn, and impotence of mind.

XXVII.

Extending from the hill on every ſide,
In circuit vaſt, a verdant valley ſpread;
Acroſs whoſe uniform flat boſom glide
Ten thouſand ſtreams, in winding mazes led,
By various ſluices from one common head;
A turbid maſs of waters, vaſt, profound,
Hight of *Philology* the lake; and fed
By that rude torrent, which with roaring ſound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

XXVIII.

And every where this ſpacious valley o'er,
Faſt by each ſtream was ſeen a numerous throng
Of beardleſs ſtriplings to the birch-crown'd ſhore,
By nurſes, guardians, fathers dragg'd along:

Who helpleſs, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender ſide
Of their fond mothers, and by [n] *faitours* ſtrong,
By pow'r made inſolent, and hard by pride,
Were driv'n with furious rage, and laſh'd into the tide.

XXIX.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they ſtood,
And caſting round their oft-reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'ſcape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Conſtrain'd his ſtrong compunctions to repreſs;
While cloſe behind, aſſuming the diſguiſe
Of nurturing care, and ſmiling tenderneſs,
With ſecret ſcourges arm'd thoſe grieſly *faitours* preſs.

XXX.

As on the ſteepy margin of a brook,
When the young ſun with flowery *Maia* rides,
With innocent diſmay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
The ſhepherd-ſwain at firſt exhorting chides
Their [o] ſeely fear; at length impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender ſides;
And, all regardleſs of their piteous moan,
Into the daſhing wave compels them furious down.

[n] Faitour, doer, from faire to do, and fait deed, commonly uſed by Spenſer in a bad ſenſe.

[o] Seely, ſimple.

XXXI.

Thus, urg'd by maſt'ring *Fear* and dol'rous [p] *Teen*,
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
Right piteous was the ſpectacle, I ween,
Of tender ſtriplings ſtain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
And labouring to attain the diſtant ſhore,
Where holding forth the *gown* of *manhood* ſtood
The *ſiren Liberty*, and ever-more
Solicited their hearts with her inchanting lore.

XXXII.

Irkſome and long the paſſage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks on which the raving tide,
By ſudden burſts of angry tempeſts vex'd,
Oft daſh'd the youth, whoſe ſtrength mote ill abide
With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride.
Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-paſt
The middle ſtream (for they in vain have tried)
Again return'd [q] aſtounded and aghaſt;
Ne one regardful look would ever backward caſt.

XXXIII.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
Their toilſome courſe with patient pain purſu'd;
And though with many a bruiſe and [r] muchel blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embru'd

[p] Teen, pain, grief. [q] Aſtounded, aſtoniſhed. [r] Muchel, much.

Deep

Deep in the muddy ſtream, with hearts ſubdu'd
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the ſhore at laſt,
But in life's practice [s] lear unſkill'd and rude,
Forth to that *forked hill* they ſilent pac'd,
Where hid in ſtudious ſhades their fruitleſs hours they waſte.

XXXIV.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
Though with the crowd to paſs the flood conſtrain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By *hireling* guides and in all depths ſuſtain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unſtain'd,
Save with the ſprinkling of the wat'ry ſpray:
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
Of ignorance and eaſe and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

XXXV.

A few, alas how few! by heav'n's high will
With ſubtile ſpirits endow'd and ſinews ſtrong,
[t] Albe ſore [u] mated by the tempeſts ſhrill,
That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
By their own *native vigour* borne along
Cut briſkly through the waves; and forces new
Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng
Of rival youths, outſtript the labouring crew,
And to the true [x] *Parnaſſe*, and heav'n-thron'd glory, flew.

[s] Lear, learning.
[t] Albe, although.
[u] Mated, amazed, ſcared.
[x] Parnaſſe, Parnaſſus.

XXXVI. Dire

XXXVI.

Dire was the tumult, and from every ſhore
Diſcordant echoes ſtruck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with ſobs and [y] ſingults ſore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious ſtripes, and angry threats ſevere,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring ſound
Of all the various ſpeeches that [z] while-ere
On *Shinar*'s wide-ſpread champain did aſtound
High *Babel*'s builders vain, and their proud works confound.

XXXVII.

Much was the KNIGHT empaſſion'd at the ſcene,
But more his blooming ſon, whoſe tender breaſt
Empierced deep with ſympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the ſigns of dread impreſs'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which ſore diſtreſs'd
Up to his ſire he rais'd in mournful wiſe;
Who with ſweet ſmiles paternal ſoon redreſs'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each ſad ſurmiſe;
Then turns his ready ſteed, and on his journey hies.

XXXVIII.

But far he had not march'd ere he was ſtay'd
By a rude voice, that, like th' united ſound
Of ſhouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
And ſhook the groves, the floods, and ſolid ground:

[y] Singults, ſighs. [z] While-ere, formerly.

The

The diſtant hills rebellow'd all around.
" Arreſt, *Sir Knight*, it cried, thy fond career,
" Nor with preſumptuous diſobedience wound
" That aweful majeſty which all revere!
" In my commands, *Sir Knight*, the voice of nations hear!"

XXXIX.

Quick turn'd the KNIGHT, and ſaw upon the plain,
Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gate,
And viſage all inflam'd with fierce diſdain,
A monſtrous GIANT, on whoſe brow elate
Shone the bright enſign of imperial ſtate;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft'times over both erect his throne,
While ſenates, prieſts, and kings, his [a] ſov'ran ſceptre own.

XL.

CUSTOM he hight; and aye in every land
Uſurp'd dominion with deſpotic ſway
O'er all he holds; and to his high command
Conſtrains ev'n ſtubborn *Nature* to obey;
Whom diſpoſſeſſing oft, he doth aſſay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So ſoft and gentle doth he win his way,
That ſhe unwares is caught in his embrace,
And tho' deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul diſ-
grace.

[a] Sov'ran, for ſovereign.

XLI. For

XLI.

For nurt'ring, even from their tend'reſt age,
The docile ſons of men withouten pain,
By diſciplines and rules to every ſtage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Inſenſibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alſe his beheſts or gentle or ſevere,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily perſuades them to revere,
As inſtitutions ſage, and venerable lear.

XLII.

Protector therefore of that *forked hill*,
And mighty patron of thoſe *Siſters Nine*,
Who there enthron'd, wih many a copious rill,
Feed the full ſtreams, that through the valley ſhine,
He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
[b] Like thoſe which *Sparta*'s hardy race of yore
Where wont perform at fell Diana's ſhrine,
He doth conſtrain his vaſſals to adore
Perforce their ſacred names, and learn their ſacred lore.

XLIII.

And to the FAIRY KNIGHT now drawing near,
With voice terrific and imperious mien,
(All was he wont leſs dreadful to appear,
When known and practiſed than at diſtance ſeen)
And

[b] The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with conſtancy and courage, were accuſtomed to cauſe them to be ſcourged very ſeverely. And I myſelf (ſays Plutarch, in his Life of

And kingly ſtretching forth his ſceptre ſheen,
Him he commandeth, upon threat'ned pain
Of his diſpleaſure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpoſe to refrain,
And all due honours pay to *Learning*'s rev'rend train.

XLIV.

So ſaying, and foreſtalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little cared to juſtify
His princely will, long us'd to boundleſs ſway,
Upon the *Fairy Youth* with great diſmay
In every quaking limb convuls'd he lay'd:
And proudly ſtalking o'er the verdant [c] lay,
Him to thoſe *ſcientific ſtreams* convey'd,
With many his young compeers therein to be [d] embay'd.

XLV.

The KNIGHT his tender ſon's diſtreſsful [e] ſtour
Perceiving, ſwift to his aſſiſtance flew:
Ne vainly ſtay'd to deprecate that pow'r,
Which from ſubmiſſion aye more haughty grew.
For that proud GIANT's force he wiſely knew,
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
With raſh preſumption; and with courage true,
Rather than ſtep from Virtue's paths aſide,
Oft had he ſingly ſcorn'd his all-diſmaying pride.

of Lycurgus) have ſeen ſeveral of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana ſurnamed Orthia.

[c] Lay, mead. [d] Embay'd, bathed, dipt. [e] Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

XLVI.

And now, diſdaining parle, his courſer hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful ſpear;
Where-with the GIANT he ſo rudely ſmot,
That him perforce conſtrain'd to [f] wend arrear.
Who, much abaſh'd at ſuch rebuke ſevere,
Yet his accuſtom'd pride recov'ring ſoon,
Forth-with his maſſy ſceptre 'gan up-rear;
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behoved to quell his boldeſt [g] fone.

XLVII.

With that enormous *mace* the FAIRY KNIGHT
So ſore he [h] bet, that all his armour bray'd,
To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
Of ſo tempeſtuous ſtrokes; but He was ſtay'd,
And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
The ſudden changes of the doubtful fray;
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard aſſay:
So lightly from his ſteed he leapt upon the lay.

XLVIII.

Then ſwiftly drawing forth his [i] trenchant blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceleſs ſhield;
And warily fore-caſting to evade
The GIANT's furious arm, about him wheel'd

[f] Wend arrear, move backwards.
[g] Fone, foes.
[h] Bet, beat; bray'd, reſounded,
[i] Trenchant, cutting.

With

With reſtleſs ſteps aye traverſing the field.
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
Through rage defenceleſs, mote advantage yield,
With his ſharp ſword ſo oft he did him [k] gride,
That his gold-ſandal'd feet in crimſon floods were dyed.

XLIX.

His baſer parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmoſt reach were [l] pight
The forts of life: ne ever to confound
With utter ruin, and aboliſh quite
A power ſo puiſſant by his ſingle might
Did he preſume to hope: Himſelf alone
From lawleſs force to free, in bloody fight
He ſtood; content to bow to CUSTOM's throne,
So REASON mote not bluſh his ſov'ran rule to own.

L.

So well he warded, and ſo fiercely preſs'd
His foe, that weary wex'd he of the fray;
Yet [m] nould he algates lower his haughty creſt;
But maſking in contempt his ſore diſmay,
Diſdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly caſting on the warlike [n] *fay*
A ſmile of ſcorn and pity, through the air
'Gan blow his ſhrilling horn; the blaſt was heard afar.

[k] Gride, cut, hack. [l] Pight, placed. [m] Nould he algates, would not by any means. [n] Fay, fairy.

LI.

Eftſoons aſtoniſh'd at th' alarming ſound,
The ſignal of diſtreſs and hoſtile wrong,
Confuſedly trooping from all quarters round,
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of every ſex and order, old and young;
The vaſſals of great CUSTOM's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by uſage long,
His every ſummons heard with pleaſure fain,
And felt his every wound with ſympathetic pain.

LII.

They, when their bleeding *king* they did behold,
And ſaw an armed KNIGHT him ſtanding near,
Attended by that *Palmer* ſage and bold,
Whoſe vent'rous ſearch of devious Truth while-ere
Spread through the realms of *Learning* horrors drear,
Y-ſeized were at firſt with terrors great;
And in their boding hearts began to fear
Diſſention factious, controverſial hate,
And innovations ſtrange in CUSTOM's peaceful ſtate.

LIII.

But when they ſaw the KNIGHT his fauchon ſheathe,
And climbing to his ſteed march thence away,
With all his hoſtile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer ſpirit, and with aſpect gay

Soon chaced the gathering clouds of black affray,
Alſe their great monarch, cheared with the view
Of myriads, who confeſs his ſov'ran ſway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew ;
And on his bugle clear a ſtrain of triumph blew.

LIV.

There-at the multitude, that ſtood around,
Sent up at once a univerſal roar
Of boiſterous joy : the ſudden-burſting ſound,
Like the exploſion of a warlike ſtore
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted ° welkin tore.
Then turning towards the KNIGHT, with ſcoffings lewd,
Heart-piercing inſults, and revilings ſore,
Loud burſts of laughter vain, and hiſſes rude,
As through the throng he paſs'd, his parting ſteps purſued.

LV.

Alſe from that *forked hill*, the boaſted ſeat
Of ſtudious *Peace* and mild *Philoſophy*,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Muſtering their rage ; eke baleful *Infamy*,
Rouz'd from her den of baſe obſcurity
By thoſe ſame *Maidens Nine*, began to ſound
Her brazen trump of black'ning obloquy :
While *Satire*, with dark clouds encompaſt round,
Sharp, ſecret arrows ſhot, and aim'd his back to wound.

° Welkin, ſky.

LVI.

But the brave FAIRY KNIGHT, no whit diſmay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;
With curious eye obſerving, as he ſtray'd
Through the wide provinces of CUSTOM's reign,
What mote afreſh admoniſh him remain
Faſt by his virtuous purpoſe; all around
So many objects mov'd his juſt diſdain,
Him ſeem'd that nothing ſerious, nothing ſound
In city, village, bow'r, or caſtle mote be found.

LVII.

In village, city, caſtle, bow'r, and hall,
Each ſex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle ſport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
Ne ſuffer'd aught diſturb their merry glee;
Ne ſenſe of private loſs, ne public woes,
Reſtraint of law, Religion's drad decree,
Inteſtine deſolation, foreign foes,
Nor heav'n's tempeſtuous threats, nor earth's convulſive throws.

LVIII.

But chiefly they whom Heav'n's diſpoſing hand
Had ſeated high on Fortune's upper ſtage,
And plac'd within their call the ſacred band
That waits on Nurture and Inſtruction ſage,

If happy their wiſe [p] heſts mote them engage
To climb through knowledge to more noble praiſe,
And as they mount, enlighten every age
With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays,
Which from the aweful heights of Grandeur brighter blaze.

LIX.

They, O perverſe and baſe ingratitude!
Deſpiſing the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low ſervices of brutal ſenſe
Abuſed the means of pleaſures more refined,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
And, fettering on her throne th' immortal mind,
The guidance of her realm to paſſions wild reſigned.

LX.

Hence thoughtleſs, ſhameleſs, reckleſs, ſpiritleſs,
Nought worthy of their kind did they aſſay;
But, or benumb'd with palſied Idleneſs
In meerly living loiter'd life away;
Or by falſe taſte of pleaſure led aſtray,
For-ever wand'ring in the ſenſual bow'rs
Of feveriſh Debauch, and luſtful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active pow'rs,
And with untimely blaſts diſeas'd their vernal hours.

[p] Heſts, beheſts, precepts, commands.

LXI.

Ev'n they, to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
Though the foul brothel and the wine-ſtain'd board
Of beaſtly *Comus* loathing they declin'd,
Yet their ſoft hearts to idle joys reſign'd;
Like painted inſects, through the ſummer-air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
And taſting every flower and bloſſom fair,
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

LXII.

For choice them needed none, who only ſought
With vain amuſements to beguile the day;
And wherefore ſhould they take or care or thought,
Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, ſo taught the leaders of mankind;
Th' unreaſoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by different ways the bliſsful boon to find.

LXIII.

Nor tedious was the ſearch; for every where,
As nigh great CUSTOM's royal tow'rs the KNIGHT
Paſs'd through th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of feſtival Delight

Saluting

Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin-revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, or leafy bow'rs,
Offering her evening-vows to *Pleaſure*'s joyous pow'rs.

LXIV.

And ever on the way mote he eſpy
Men, women, children, a promiſcuous throng
Of rich, poor, wiſe and ſimple, low and high,
By land, by water, paſſing aye along
With mummers, antics, muſic, dance and ſong,
To *Pleaſure*'s numerous temples, that beſide
The gliſtening ſtreams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot ſtood open wide,
And every gay deſire with various joys ſupplied.

LXV.

For there each heart with divers charms to move
The ſly inchantreſs ſummoned all her train:
Alluring *Venus*, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion *Bacchus* loud and vain,
And tricking *Hermes*, god of fraudful gain,
Who, when blind *Fortune* throws, directs the die,
And *Phœbus* tuning his ſoft *Lydian* ſtrain
To wanton motions, and the lover's ſigh,
And thought-beguiling ſhew, and making revelry.

LXVI.

Unmeet aſſociates there for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aſpire:
And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth
Would keep his manly faculties entire.
The which avizing well, the cautious ſire
From that ſoft *ſiren land* of *Pleaſaunce* vain,
With timely haſte was minded to retire,
¶ Or ere the ſweet contagion mote attain
His ſon's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious ſtain.

LXVII.

So turning from the beaten road aſide,
Through many a devious path at length he paced,
As that experienc'd *Palmer* did him guide,
'Till to a mountain hoare they come at laſt;
Whoſe high-rais'd brows, with ſilvan honours graced,
Majeſtically frown'd upon the plain,
And over all an aweful horrour caſt;
Seem'd as thoſe villas gay it did diſdain,
Which ſpangled all the vale like *Flora*'s painted train.

LXVIII.

The hill aſcended ſtrait, ere-while they came
To a tall grove, whoſe thick-embow'ring ſhade,
Impervious to the ſun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at midnoon a dubious twilight made;

¶ Or ere, before.

Like

Like to that ſober light, which diſarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
Along ſome cloiſter'd abby faintly gleams,
Abſtracting the rapt thought from vain earth-muſing themes.

LXIX.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
Of cluſt'ring oaks, a ſilvan colonnade,
Aye liſt'ning to the native melody
Of birds ſweet-echoing through the lonely ſhade,
On to the centre of the grove they ſtray'd;
Which, in a ſpacious circle opening round,
Within its ſhelt'ring arms ſecurely laid,
Diſclos'd to ſudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artleſs ſmiles and tranquil beauties crown'd.

LXX.

There, on the baſis of an ancient pile,
Whoſe croſs ſurmounted ſpire o'erlook'd the wood,
A venerable MATRON they ere-while
Diſcover'd have, beſide a murm'ring flood
Reclining in right ſad and penſive mood.
Retir'd within her own abſtracted breaſt,
She ſeem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
The which her changing chear by turns expreſt,
Now glowing with diſdain, with grief now [r] over-keſt.

r Over-keſt, for over-caſt.

LXXI. Her

LXXI.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
When-as the *Knight* perceiv'd, he nearer drew;
To weet what bitter bale did her aſtound,
And whence th' occaſion of her anguiſh grew.
For that right noble MATRON well he knew;
And many perils huge, and labours ſore
Had for her ſake endur'd; her vaſſal true,
Train'd in her love, and practiced evermore
Her honour to reſpect, and reverence her lore.

LXXII.

O deareſt drad! he cried, fair *iſland queen!*
Mother of heroes! *empreſs* of the *main!*
What means that ſtormy brow of troubles teen?
[a] Sith heav'n-born *Peace*, with all her ſmiling train
Of ſciences and arts, adorns thy reign
With wealth and knowledge, ſplendour and renown?
Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every plain!
How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
While *Liberty* ſecures and heightens every boon!

LXXIII.

Awaken'd from her trance of penſive woe
By theſe fair flattering words, ſhe rais'd her head;
And bending on the KNIGHT her frowning brow,
Mock'ſt thou my ſorrows, *Fairy's Son?* ſhe ſaid

[a] Sith, ſince.

Or is thy judgment by thy heart miſled
To deem that certain, which thy hopes ſuggeſt?
To deem them full of life and † luſtihead,
Whoſe cheeks in *Hebe's* vivid tints are dreſt,
And with *Joy's* careleſs mien, and dimpled ſmiles impreſt?

LXXIV.

Thy unſuſpecting heart how nobly good
I know, how ſanguine in thy country's cauſe!
And mark'd thy virtue, ſingly how it ſtood
Th' aſſaults of mighty CUSTOM, which o'er-awes
The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
From *Reaſon's* lore the ambitious and the vain
By the ſweet lure of popular applauſe,
Againſt their better knowledge, to maintain
The lawleſs throne of *Vice*, or *Folly's* childiſh reign.

LXXV.

How vaſt his influence! how wide his ſway!
Thy ſelf ere-while by proof didſt underſtand:
And ſaw'ſt, as through his realms thou took'ſt thy way,
How *Vice* and *Folly* had o'er-ſpread the land.
And can'ſt thou then, O *Fairy's Son*, demand
The reaſon of my woe? or hope to eaſe
The throbbings of my heart with ſpeeches bland,
And words more apt my ſorrows to increaſe,
The once dear names of *Wealth*, and *Liberty*, and *Peace?*

† Luſtihead, ſtrong health, vigour.

LXXVI. *Peace,*

LXXVI.

Peace, *Wealth*, and *Liberty*, that nobleſt boon,
Are bleſſings only to the *wiſe* and *good*.
To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
And thence abuſed but ſerve to furniſh food
For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
With high-ſpiced luxury; whence ſtrife, debate,
Ambition, envy, Faction's vip'rous brood,
Contempt of order, manners profligate;
The ſymptoms of a foul, diſeaſed, and bloated ſtate.

LXXVII.

Ev'n *Wit* and *Genius*, with their learned train
Of Arts and Muſes, though from heav'n above
Deſcended, when their talents they prophane
To varniſh folly, kindle wanton love,
And aid excentric ſceptic *Pride* to rove
Beyond *cæleſtial Truth*'s attractive ſphere,
This *moral ſyſtem's central ſun*, aye prove
To their fond votaries a curſe ſevere,
And only make mankind more obſtinately err.

LXXVIII.

And ſtand my ſons herein from cenſure clear?
Have they conſider'd well, and underſtood
The uſe and import of thoſe bleſſings dear,
Which the great *Lord of Nature* hath beſtow'd

As well to prove, as to reward the good ?
Whence are theſe torrents then, theſe billowy ſeas
Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
The fell *leviathan* licentious plays,
And upon ſhip-wreck'd faith, and ſinking virtue prays?

LXXIX.

To you, ye Noble, Opulent, and Great!
With friendly voice I call, and honeſt zeal!
Upon your vital influences wait
The health and ſickneſs of the common-weal;
The maladies you cauſe, yourſelves muſt heal.
In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
Will *Truth* and *Reaſon* make their juſt appeal;
In vain will *ſacred Wiſdom* cry aloud;
And *Juſtice* drench in vain her vengeful ſword in blood.

LXXX.

With you muſt reformation firſt take place:
You are the head, the intellectual mind
Of this vaſt body politic; whoſe baſe,
And vulgar limbs, to drudgery conſign'd,
All the rich ſtores of Science have reſign'd
To You, that by the craftſman's various toil,
The ſea-worn mariner, and ſweating hind,
In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
You, for yourſelves and them, may dreſs the mental ſoil.

LXXXI. Be-

LXXXI.

Bethink you then, my children, of the truſt
In you repos'd; ne let your heav'n-born mind
Conſume in pleaſure, or unactive ruſt;
But nobly rouſe you to the taſk aſſign'd,
The godlike taſk to teach and mend mankind:
Learn, that ye may inſtruct: to virtue lead
Yourſelves the way: the herd will croud behind,
And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
"Example is a leſſon, that all men can read."

LXXXII.

But if (to All or Moſt I do not ſpeak)
In vain and ſenſual habits now grown old,
The ſtrong *Circæan charm* you cannot break,
Nor re-aſſume at will your native [u] mould,
Yet envy not the ſtate, you could not hold,
And take compaſſion on the riſing age:
In them redeem your errours manifold;
And, by due diſcipline and nurture ſage,
In Virtue's lore betimes your docile ſons engage.

LXXXIII.

You chiefly, who like me in ſecret mourn
The prevalence of CUSTOM lewd and vain;
And you, who, though by the rude torrent borne
Unwillingly along you yield with pain

[u] Mould, ſhape, form.

To his beheſts; and act what you diſdain;
Yet houriſh in your hearts the gen'rous love
Of piety and truth; no more reſtrain
The manly zeal; but all your ſinews move
The preſent to reclaim, the future race improve!

LXXXIV.

Eftſoons by your joint efforts ſhall be quell'd
Yon haughty GIANT, who ſo proudly ſways
A ſceptre by repute alone upheld;
Who where he cannot dictate ſtrait obeys.
Accuſtom'd to conform his flattering phraſe
To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
Your party he will join, your maxims praiſe,
And, drawing after all his menial fry,
Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

LXXXV.

Ne for th' atchievement of this great emprize
The want of means or counſel may ye dread;
From my TWIN-DAUGHTERS' fruitful wombs ſhall riſe
A race of letter'd ſages, deeply read
In *Learning*'s various writ: by whom y-led
Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
Where *antique Wiſdom* whilom wont to tread,
With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

LXXXVI.

Yourſelves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
Of what, in ancient days of good or great
Hiſtorians, bards, philoſophers have taught;
Join'd with whatever elſe of modern date
Maturer Judgement, ſearch more accurate,
Diſcover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
May by new laws reform the time-worn ſtate
Of cell-bred diſcipline, and ſmoothe the road
That leads thro' *Learning*'s vale to *Wiſdom*'s bright abode.

LXXXVII.

By you invited to her ſecret bow'rs,
Then ſhall PÆDÎA reaſcend her throne
With vivid laurels girt, and fragrant flow'rs;
While from their *forked mount* deſcending down
Yon ſupercilious *pedant train* ſhall own
Her empire paramount, ere long by Her
Y-taught a leſſon in their ſchools unknown,
"To *Learning*'s richeſt treaſures to prefer
"The *knowledge* of the *world*, and *man's great buſineſs there.*"

LXXXVIII.

On this prime ſcience, as the final end
Of all her diſcipline, and nurturing care,
Her eye PÆDÎA fixing aye ſhall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare

Her tender pupils for the various war,
Which *Vice* and *Folly* ſhall upon them wage,
As on the perilous march of life they fare,
With prudent lore fore-arming every age
'Gainſt *Pleaſure*'s treacherous joys, and *Pain*'s embattled rage.

LXXXIX.

Then ſhall my youthful ſons, to Wiſdom led
By fair example and ingenuous praiſe,
With willing feet the paths of *Duty* tread,
Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
Conducted by *Religion*'s ſacred rays,
Whoſe ſoul-invigorating influence
Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
Of ſordid ſelfiſhneſs and brutal ſenſe,
And ſwell th' ennobled heart with bleſt benevolence.

XC.

Then alſo ſhall this *emblematic pile*,
By *magic* whilom fram'd to ſympathize
With all the fortunes of this changeful iſle,
Still as my ſons in fame and virtue riſe,
Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding ſkies
Its radiant croſs up-lift; the while to grace
The *multiplying niches*, freſh ſupplies
Of *worthies* ſhall ſucceed, with equal pace
Aye following their *ſires* in virtue's glorious race.

XCI.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
She roſe majeſtic from her lowly ſted;
While from her vivid eyes a ſparkling flame
Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erſpread
That *monumental pile*; and as her head
To every *front* ſhe turn'd, diſcover'd round
The venerable forms of heroes dead;
Who for their various merit erſt renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory ſhrines of honour found.

XCII.

On *theſe* that *royal dame* her raviſh'd eyes
Would often feaſt: and ever as ſhe ſpy'd
Forth from the ground the *length'ning ſtructure* riſe
With *new-plac'd ſtatues* deck'd on every ſide,
Her parent-breaſt would ſwell with gen'rous pride.
And now with her in that ſequeſter'd plain,
The *Knight* awhile conſtraining to abide,
She to the *Fairy Youth* with pleaſure fain
Thoſe *ſculptur'd chiefs* did ſhew, and their great lives explain [x].

x *Great lives explain.*] I cannot forbear taking occaſion from theſe words, to make my acknowledgments to the writers of the *Biographia Britannica*, for the pleaſure and profit I have lately received from peruſing the two firſt volumes of that uſeful and entertaining work, of which the *monumental ſtructure* above-mentioned, decorated with the ſtatues of *great* and *good* men, is no improper emblem. This work, which contains the *lives of the moſt eminent perſons, who have flouriſhed in* Great Britain *and* Ireland, *from the earlieſt ages down to the preſent time*, appears to me, as far as it has hitherto gone, to be executed with great *ſpirit*, *accuracy*, and *judgment*; and deſerves,

in

in my opinion, to be encouraged by all, who have at heart the honour of their country, and that of their particular families and friends; and who can any ways aſſiſt the ingenious and laborious authors, to render as perfect as poſſible, a deſign ſo apparently calculated to ſerve the public, by ſetting in the trueſt and fulleſt light the characters of perſons already generally, though perhaps too indiſtinctly known; and retrieving from obſcurity and oblivion examples of private and retired merit, which, though leſs glaring and oſtentatious than the former, are not, however, of a leſs extenſive or leſs beneficial influence. To thoſe, who may happen not to have ſeen this repoſitory of *Britiſh* glory, I cannot give a better idea of it, than in the following lines of *Virgil:*

Hic manus *ob patriam pugnando* vulnera paſſi;
Quique *ſacerdotes* caſti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii *vates* & *Phœbo digna* locuti;
Inventas aut qui *vitam excoluere* per *artes*;
Quique *ſui memores* alios fecere *merendo*,

Virg. Æn. L. 6.

The End of the FIRST CANTO.

PENSHURST[a].

INSCRIBED TO WILLIAM PERRY, Esq; AND The Honourable Mrs. ELIZABETH PERRY[b],

BY MR. FRANCIS COVENTRY[c].

GENIUS of Penshurst old!
Who saw'st the birth of each immortal oak,
Here sacred from the stroke;
And all thy tenants of yon turrets bold,

[a] Near Tunbridge. The name of this seat denotes its situation to be in a woody country, which is the extremity of the Weald of Kent; to which Mr. Waller has alluded,

Embroider'd so with flow'rs where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.

In the reign of King Edward the VIth, it was forfeited to the Crown by its former proprietor; and granted by that prince to Sir William Sidney, Lord Chamberlain of his Houshold.

[b] One of the co-heiresses of the Sidney family, niece to the last Earl of Leicester, and married to William Perry Esquire.

[c] Rector of Edgware, and author of the Adventures of Pompey the Little. He died of the small-pox about the year 1759.

Inspir'st

Inſpir'ſt to arts or arms;
Where [d] Sidney his Arcadian landſcape drew,
Genuine from thy Doric view;
And patriot [e] Algernon unſhaken roſe
Above inſulting foes;
And Sacchariſſa [f] nurs'd her angel charms;
O ſuffer me with ſober tread
To enter on thy holy ſhade;
Bid ſmoothly-gliding Medway ſtand,
And wave his ſedgy treſſes bland,
A ſtranger let him kindly greet,
And pour his urn beneath my feet.
And ſee where Perry opes his door
To land me on the ſocial floor;

[d] Sir Philip Sidney. [e] Algernon Sidney.

[f] Lady Dorothy Sidney, eldeſt daughter of Robert Earl of Leiceſter. In the year 1639 ſhe was married to Henry Lord Spencer, created Earl of Sunderland by King Charles I. in whoſe cauſe, a little more than four years after his marriage, he was ſlain at the battle of Newberry before he had compleated the 23d year of his age. She afterwards married Robert Smythe Eſq. of Bounds in Kent; and, having ſurvived her firſt lord about 40 years, ſhe was buried in the ſame vault with him at Brinton in Northamptonſhire, on the 25th of Feb. 1683. Mr. Fenton obſerves, that the name Sacchariſſa, which Waller gave her, recalls to mind what is related of the Turks, who in their gallantries think *Sucar Birpara*, i. e. bit of ſugar, to be the moſt polite and endearing compliment they can uſe to the ladies.

Nor does the heireſs of theſe ſhades deny
To bend her bright majeſtic eye,
Where Beauty ſhines, and Friendſhip warm,
And Honour in a female form.
With them in aged groves to walk,
And loſe my thoughts in artleſs talk,
I ſhun the voice of Party loud,
I ſhun looſe Pleaſure's idle crowd,
And monkiſh academic cell,
Where Science only feigns to dwell,
And court, where ſpeckled Vanity
Apes her tricks in tawdry die,
And ſhifts each hour her tinſel hue,
Still furbelow'd in follies new.
Here Nature no diſtortion wears,
Old Truth retains his ſilver hairs,
And Chaſtity her matron ſtep,
And purple Health her roſy lip.
Ah! on the virgin's gentle brow
How Innocence delights to glow!
Unlike the town-dame's haughty air,
The ſcornful eye and harlot's ſtare;
But bending mild the baſhful front,
As modeſt Fear is ever wont:
Shepherdeſſes ſuch of old,
Doric bards enamour'd told,
While the pleas'd Arcadian vale
Echo'd the enchanting tale.

But chief of Virtue's lovely train,
A penſive exile on the plain,
No longer active now to wield
Th' avenging ſword, protecting ſhield,
Here thoughtful-walking Liberty
Remembers Britons once were free.
With her would Nobles old converſe,
And learn her dictates to rehearſe,
Ere yet they grew refin'd to hate
The hoſpitable rural ſeat,
The ſpacious hall with tenants ſtor'd,
Where Mirth and Plenty crown'd the board;
Ere yet their *Lares* they forſook,
And loſt the genuine Britiſh look,
The conſcious brow of inward merit,
The rough, unbending, martial ſpirit,
To clink the chain of Thraldom gay,
And court-idolatry to pay;
To live in city ſmoaks obſcure,
Where morn ne'er wakes her breezes pure,
Where darkeſt midnight reigns at noon,
And fogs eternal blot the ſun.
But come, the minutes flit away,
And eager Fancy longs to ſtray:
Come, friendly Genius! lead me round
Thy ſylvan haunts and magic ground;
Point every ſpot of hill or dale,
And tell me, as we tread the vale,

" Here

" Here mighty Dudley once would rove,
" To plan his triumphs in the grove:
" There looſer Waller, ever gay,
" With Sacchariſs in dalliance lay [g],
" And Philip, ſide-long yonder ſpring,
" His laviſh carols wont to ſing."
Hark! I hear the echoes call,
Hark! the ruſhing waters fall;
Lead me to the green retreats,
Guide me to the Muſes' ſeats,
Where ancient bards retirement choſe,
Or ancient lovers wept their woes.
What Genius points to yonder [h] oak?
What rapture does my ſoul provoke?

There

[g] It will be ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve, that this ſcandal is totally deſtitute of truth.

[h] An oak in Penſhurſt-park, planted the day Sir Philip Sidney was born, of which Ben Jonſon ſpeaks in the following manner:

That taller tree, which of a nut was ſet,
At his great birth, where all the Muſes met.

Waller in his lines on Penſhurſt, ſays,

Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of that old tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth——

It

There let me hang a garland high,
There let my Muſe her accents try;
Be there my earlieſt homage paid,
Be there my lateſt vigils made:
For thou waſt planted in the earth
The Day that ſhone on Sidney's birth.
That happy time, that glorious day
The Muſes came in concert gay;
With harps in tune, and ready ſong,
The jolly Chorus tript along;
In honour of th' auſpicious morn,
To hail an infant genius born:
Next came the Fawns in order meet,
The Satyrs next with cloven feet,

It has been reported that this oak was cut down in 1768, by the late Algernon Sidney Eſq. But another writer, Mr. Haſted, ſpeaks of it as yet ſtanding. The following inſcription for it was written by Mr. Coventry:

Stranger, kneel here! to age due homage pay!
When great Eliza held Britannia's ſway
My growth began—the ſame illuſtrious morn,
Joy to the hour! ſaw gallant Sidney born;
Sidney, the darling of Arcadia's ſwains!
Sidney, the terror of the martial plains!
He periſh'd early; I juſt ſtay behind
An hundred years, and lo! my cleft'ed rind,
My wither'd boughs, foretell deſtruction nigh;
We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die.

The Dryads ſwift that roam the woods,
The Naiads green that ſwim the floods;
Sylvanus left his ſilent cave,
Medway came dropping from the wave;
Vertumnus led his bluſhing ſpouſe,
And Ceres ſhook her wheaten brows;
And Mars with milder look was there,
And laughing Venus grac'd the rear.
They join'd their hands in feſtive dance,
And bade the ſmiling babe advance;
Each gave a gift; Sylvanus laſt
Ordain'd, when all the pomp was paſt,
Memorial meet, a tree to grow
Which might to future ages ſhew,
That on ſelect occaſion rare,
A troop of Gods aſſembled there:
The Naiads water'd well the ground;
And Flora twin'd a wood-bine round:
The tree ſprung faſt in hallow'd earth,
Co-æval with th' illuſtrious birth.
Thus let my feet unwearied ſtray;
Nor ſatisfied with one ſurvey,
When morn returns with doubtful light,
And Phœbe pales her lamp of night,
Still let me wander forth anew,
And print my footſteps on the dew,
What time the ſwain with ruddy cheek
Prepares to yoke his oxen meek,

And early dreſt in neat array
The milk-maid chanting ſhrill her lay,
Comes abroad with milking pail;
And the ſound of diſtant flail
Gives the ear a rough good-morrow,
And the lark from out his furrow
Soars upright on matin wings,
And at the gate of heaven ſings.
But when the ſun with fervid ray
Drives upwards to his noon of day,
And couching oxen lay them down
Beneath the beechen umbrage brown;
Then let me wander in the hall,
Round whoſe antique-viſag'd wall
Hangs the armour Britons wore,
Rudely caſt in days of yore.
Yon ſword ſome hero's arm might wield,
Red in the ranks of *Chalgrave*'s field,
Where ever-glorious Hampden bled,
And Freedom tears of ſorrow ſhed.
Or in the gallery let me walk,
Where living pictures ſeem to talk,
Where Beauty ſmiles ſerenely fair,
And Courage frowns with martial air;
Though whiſkers quaint the face diſguiſe,
And habits odd to modern eyes.
Behold what kings in Britain reign'd,
Plantagenets with blood diſtain'd,

And valiant Tudor's haughty race,
And Stuart's England's worſt diſgrace.
The Norman firſt, with cruel frown,
Proud of his new-uſurped crown,
Begins the liſt; and many more,
Stern heroes form'd of rougheſt ore.
See victor Henry there advance,
Ev'n in his look he conquers France;
And murd'rer Richard, juſtly ſlain
By Richmond's ſteel on Boſworth plain;
See the tyrant of his wives,
Prodigal of faireſt lives [i],
And laureat Edward nurs'd in arts,
Minerva ſchool'd his kingly parts.
But ah! the melancholy Jane [k],
A ſoul too tender for a queen!
She ſinks beneath imperial ſway,
The dear-bought ſceptre of a day!
And muſt ſhe mount the ſcaffold drear?
Hard-hearted Mary, learn to ſpare!
Eliza next ſalutes the eye;
Exalt the ſong to Liberty,
The Muſe repeats the ſacred name,
Eliza fills the voice of fame.
From thence a baſer age began,
The royal ore polluted ran,

[i] Henry the VIIIth. [k] Lady Jane Grey.

'Till

'Till foreign Naſſau's valiant hand
Chac'd holy tyrants from the land:
Downward from hence deſcend apace
To Brunſwic's high, illuſtrious race;
And ſee the canvaſs ſpeaks them brave,
An injur'd nation born to ſave,
Active in Freedom's righteous cauſe,
And conſcious of a juſt applauſe.
But chiefly pleas'd, the curious eye
With nice diſcernment loves to try
The labour'd wonders, paſſing thought,
Which warm Italian pencils wrought;
Fables of love, and ſtories old,
By Greek or Latin poets told:
How Jove committed many a rape,
How young Actæon loſt his ſhape;
Or what celeſtial pen-men writ,
Or what the painter's genuine wit
From Fancy's ſtore-houſe could deviſe;
Where Raphael claims the higheſt prize.
Madonas here decline the head,
With fond maternal pleaſure fed,
Or lift their lucid eyes above,
Where more is ſeen than holy love.
There temples ſtand diſplay'd within,
And pillars in long order ſeen,
And roofs ruſh forward to the ſight,
And lamps affect a living light.

Or landſcapes tire the trav'ling eye,
The clouds in azure volumes fly,
The diſtant trees diſtinguiſh'd riſe,
And hills look little in the ſkies.
When day declines, and ev'ning cool
Begins her gentle, ſilent rule,
Again, as Fancy points the way,
Benignant leader, let me ſtray:
And wilt thou, Genius, bring along
(So ſhall my Muſe exalt her ſong)
The Lord who rules this ample ſcene,
His Conſort too with gracious mien,
Her little offspring prattling round,
While Echo liſps their infant ſound.
And let Good-nature, born to pleaſe,
Wait on our ſteps, and graceful Eaſe;
Nor Mirth be wanting as we walk,
Nor Wit to ſeaſon ſober talk;
Let gay Deſcription too attend,
And Fable told with moral end,
And Satire quick that comes by ſtealth,
And flowing Laughter, friend to Health.
Meanwhile Attention loves to mark
The deer that crop the ſhaven park,
The ſteep-brow'd hill, or foreſt wild,
The ſloping lawns, and zephyrs mild,
The clouds that bluſh with ev'ning red,
Or meads with ſilver fountains fed,

The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
And black-bird chanting on the ſpray;
The calm farewel of parting light,
And Ev'ning ſad'ning into Night.
Nor wearied yet my roving feet,
Though Night comes on amain, retreat;
But ſtill abroad I walk unſeen
Along the ſtar-enlighten'd green;
Superior joys my ſoul invite,
Lift, lift to heav'n the dazzled ſight.
Lo, where the moon, enthron'd on high,
Sits ſteady empreſs of the ſky,
Enticing nations to revere,
And proudly vain of pagan fear;
Or where through clouds ſhe travels faſt,
And ſeems on journey bent in haſte,
While thouſand hand-maid ſtars await,
Attendant on their queen of ſtate.
'Tis now that in her high controul,
Ambitious of a foreign rule,
She ſtirs the Ocean to rebel,
And factious waters fond to ſwell
Guides to battle in her car,
'Gainſt her ſiſter Earth to war.
Thus let me muſe on things ſublime,
Above the flight of modern rhyme,
And call the ſoul of Newton down,
Where it ſits high on ſtarry throne,

Inventing laws for worlds to come,
Or teaching comets how to roam:
With him I'd learn of every ſtar,
But four-ey'd Pedantry be far,
And Ignorance in garb of Senſe,
With terms of art to make pretence.

Hail, happy ſoil! illuſtrious earth!
Which gav'ſt ſo many heroes birth;
Which never wand'ring poet trod,
But felt within th' inſpiring God!
In theſe tranſporting, ſolemn ſhades,
Firſt I ſalute th' Aonian maids.
Ah lead me, Genius, to thy haunts,
Where Philomel at ev'ning chants,
And as my oaten pipe reſounds,
Give muſic to the forming ſounds.
A ſimple ſhepherd, yet unknown,
Aſpires to ſnatch an ivy crown,
On daring pinions bold to ſoar,
Though here thy Waller ſung before,
And Jonſon dipt his learned pen,
And Sidney pour'd his fancy-flowing ſtain.

TO THE

Hon. WILMOT VAUGHAN[1], in WALES.

By the Same.

YE diſtant realms, that hold my friend
Beneath a cold ungenial ſky,
Where lab'ring groves with weight of vapours bend,
Or raving winds o'er barren mountains fly;
Reſtore him quick to London's ſocial clime,
Reſtore him quick to friendſhip, love and joy;
Be ſwift, ye lazy ſteeds of Time,
Ye moments, all your ſpeed employ.
Behold November's glooms ariſe,
Pale ſuns with fainter glory ſhine,
Dark gath'ring tempeſts blacken in the ſkies,
And ſhiv'ring woods their ſickly leaves reſign.
Is this a time on Cambrian hills to roam,
To court diſeaſe in Winter's baleful reign,
To liſten to th' Atlantic foam,
While rocks repel the roaring main,

[1] Now Lord Liſburne.

While horror fills the region vaſt,
Rheumatic tortures Eurus brings,
Pregnant with agues flies the northern blaſt,
And clouds drop quartans from their flagging wings.
Doſt thou explore Sabrina's fountful ſource,
Where huge Plinlimmon's hoary height aſcends:
Then downward mark her vagrant courſe,
'Till mix'd with clouds the landſcape ends?
Doſt thou revere the hallow'd ſoil
Where Druids old ſepulchred lie;
Or up cold Snowden's craggy ſummits toil,
And muſe on ancient ſavage liberty?
Ill ſuit ſuch walks with bleak autumnal air,
Say, can November yield the joys of May?
When Jove deforms the blaſted year,
Can Wallia boaſt a chearful day?
The town expects thee.—Hark, around,
Through every ſtreet of gay reſort,
New chariots rattle with awak'ning ſound,
And crowd the levees, and beſiege the court.
The patriot, kindling as his wars enſue,
Now fires his ſoul with liberty and fame,
Marſhals his threat'ning tropes anew,
And gives his hoarded thunders aim.
Now ſeats their abſent lords deplore,
Neglected villas empty ſtand,
Capacious Gro'venor gathers all its ſtore,
And mighty London ſwallows up the land.

See ſportive Vanity her flights begin,
See new-blown Folly's plenteous harveſt riſe,
    See mimic beauties dye their ſkin,
    And harlots roll their venal eyes.
    Faſhions are ſet, and fops return,
    And young coquettes in arms appear;
Dreaming of conqueſt, how their boſoms burn,
Trick'd in the new fantaſtry of the year.
Fly then away, nor ſcorn to bear a part
In this gay ſcene of folly amply ſpread:
    Follies well us'd refine the heart,
    And pleaſures clear the ſtudious head
    By grateful interchange of mirth
    The toils of ſtudy ſweeter grow,
As varying ſeaſons recommend the earth,
Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO

Sir THOMAS HANMER[m],

On his EDITION of

SHAKSPEARE's WORKS.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.

SIR,

WHILE born to bring the Muſe's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays:
While nurs'd by you ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:

Excuſe

[m] A ſtateſman of diſtinguiſhed merit, and a polite writer. He was deſcended from a very ancient family in North Wales, and was born in

Excuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
With conſcious awe ſhe bears the critic's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakſpeare's name.
Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unown'd by Science, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When ling'ring froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.

in 1676. In the year 1712 he was choſen Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and died in May, 1746, ſoon after the publication of his edition of Shakſpeare. Dr. Johnſon obſerves that he was a man eminently qualified for ſuch ſtudies as that which occaſioned the preſent epiſtle. "He had (as the ſame author remarks) what is the firſt "requiſite to emendatory criticiſm, that intuition by which the poet's "intention is immediately diſcovered, and that dexterity of intellect "which diſpatches its work by the eaſieſt means. He had undoubtedly "read much; his acquaintance with cuſtoms, opinions, and traditions, "ſeems to have been large; and he is often learned without ſhew. "He ſeldom paſſes what he does not underſtand, without an attempt to "find or to make a meaning, and ſometimes haſtily makes what a little "more attention would have found. He is ſolicitous to reduce to "grammar, what he could not be ſure that his author intended to be "grammatical. Shakſpeare regarded more the ſeries of ideas than of "words; and his language not being deſigned for the reader's deſk, was "all that he deſired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the au-"dience." Preface to Shakſpeare, p. 46.

Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd through time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the [n] Theban's reign,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The Comic ſiſters kept their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her Tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly ſoil.
As Arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, Prieſts, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.
'Till [o] Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade!
Then deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:

[n] The Oedipus of Sophocles.

[o] Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.

With

With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung.
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But heav'n, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakſpeare to her fame be born!
Yet ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in art.
Of ſofter mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes and the virgin's fear.
His [P] every Strain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ſtronger Shakſpeare felt for Man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

[P] Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Dryden.

With

[q] With gradual ſteps, and ſlow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew.
'Till late Corneille, with [r] Lucan's ſpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and He inſpir'd:
And claſſic judgement gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temp'rate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.
But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
And wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every ſcene could give
Th' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurprize,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:

[q] About the time of Shakſpeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Jonſon excepted.

[r] The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

The

The time [s] ſhall come, when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in thy midnight tent,
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.
Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand the Woods and Vallies ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' *inchanted iſle*.
O more than all in pow'rful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
There native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wond'rous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!

[s] Tempus erit Turno, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, &c.

Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdu'd the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee, where [t] Antony in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend:
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But [u] who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not War's inſatiate fury fall
(So heav'n ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother 'midſt the plaintive train
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride;
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while *Pity* melts the eyes.
Thus, gen'rous Critic, as thy Bard inſpires,
The ſiſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires;

[t] See the Tragedy of Julius Cæſar.

[u] Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyſſey.

Each

Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring;
Thoſe Sybil-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to Nature, own thy forming hand.
So ſpread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and water caſt on every ſhore:
When rais'd by Fate, ſome former HANMER join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind:
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

A SONG

A SONG

FROM

SHAKSPEARE's CYMBELINE.

Sung by GUIDERUS and AVIRAGUS over FIDELE, ſuppoſed to be dead.

By the Same.

I.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

II.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove:
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here.
And melting virgins own their love.

III. No

III.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew!

IV.

The red-breaſt oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid:
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell,
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall the reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ELEGY

ELEGY

To Miſs DASHWOOD.

In the Manner of OVID.

BY MR. HAMMOND[a].

O SAY, thou dear poſſeſſor of my breaſt,
Where now's my boaſted liberty and reſt!
Where the gay moments which I once have known!
O where that heart I fondly thought my own!

From

[a] This gentleman, ſays Dr. Johnſon, was the ſecond ſon of Anthony Hammond, a man of note among the wits, poets, and parliamentary orators in the beginning of this century, who was allied to Sir Robert Walpole by marrying his ſiſter. He was born about 1710, and educated at Weſtminſter-ſchool; but it does not appear that he was of any univerſity. He was equerry to the Prince of Wales, and ſeems to have come very early into publick notice, and to have been diſtinguiſhed by thoſe whoſe patronage and friendſhip prejudiced mankind at that time in favour of thoſe on whom they were beſtowed; for he was the companion

From place to place I ſolitary roam,
Abroad uneaſy, not content at home.
I ſcorn the beauties common eyes adore,
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
Unmov'd I hear them ſpeak, or ſee them fair,
And only think on thee—who art not there.
In vain would books their formal ſuccour lend,
Nor wit, nor wiſdom, can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wiſdom ſhews the ill without the cure.
When from thy ſight I waſte the tedious day,
A thouſand ſchemes I form, and things to ſay;
But when thy preſence gives the time I ſeek,
My Heart 's ſo full, I wiſh, but cannot ſpeak.
And could I ſpeak with eloquence and eaſe,
'Till now not tedious of the art to pleaſe,
Could I, at woman, who ſo oft exclaim,
Expoſe (nor bluſh) thy triumph and my ſhame,

companion of Cobham, Lyttelton, and Cheſterfield. He is ſaid to have divided his life between pleaſure and books, in his retirement forgetting the town, and in his gaiety loſing the ſtudent. Of his literary hours, *The Love Elegies* and the preſent Poem are the moſt material. In 1741 he was choſen into Parliament for Truro in Cornwall; being probably one of thoſe who were elected by the Prince's influence; and died next year in June, at Stowe, the famous ſeat of the Lord Cobham. His miſtreſs, the lady to whom this Elegy is addreſſed, long out-lived him, and in 1779 died unmarried. The character which her lover bequeathed her was indeed not likely to attract courtſhip.

Abjure thoſe maxims I ſo lately priz'd,
And court that ſex I fooliſhly deſpis'd,
Own thou haſt ſoften'd my obdurate mind,
And thou reveng'd the wrongs of womankind:
Loſt were my words, and fruitleſs all my pain,
In vain to tell thee all I write in vain;
My humble ſighs ſhall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence ſhall be my tears.
And now (for more I never muſt pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
Thouſands will fain thy little heart enſnare
(For without danger none like thee are fair;)
But wiſely chuſe who beſt deſerves thy flame,
So ſhall the choice itſelf become thy fame:
Nor yet deſpiſe, though void of winning art,
The plain and honeſt courtſhip of the heart;
The ſkilful tongue in love's perſuaſive lore,
Though leſs it feels, will pleaſe and flatter more,
And meanly learned in that guilty trade
Can long abuſe a fond, unthinking maid.
And ſince their lips, ſo knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might ſoon believe,
And ſince their tears in falſe ſubmiſſion dreſt
Might thaw the icy coldneſs of thy breaſt,
O! ſhut thine eyes to ſuch deceitful woe;
Caught by the beauty of thy outward ſhow,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they ſeem,
Like me—with paſſion founded on eſteem.

ANSWER

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

By Lord Hervey.

TOO well theſe lines that fatal truth declare,
Which long I've known, yet now I bluſh to hear.
But ſay, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,
What can it hope, though mutual it ſhould prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me thy honeſt heart is true;
For would'ſt thou fix diſhonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and ſhame?
Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
Could'ſt thou ſubmit to wear the marriage chain,
(Too ſure a cure for all thy preſent pain)
No ſaffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted, and his face in tears.
Though every ſofter wiſh were amply crown'd,
Love ſoon would ceaſe to ſmile where Fortune frown'd:
Then would thy ſoul my fond conſent deplore,
And blame what it ſolicited before;
Thy own exhauſted would reproach my truth,
And ſay I had undone thy blinded youth;

That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
Eclips'd thy talents, and obſcur'd thy fame;
To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
That would in ſenates or in courts have ſhin'd,
Glorioufly active in thy country's cauſe,
Aſſerting freedom, and enacting laws.
Or ſay, at beſt, that negatively kind
You only mourn'd, and ſilently repin'd;
The jealous dæmons in my own fond breaſt
Would all theſe thoughts inceſſantly ſuggeſt,
And all that ſenſe muſt feel, though pity had ſuppreſt.
Yet added grief my apprehenſion fills
(If there can be addition to thoſe ills)
When they ſhall cry, whoſe harſh reproof I dread,
" 'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head!"
Age knows not to allow for thoughtleſs youth,
Nor pities tenderneſs, nor honours truth;
Holds it romantic to confeſs a heart,
And ſays thoſe virgins act a wiſer part,
Who hoſpitals and bedlams would explore
To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
Who legal proſtitutes, for int'reſt ſake,
Clodios and Timons to their boſoms take,
And, if avenging heav'n permit increaſe,
People the world with folly and diſeaſe.
Thoſe titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
Whilſt the beſt bidder mounts the venal bed,

And the grave aunt and formal ſire approve
This nuptual ſale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or ſenſe be ſhown,
This poor degenerate child her friends diſown,
Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
From her great name's hereditary vice.
  Theſe ſcenes my prudence uſhers to my mind,
Of all the ſtorms and quickſands I muſt find,
If I embark upon this ſummer ſea,
Where Flatt'ry ſmooths, and Pleaſure gilds the way.
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that ſcore thy heart receive,
And with that guiltleſs name my own deceive,
That commerce now in vain you recommend,
I dread the latent lover in the friend;
Of ignorance I want the poor excuſe,
And know, I both muſt take, or both refuſe.
  Hear then the ſafe, the firm reſolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I muſt forſake.
Whilſt other maids a ſhameleſs path purſue,
Neither to int'reſt, nor to honour true,
And, proud to ſwell the triumph of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they deſpiſe;
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love.

EPISTLES IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

MONIMIA to PHILOCLES[a].

BY THE SAME.

SINCE language never can deſcribe my pain,
How can I hope to move when I complain?
But ſuch is woman's frenzy in diſtreſs,
We love to plead, though hopeleſs of redreſs.
Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt ſay,
From whence theſe lines? whoſe meſſage to convey?
Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
Too well you know the hapleſs writer's hand:
But if you force me to avow my ſhame,
Behold it prefac'd with Monimia's name.
Loſt to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to infamy, reproach and ſcorn,
To mirth and comfort loſt, and all for you,
Yet loſt, perhaps, to your remembrance too,
How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!

[a] This Epiſtle, which Mr. Walpole ſays is the beſt of Lord Hervey's Poems, was deſigned for Miſs Sophia Howe, Maid of Honour, to the Honourable Antony Lowther.

Of

Of hope, the wretch's laſt reſort, bereft,
By friends, by kindred, by my lover, left!
Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools!
On lovers oaths, or friendſhip's ſacred rules,
How weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
Monimia's fall'n, and Philocles unkind!
To theſe reflections, each ſlow wearing day,
And each revolving night a conſtant prey,
Think what I ſuffer, nor ungentle hear
What madneſs dictates in my fond deſpair;
Grudge not this ſhort relief, (too faſt it flies)
Nor chide that weakneſs I myſelf deſpiſe.
One moment ſure may be at leaſt her due,
Who ſacrific'd her all of life for you.
Without a frown this farewel then receive,
For 'tis the laſt my hapleſs love ſhall give;
Nor this I would, if reaſon could command:
But what reſtriction reins a lover's hand?
Nor prudence, ſhame, nor pride, nor int'reſt ſways,
The hand implicitly the heart obeys:
Too well this maxim has my conduct ſhewn,
Too well that conduct to the world is known.
Oft have I writ, and often to the flame
Condemn'd this after-witneſs of my ſhame;
Oft in my cooler recollected thought,
Thy beauties, and my fondneſs half forgot.
(How ſhort thoſe intervals for reaſon's aid!)
Thus to myſelf in anguiſh have I ſaid.

Thy vain remonſtrance, fooliſh maid, give o'er,
Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
Then ſanguine hopes again deluſive reign,
I form'd thee melting, as I tell my pain.
If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
Nor tigers nurs'd thee in the deſart ſhade,
Let me at leaſt thy cold compaſſion prove,
That ſlender ſuſtenance of greedy love;
Though no return my warmer wiſhes find,
Be to the wretch, though not the miſtreſs, kind;
Nor whilſt I court my melancholy ſtate,
Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my fate.
Without reſtraint habituate to range
The paths of pleaſure, can I bear this change?
Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
In bloom of life, and warm with young deſire,
In lieu of roofs with regal ſplendor gay,
Condemn'd in diſtant wilds to drag the day;
Where beaſts of prey maintain their ſavage court,
Or human brutes (the worſt of brutes) reſort.
Yes, yes, the change I could unſighing ſee,
For none I mourn, but what I find in thee,
There center all my woes, thy heart eſtrang'd,
I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd;
Bleſs'd with thy preſence, I could all forget,
Nor gilded palaces in huts regret,
But exil'd thence, ſuperfluous is the reſt,
Each place the ſame, my hell is in my breaſt;

To

To pleaſure dead, and living but to pain,
My only ſenſe to ſuffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs diſtreſsful I repeat,
Say, can thy pulſe with equal cadence beat?
Canſt thou know peace? is conſcience mute within?
That upright delegate for ſecret ſin:
Is nature ſo extinguiſh'd in thy heart,
That not one ſpark remains to take my part?
Not one repentant throb, one grateful ſigh?
Thy breaſt unruffled, and unwet thy eye?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill!
Thou nor remorſe, nor thought humane canſt feel:
Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
And education more debas'd thy mind,
Born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
When Juſtice ſleeps, and Int'reſt holds the ſcale;
Thy looſe companions, a licentious crew,
Moſt to each other, all to us untrue,
Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
Nor leagu'd in friendſhip, but in ſocial vice,
Who indigent of honour, or of ſhame,
Glory in crimes which others bluſh to name;
By right or wrong diſdaining to be mov'd,
Unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.
The fair who truſts their proſtituted vows,
If not their falſhood, ſtill their boaſts expoſe;

Nor

Nor knows the wiſeſt to elude the harm,
Ev'n ſhe whoſe prudence ſhuns the tinſel charm,
They know to ſlander, though they fail to warm;
They make her languiſh in fictitious flame,
Affix ſome ſpecious ſlander on her name,
And, baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame.
  Theſe are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
Theſe vile ſeducers laugh'd thee out of truth;
Whoſe ſcurril jeſts all ſolemn ties profane,
Or Friendſhip's band, or Hymen's ſacred chain;
Morality as weakneſs they upbraid,
Nor ev'n revere Religion's hallow'd head;
Alike they ſpurn divine and human laws,
And treat the honeſt like the chriſtian cauſe.
Curſe on that tongue whoſe vile pernicious art
Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
That takes advantage of the chearful hour,
When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's power,
And would the goodneſs of the ſoul efface,
To ſubſtitute diſhonour in her place.
  With ſuch you loſe the day in falſe delights,
In lewd debauch you revel out the nights,
(O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace!)
Their arguments convince becauſe they pleaſe;
While ſophiſtry for reaſon they admit,
And wander dazzled by the glare of wit,

Wit that on ill a ſpecious luſtre throws,
And in falſe colours every object ſhows,
That gilds the wrong, depreciating the right,
And hurts the judgment, while it feaſts the ſight;
So in a priſm to the deluded eye
Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye,
With borrow'd charms the ſhining proſpect glows,
And truth revers'd the faithleſs mirror ſhows,
Inverted ſcenes in bright confuſion lie,
The lawns impending o'er the nether ſky;
No juſt, no real images we meet,
But all the gaudy viſion is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this diſtracted mind
Each word, each look, that ſpoke my charmer kind;
But oh! how dear their memory I pay!
What pleaſures paſt can preſent cares allay?
Of all I love for ever diſpoſſeſs'd:
Ah! what avails to think I once was bleſs'd?
Hard diſpoſition of unequal fate!
Mix'd are our joys, and tranſient are their date;
Nor can reflection bring them back again,
Yet brings an after-ſting to every pain.

Thy fatal, letters, oh immoral youth,
Thoſe perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
Dear as they were no ſecond joy afford,
My cred'lous heart once leap'd at every word,
My glowing boſom throbb'd with thick-heav'd ſighs,
And floods of rapture guſh'd into my eyes:

When

When now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
Each treaſur'd ſyllable my thoughts retain)
Far other paſſions rule, and diff'rent care,
My joys and grief, my tranſport and deſpair.
Why doſt thou mock the ties of conſtant love?
But half its joys the faithleſs ever prove,
They only taſte the pleaſures they receive,
When ſure the nobleſt is in thoſe we give.
Acceptance is the heav'n which mortals know;
But 'tis the bliſs of angels to beſtow.
Oh! emulate, my love, that taſk divine,
Be thou that angel, and that heav'n be mine.
Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate:
Alas! I rave, and ſue for new deceit.
As ſoon the dead ſhall from the grave return,
As love extinguiſh'd with new ardor burn.
Oh! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
And ſtab thy image in this faithful heart,
Where riveted for life ſecure you reign,
A cruel inmate, author of my pain:
But coward-like irreſolute I wait
Time's tardy aid, nor dare to ruſh on fate;
Perhaps may linger on life's lateſt ſtage,
Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age:
No—grief ſhall ſwell my ſails, and ſpeed me o'er
(Deſpair my pilot) to that quiet ſhore
Where I can truſt, and thou betray no more.

Might

Might I but once again behold thy charms,
Might I but breathe my laſt in thoſe dear arms,
On that lov'd face but fix my cloſing eye,
Permitted where I might not live to die,
My ſoften'd fate I would accuſe no more;
But fate has no ſuch happineſs in ſtore.
'Tis paſt, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
When I can ne'er be falſe, nor thou be kind?
Why then this care?—'tis weak—'tis vain—farewell—
At that laſt word what agonies I feel!
I faint—I die—remember I was true—
'Tis all I aſk—eternally—adieu!—

FLORA TO POMPEY.

BY THE SAME.

Pompey, *when he was very young, fell in love with* Flora, *a* Roman *courtezan, who was ſo very beautiful that the* Romans *had her painted to adorn the temple of* Caſtor *and* Pollux. Geminius (Pompey's *friend) afterwards fell in love with her too; but ſhe, prepoſſeſſed with a paſſion for* Pompey, *would not liſten to* Geminius. Pompey, *in compaſſion to his friend, yielded him his miſtreſs, which* Flora *took ſo much to heart, that ſhe fell dangerouſly ill upon it; and in that ſickneſs is ſuppoſed to write the following letter to* Pompey.

ERE death theſe cloſing eyes for ever ſhade
(That death thy cruelties have welcome made),
Receive, thou yet lov'd man! this one adieu,
This laſt farewell to happineſs and you.
My eyes o'erflow with tears, my trembling hand
Can ſcarce the letters form, or pen command;
The dancing paper ſwims before my ſight,
And ſcarce myſelf can read the words I write.
Think you behold me in this loſt eſtate,
And think yourſelf the author of my fate:
How vaſt the change! your Flora's now become
The gen'ral pity, not the boaſt of Rome.
This form, a pattern to the ſculptor's art,
This face, the idol once of Pompey's heart,

(Whoſe

(Whoſe pictur'd beauties Rome thought fit to place
The ſacred temples of her gods to grace)
Are charming now no more; the bloom is fled,
The lilies languid, and the roſes dead.
Soon ſhall ſome hand the glorious work deface,
Where Grecian pencils tell what Flora was:
No longer my reſemblance they impart,
They loſt their likeneſs, when I loſt thy heart.
Oh! that thoſe hours could take their turn again,
When Pompey, lab'ring with a jealous pain,
His Flora thus beſpoke: "Say, my dear love!
"Shall all theſe rivals unſucceſsful prove?
"In vain, for ever, ſhall the Roman youth
"Envy my happineſs, and tempt thy truth?
"Shall neither tears nor prayers thy pity move?
"Ah! give not pity, 'tis a-kin to love.
"Would Flora were not fair in ſuch exceſs,
"That I might fear, though not adore her leſs."
Fool that I was, I ſought to eaſe that grief,
Nor knew indiff'rence follow'd the relief:
Experience taught the cruel truth too late,
I never dreaded, 'till I found my fate.
'Twas mine to aſk if Pompey's ſelf could hear,
Unmov'd, his rival's unſucceſsful pray'r;
To make thee ſwear he'd not thy pity move;
Alas! ſuch pity is no kin to love.
'Twas thou thyſelf, (ungrateful as thou art)
Bade me unbend the rigour of my heart:

You

You chid my faith, reproach'd my being true,
(Unnat'ral thought!) and labour'd to ſubdue
The conſtancy my ſoul maintain'd for you;
To other arms your miſtreſs you condemn'd,
Too cool a lover, and too warm a friend.
How could'ſt thou thus my laviſh heart abuſe,
To aſk the only thing it could refuſe?
Nor yet upbraid me, Pompey, what I ſay,
For 'tis my merit that I can't obey;
Yet this alledg'd againſt me as a fault,
Thy rage fomented, and my ruin wrought.
Juſt gods! what tie, what conduct can prevail
O'er fickle man, when truth like mine can fail?
Urge not, to gloſs thy crime, the name of friend,
We know how far thoſe ſacred laws extend;
Since other heroes have not bluſh'd to prove
How weak all paſſions when oppos'd to love:
Nor boaſt the virtuous conflict of thy heart,
When gen'rous pity took Geminius' part;
'Tis all heroic fraud, and Roman art.
Such flights of honour might amuſe the crowd,
But by a miſtreſs ne'er can be allow'd;
Keep for the ſenate, and the grave debate,
That infamous hypocriſy of ſtate,
There words are virtue, and your trade deceit.
No riddle is thy change, nor hard t' explain,
Flora was fond, and Pompey was a man:

No

No longer then a ſpecious tale pretend,
Nor plead fictitious merit to your friend:
By nature falſe, you follow'd her decree,
Nor gen'rous are to him, but falſe to me.
You ſay you melted at Geminius' tears;
You ſay you felt his agonizing cares:
Groſs artifice! that this from him could move,
And not from Flora, whom you ſay you love:
You could not bear to hear your rival ſigh,
Yet bear unmov'd to ſee your miſtreſs die.
Inhuman hypocrite! not thus can he
My wrongs, and my diſtreſs, obdurate, ſee,
He, who receiv'd, condemns the gift you made,
And joins with me the giver to upbraid;
Forgetting he's oblig'd, and mourning I'm betray'd.
He loves too well that cruel gift to uſe,
Which Pompey lov'd too little to refuſe:
Fain would he call my vagrant lord again,
But I the kind ambaſſador reſtrain;
I ſcorn to let another take my part,
And to myſelf will owe or loſe thy heart.
Can nothing e'er rekindle love in thee?
Can nothing e'er extinguiſh it in me?
That I could tear thee from this injur'd breaſt!
And where you gave my perſon, give the reſt,
At once to grant and puniſh thy requeſt.
That I could place thy worthy rival there!
No ſecond inſult need my fondneſs fear:

He views not Flora with her Pompey's eyes,
He loves like me, he doats, deſpairs, and dies.
Come to my arms, thou dear deſerving youth!
Thou prodigy of man! thou man with truth!
For him, I will redouble every care,
To pleaſe, for him, theſe faded charms repair;
To crown his vows, and ſharpen thy deſpair.
Oh! 'tis illuſion all! and idle rage!
No ſecond paſſion can this heart engage;
And ſhortly, Pompey, ſhall thy Flora prove,
Death may diſſolve, but nothing change her love.

ARISBE to MARIUS Junior.

From FONTENELLE. By the Same.

When Marius *was expell'd from* Rome *by* Sylla's *faction, and retired into* Africa, *his ſon (who accompanied him) fell into the hands of* Hiempſal *king of* Numidia, *who kept him priſoner. One of the miſtreſſes of that king fell in love with* Marius *junior, and was ſo generous to contrive and give him his liberty, though by that means ſhe ſacrificed her love for ever. 'Twas after he had rejoin'd his father, that ſhe writ him the following letter.*

I.

OF all I valued, all I lov'd, bereft,
Say, has my heart this little comfort left?
That you the mem'ry of its truth retain,
And think with grateful pity on my pain?

II.

Though but with life my ſorrows can have end,
(For death alone can join me to my friend)
Yet think not I repent I ſet you free,
I mourn your abſence, not your liberty.

III.

Before my Marius left Numidia's coaſt,
Each day I ſaw him; ſcarce an hour was loſt:
Now months and years muſt paſs, nay life ſhall prove
But one long abſence from the man I love.

IV.

Painful reflection! poiſon to my mind!
Was it but mortal too, it would be kind:
But, mad with grief, I ſearch the palace round,
And in that madneſs dream you're to be found.

V.

Would'ſt thou believe it? to thoſe walls I fly
Where thou wert captive held; there frantic cry,
Theſe fetters ſure my vagrant's flight reſtrain'd;
Alas! theſe fetters I myſelf unchain'd.

VI.

The live-long day I mourn, I loath the light,
And wait impatient each returning night:
What though the horrid gloom augment my grief,
'Tis grateful ſtill, for I diſclaim relief.

VII.

That coz'ner Hope intrudes not on my woe;
One only interval my ſorrows know;
When dreams, the kind reverſers of my pain,
Bring back my charming fugitive again.

VIII.

Yet there's a grief ſurpaſſing all the reſt;
A jealous dæmon whiſpers in my breaſt,
Marius was falſe, for liberty alone
The ſhow of love the hypocrite put on.

IX.

Then I reflect (ah! would I could forget!)
How much your thoughts on war and Rome were ſet,
How little paſſion did that conduct prove!
Too ſtrong thy reaſon, but too weak thy love.

X.

Thy ſword, 'tis true, a father's cauſe demands;
But 'twas a miſtreſs gave it to thy hands:
To love and duty juſt, give each their part,
His be the arm, and mine be all thy heart.

XI.

But what avail theſe thoughts? fond wretch, give o'er!
Marius, or falſe or true, is thine no more:
Since Fate has caſt the lot, and we muſt part,
Why ſhould I wiſh to think I had his heart?

XII.

Yes: let me cheriſh that remembrance ſtill;
That thought alone ſhall ſoften every ill;
To tell my ſoul, his love, his truth was ſuch,
All was his due, nor have I done too much.

XIII.

Deceitful comfort! let me not perſuade
My cred'lous heart its fondneſs was repaid;
It makes my ſoul with double anguiſh mourn
Thoſe joys, which never, never muſt return.

XIV.

Perhaps ev'n you what moſt I wiſh oppoſe,
And in the Roman all the lover loſe:
I'm a Numidian, and your ſoul diſdains
To bear th' inglorious weight of foreign chains.

XV.

Can any climate then ſo barb'rous prove,
To ſtand excluded from the laws of Love?
His empire's univerſal, unconfin'd,
His proxy beauty, and his ſlaves mankind.

XVI.

Nor am I a Numidian but by name,
For I can int'reſt for my love diſclaim:
My virtue ſhews what 'twas the gods deſign'd,
By chance on Afric's clay they ſtamp'd a Roman mind.

XVII.

Not all the heroes which your Rome can boaſt,
So much for fame, as I for you have loſt:
Yourſelf I loſt: oh! grateful, then confeſs,
My trial greater, though my glory leſs.

XVIII.

Yes, partial gods! inflicters of my care!
Be witneſs what I felt, what grief, what fear!
When full of ſtifled woes the night he fled,
No ſigh I dar'd to breathe, no tear to ſhed,

XIX.

Whilſt men of faith approv'd, a choſen crew,
Firm to their truſt, and to their miſtreſs true,
With care too punctual my commands obey,
And in one freight my life and thee convey.

XX.

The harder taſk was mine; condemn'd to bear,
With brow ſerene, my agonizing care;
To mix an idle talk, to force a ſmile,
A king and jealous lover to beguile.

XXI.

Think in that dreadful interval of fate,
All I held dear, thy ſafety in debate,
Think what I ſuffer'd, whilſt my heart afraid
Suggeſts a thouſand times, that all's betray'd.

XXII.

A thouſand times revolving in my mind
The doubtful chance; oh! Love! ſaid I, be kind:
Propitious to my ſcheme, thy vot'ry aid,
And be my fondneſs by ſucceſs repaid.

XXIII.

Now bolder grown, with ſanguine hopes elate,
My fancy repreſents thy ſmiling fate;
The guards deceiv'd, and every danger o'er,
The winds already waft him from the ſhore.

XXIV.

Theſe pleaſing images anew impart
Life to my eyes, and gladneſs to my heart;
Diſpel the gloomy fears that cloud my face,
And charm the little flutterer to peace.

XXV.

But now the king, or taſteleſs to my charms,
Or weary of an abſent miſtreſs' arms,
His own apartment ſeeks, and grateful reſt;
That courted ſtranger to the careful breaſt.

XXVI.

Whilſt I, by hopes and fears alternate ſway'd,
Impatient aſk the ſlaves if I'm obey'd.
'Tis done, they cry'd, and ſtruck me with deſpair;
For what I long'd to know, I dy'd to hear.

XXVII.

Fantaſtic turn of a diſtracted mind;
I blam'd the gods for having been too kind;
Curs'd the ſucceſs they granted to my vows,
And this aſſiſtant hand that fill'd my woes.

XXVIII.

Such was my frenzy in that hour of care,
And ſuch th' injuſtice of my bold deſpair;
That even thoſe, ungrateful, I upbraid,
Whoſe fatal diligence my will obey'd.

XXIX. Scarce,

XXIX.

Scarce, Marius, did thyſelf eſcape my rage;
(Moſt lov'd of men!) when fears of black preſage
Deſcribe thy hand ſo fond of liberty,
It never gave one parting throb for me.

XXX.

At every ſtep you ſhould have turn'd your eye,
Dropt a regretful tear, and heav'd a ſigh;
The nature of the grace I ſhew'd was ſuch,
You not deſerv'd it, if it pleas'd too much.

XXXI.

A lover would have linger'd as he fled,
And oft in anguiſh to himſelf have ſaid,
Farewell for ever! Ah! yet more he'd done,
A lover never would have fled alone.

XXXII.

To force me from a hated rival's bed,
Why comes not Marius at an army's head?
Oh! did thy heart but wiſh to ſee that day,
'Twould all my paſt, and future woes o'erpay.

XXXIII.

But vain are all theſe hopes: preſerve thy breaſt
From falſhood only, I forgive the reſt:
Too happy, if no envy'd rival boaſt
Thoſe joys Ariſbe to her Marius loſt.

ROXANA to USBECK.

From LES LETTRES PERSANNES.

By the Same.

Roxana, *one of* Uſbeck's *wives, was found (whilſt he was in* Europe) *in bed with her lover, whom ſhe had privately let into the ſeraglio. The guardian eunuch, who diſcovered them, had the man murdered on the ſpot, and her cloſe guarded 'till he received inſtructions from his maſter how to diſpoſe of her, During that interval ſhe ſwallowed poiſon, and is ſuppoſed to write the following letter whilſt ſhe is dying.*

THINK not I write my innocence to prove,
To ſue for pity, or awake thy love;
No mean defence expect, or abject prayers;
Thou know'ſt no mercy, and I know no tears:
I laugh at all thy vengeance has decreed,
Avow the fact, and glory in the deed.
Yes, tyrant! I deceiv'd thy ſpies and thee:
Pleas'd in oppreſſion, and in bondage free:
The rigid agents of thy cruel laws
By gold I won to aid my juſter cauſe:
With dextrous ſkill eluded all thy care,
And acted more than jealouſy could fear:
To wanton bow'rs this priſon-houſe I turn'd,
And bleſs'd that abſence which you thought I mourn'd.

But

But ſhort thoſe joys allow'd by niggard Fate,
Yet ſo refin'd, ſo exquiſitely great,
That their exceſs compenſated their date.
I die: already in each burning vein
I feel the pois'nous draught, and bleſs the pain:
For what is life unleſs its joys we prove?
And where is joy, depriv'd of what we love?
Yet, ere I die, this juſtice I have paid
To my dear murder'd lover's injur'd ſhade:
Thoſe ſacrilegious inſtruments of power,
Who wrought that ruin theſe ſad eyes deplore,
Already with their blood their crimes atone,
And for his life have ſacrific'd their own.
Thee, though reſtraint and abſence may defend
From my revenge, my curſes ſtill attend:
Deſpair, like mine, barbarian! be thy part,
Remorſe afflict, and ſorrow ſting thy heart.
Nor think this hate commencing in my breaſt,
Though prudence long its latent force ſuppreſs'd;
I knew thoſe wrongs that I was forc'd to bear,
And curs'd thoſe chains injuſtice made me wear.
For could'ſt thou hope Roxana to deceive
With idle tales, which only fools believe?
Poor abject ſouls in ſuperſtition bred,
In ign'rance train'd, by prejudice miſled;
Whom hireling derviſes by proxy teach
From thoſe whoſe falſe prerogative they preach.

Didſt

Didſt thou imagine me ſo weak of mind,
Becauſe I murmur'd not, I ne'er repin'd,
But hugg'd my chain, and thought my jaylor kind?
That willingly thoſe laws I e'er obey'd,
Which Pride invented, and Oppreſſion made?
And whilſt ſelf-licens'd through the world you rove,
To quicken appetite by change in love;
Each paſſion ſated, and each wiſh poſſeſs'd
That Luſt can urge, or Fancy can ſuggeſt;
That I ſhould mourn thy loſs with fond regret,
Weep the misfortune, and the wrong forget?
Could I believe that heav'n this beauty gave,
(Thy tranſient pleaſure, and thy laſting ſlave;)
Indu'd with reaſon, only to fulfil
The harſh commands of thy capricious will?
No, Uſbeck, no, my ſoul diſdain'd thoſe laws;
And, though I wanted pow'r t' aſſert my cauſe,
My right I knew; and ſtill thoſe pleaſures ſought,
Which Juſtice warranted, and Nature taught:
On Cuſtom's ſenſeleſs precepts I refin'd,
I weigh'd what heav'n, I knew what man deſign'd,
And form'd by her own rules my free-born mind.
Thus whilſt this wretched body own'd thy power,
Doom'd, unredreſs'd, its hardſhips to deplore;
My ſoul ſubſervient to herſelf alone,
And Reaſon independent on her throne,
Contemn'd thy dictates, and obey'd their own.

Yet

Yet thus far to my conduct thanks are due,
At leaſt I condeſcended to ſeem true;
Endeavour'd ſtill my ſentiments to hide,
Indulg'd thy vanity, and ſooth'd thy pride.
Though this ſubmiſſion to a tyrant paid,
Whom not my duty, but my fears obey'd,
If rightly weigh'd, would more deſerve the blame,
Who call it Virtue, but prophane her name;
For to the world, I ſhould have own'd that love,
Which all impartial judges muſt approve:
You urg'd a right to tyrannize my heart,
Which he, ſolliciting, aſſail'd by art,
Whilſt I, impatient of the name of ſlave,
To force refus'd, what I to merit gave.
Oft, as thy ſlaves this wretched body led
To the deteſted pleaſures of thy bed;
In thoſe ſoft moments, conſecrate to joy,
Which ecſtaſy and tranſport ſhould employ;
Claſp'd in your arms, you wonder'd ſtill to find
So cold my kiſſes, ſo compos'd my mind:
But had thy cheated eyes diſcern'd aright,
You'd found averſion, where you ſought delight.
Not that my ſoul, incapable of love,
No charms could warm, no tenderneſs could move;
For him, whoſe love my every thought poſſeſs'd,
A fiercer paſſion fill'd this conſtant breaſt,
Than truth e'er felt, or falſhood e'er poſſeſs'd.

This ſtyle unuſual to thy pride appears;
For truth's a ſtranger to the tyrant's ears.
But what have I to manage, or to dread?
Nor threats alarm, nor inſults hurt the dead:
No wrongs they feel, no miſeries they find;
Cares are the legacies we leave behind:
In the calm grave no Uſbecks we deplore,
No tyrant huſband, no oppreſſive power.
Alas! I faint—Death intercepts the reſt:
The venom'd drug is buſy in my breaſt:
Each nerve's unſtrung: a miſt obſcures the day:
My ſenſes, ſtrength, and ev'n my hate decay;
Though rage awhile the ebbing ſpirits ſtay'd,
'Tis paſt—they ſink beneath the tranſient aid.
Take then, inhuman wretch! my laſt farewel;
Pain be thy portion here! hereafter, hell!
And when our prophet ſhall my fate decree,
Be any curſe my puniſhment, but thee!

EPI-

EPILOGUE design'd for SOPHONISBA[a],

And to have been ſpoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

By the Same.

BEFORE you ſign poor Sophoniſba's doom,
In her behalf petitioner I come;
Not but our author knows, whate'er I ſay,
That I could find objections to his play.
This double marriage for her country's good,
I told him never would be underſtood,
And that ye all would ſay, 'twas fleſh and blood.
Had Carthage only been in madam's head,
Her champion never had been in her—bed:
For could the ideot think a huſband's name
Would make him quit his int'reſt, friends, and fame;
That he would riſque a kingdom for a wife,
And act dependent in a place for life?
Yet what ſtern Cato ſhall condemn the fair,
Whilſt public good ſhe thunder'd in your ear,
If private intereſt had a *little* ſhare?
You know ſhe acted not againſt the laws,
Of thoſe old-faſhion'd times; that in her cauſe

[a] A Tragedy, by James Thomſon, firſt acted at Drury-lane, 1727.

Old

Old Syphax could no longer make a ſtand,
And Maſſiniſſa woo'd her ſword in hand.
But did ſhe take the way to whet that ſword?
Heroes fight coldly when wives give the word.
She ſhould have kept him keen, employ'd her charms
Not as a bribe, but to reward his arms;
Have told him when Rome yielded, ſhe would yield,
And ſent him freſh, not yawning, to the field.
She talk'd it well to rouſe him to the fight,
But, like Penelope, when out of ſight,
All ſhe had done by day, undid by night.
Is this your wily Carthaginian kind?
No Engliſh woman had been half ſo kind.
What from a huſband's hand could ſhe expect
But ratſbane, or that common fate, neglect?
Perhaps ſome languiſhing ſoft fair may ſay,
Poiſon's ſo ſhocking—but conſider pray,
She fear'd the Roman, he the marriage chain:
All other means to free them both were vain.
Let none then Maſſiniſſa's conduct blame,
He firſt his love conſulted, then his fame.
And if the fair-one, with too little art,
Whilſt ſeemingly ſhe play'd a patriot-part,
Was ſecretly the dupe of her own heart;
Forgive a fault ſhe ſtrove ſo well to hide,
Nor be compaſſion to her fate deny'd,
Who liv'd unhappily, and greatly dy'd.

An Imitation of the Eleventh Ode of the Firſt Book of HORACE.

To STEPHEN FOX, Eſq; afterwards Earl of ILCHESTER.

BY THE SAME.

FORBEAR, my dear Ste, with a fruitleſs deſire,
Into truths which are better conceal'd to enquire;
Perhaps many years are allow'd us by Fate,
Or next winter perhaps is the laſt of their date:
Let the credulous fools whom aſtrologers cheat,
Exult or deſpond, as they vary deceit;
Who anticipate care, their own pleaſure deſtroy,
And invite diſappointment who build upon joy;
All ills unforeſeen we the eaſieſt endure,
What avails to foreſee, unleſs foreſight could cure?
And from ills by their art how can wretches be freed,
When that art muſt be falſe, or thoſe ills be decreed?
From reflection and hope little comfort we find,
To poſſeſſion alone let thy thoughts be confin'd;
To-day's all the treaſure poor mortals can boaſt,
For to-morrow's not gain'd, and yeſterday's loſt;
Even now whilſt I write, time ſteals on our youth,
And a moment's cut off from thy friendſhip and truth.
Then ſeize the ſwift bleſſing, enjoy the dear now,
And take, not expect, what hereafter'll beſtow.

A LOVE LETTER.

By the same.

WHAT ſhall I ſay to fix thy wav'ring mind,
To chaſe thy doubts, and force thee to be kind?
What weight of argument can turn the ſcale,
If interceſſion from a lover fail?
By what ſhall I conjure thee to obey
This tender ſummons, nor prolong thy ſtay?
If unabated in this conſtant breaſt
That paſſion burns which once thy vows profeſs'd;
If abſence has not chill'd the languid flame,
Its ardour and its purity the ſame;
Indulge thoſe tranſports, and no more controul
The dictates of thy fond conſenting ſoul;
By no vain ſcruple be thy purpoſe ſway'd,
And only Love implicitly obey'd:
Let inclination this debate decide,
Nor be thy prudence, but thy heart thy guide;
But real prudence never can oppoſe
What Love ſuggeſts, and Gratitude avows;
The warm dear raptures which thy boſom move,
'Tis virtue to indulge, 'tis wiſdom to improve:
For think how few the joys allow'd by Fate,
How mix'd the cup, how ſhort their longeſt date!

How

How onward ſtill the ſtream of pleaſure flows!
That no reflux the rapid current knows!
Not ev'n thy charms can bribe the ruthleſs hand
Of rigid Time, to ſtay his ebbing ſand;
Fair as thou art, that beauty muſt decay;
The night of age ſucceeds the brighteſt day:
That cheek where Nature's ſweeteſt garden blows,
Her whiteſt lily, and her warmeſt roſe;
Thoſe eyes, thoſe meaning miniſters of Love,
Who, what thy lips can only utter, prove;
Theſe muſt reſign their luſtre, thoſe their bloom,
And find with meaner charms one common doom:
Paſs but a few ſhort years, this change muſt be;
Nor one leſs dreadful ſhalt thou mourn in me:
For though no chance can alienate my flame,
While thine to feed the lamp, ſhall burn the ſame,
Yet ſhall the ſtream of years abate that fire,
And cold eſteem ſucceed to warm deſire:
Then on thy breaſt unraptur'd ſhall I dwell,
Nor feel a joy beyond what I can tell.
Or ſay, ſhould ſickneſs antedate that woe,
And intercept what Time would elſe allow;
If pain ſhould pall my taſte to all thy charms,
Or Death himſelf ſhould tear me from thy arms;
How would'ſt thou then regret with fruitleſs truth,
The precious ſquander'd hours of health and youth?
Come then, my love, nor truſt the future day,
Live whilſt we can, be happy whilſt we may:

For what is life unleſs its joys we prove?
And what is happineſs but mutual love?
Our time is wealth no frugal hand can ſtore,
All our poſſeſſion is the preſent hour,
And he who ſpares to uſe it, ever poor.
The golden *now* is all that we can boaſt;
And that (like ſnow) at once is graſp'd and loſt.
Haſte, wing thy paſſage then, no more delay,
But to theſe eyes their ſole delight convey.
Not thus I languiſh'd for thy virgin charms,
When firſt ſurrender'd to theſe eager arms,
When, firſt admitted to that heav'n, thy breaſt,
To mine I ſtrain'd that charming foe to reſt;
How leaps my conſcious heart, whilſt I retrace
The dear idea of that ſtrict embrace,
When on thy boſom quite entranc'd I lay,
And lov'd unſated the ſhort night away;
Whilſt half reluctant you, and half reſign'd,
Amidſt fears, wiſhes, pain and pleaſure join'd,
Now holding off, now growing on my breaſt,
By turns reprov'd me, and by turns careſs'd?
Oh! how remembrance throbs in every vein!
I pant, I ſicken for that ſcene again;
My ſenſes ach, I can no word command,
And the pen totters in my trembling hand.
Farewell, thou only joy on earth I know,
And all that man can taſte of heav'n below.

VERSES

VERSES to Dr. GEORGE ROGERS[a], on his taking the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic at PADUA, in the Year 1664.

BY MR. WALLER.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children ſtrove,
With hills on hills, to ſcale the throne of Jove;
Pallas and Mars ſtood by their ſovereign's ſide,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd.
While the wiſe Phœbus, Hermes, and the reſt,
Who joy in peace and love the Muſes beſt,

[a] Dr. George Rogers was the ſon of a phyſician in the city of London. He received his education at Lincoln college, Oxford, took his degrees in Arts, and ſtudied medicine in that univerſity. He afterwards travelled into Italy, and at Padua had the degree of Doctor of Phyſick conferred upon him. In 1648 he was incorporated at Oxford. He then ſettled in London, became a Fellow of the College of Phyſicians, and Preſident thereof, in 1689. This little poem was, among ſeveral others, on the ſame occaſion, printed by Dr. Rogers, with his inaugural exerciſe at Padua; and afterwards in the ſame manner re-publiſhed by him at London, together with his Harveian oration before the college of phyſicians, in the year 1682; while Mr. Waller was yet living.

Deſcending from their ſo diſtemper'd ſeat,
Our groves and meadows choſe for their retreat.
There firſt Apollo tried the various uſe
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtue of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juſter title than our noble friend,
Whom the like tempeſt drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crowns him here; and, in the bays ſo earn'd,
His country's honour is no leſs concern'd;
Since it appears, not all the Engliſh rave,
To ruin bent: ſome ſtudy how to ſave.
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His ſacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave friend, ſuppoſe that thy great ſkill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic iſle,
Their ſpirits calm; and peace again ſhall ſmile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

Patavii, typis Pauli Frambotti.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's Tomb[b]. NAPLES, 1741.

By Mr. TRAPP[c].

——— *Tenues ignavo pollice chordas*
Pulſo; Maroneique ſedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, & magni tumulis adcanto magiſtri. STAT.

I Came, great bard, to gaze upon thy ſhrine,
And o'er thy relicks wait th' inſpiring Nine:
For ſure, I ſaid, where Maro's aſhes ſleep,
The weeping Muſes muſt their vigils keep:

Still

[b] At about eight miles diſtance from Naples, near the hill Pauſilypo. A modern traveller deſcribes it thus: "The tomb of Virgil is at the "brink of a precipice, which has been made by enlarging the entrance "into the famous grotto which bears the name of the hill. The area "is almoſt a ſquare, of about five yards; there are ſome niches in the "walls within, but nothing now in them. At the top of it, on the "outſide, are ſome bays; and the people there take care to tell you they "grow ſpontaneous, and that they are green all the year. There "is a wretched diſtich inſcribed on a wall juſt over againſt the place "where we enter, enough to fright away Virgil's aſhes, if ever they "were there." *Wright's Travels*, vol. I. p. 175. Mr. Addiſon was of opinion, that the poet was buried at Naples, and that his tomb ſtood on the other ſide of the town, which looks towards Veſuvio.

[c] Joſeph Trapp, ſon of the Rev. Dr. Trapp. He was of New College Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. 14 January, 1742. At

Still o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
And with poetic trophies grace his urn:
Have placed the ſhield and martial trumpet here;
The ſhepherd's pipe, and rural honours there:
Fancy had deck'd the conſecrated ground,
And ſcatter'd never-fading roſes round.
And now my bold romantic thought aſpires
To hear the echo of celeſtial lyres;
Then catch ſome ſound to bear delighted home,
And boaſt I learnt the verſe at Virgil's tomb;
Or, ſtretch'd beneath thy myrtle's fragrant ſhade,
With dreams extatic hov'ring o'er my head,
See forms auguſt, and laurel'd ghoſts aſcend,
And with thyſelf, perhaps, the long proceſſion end.
I came—but ſoon the phantoms diſappear'd;
Far other ſcenes, than wanton Hope had rear'd;
No faery rites, no funeral pomp I found;
No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round:
A mean unhonour'd ruin faintly ſhow'd
The ſpot where once thy mauſoleum ſtood:
Hardly the form remain'd; a nodding dome
O'ergrown with moſs is now all Virgil's tomb.

the time of his death, July 1769, he was Rector of Stratfield Sea and Stratfield Turges, in the county of Hants. Dr. Warton, ſpeaking of this Poem, ſays, there is in it as much lively and original imagery, ſtrong painting, and manly ſentiments of freedom, as in any he had ever read in our language. *Eſſay on the Genius of Pope*, p. 265.

'Twas ſuch a ſcene as gave a kind relief
To memory, in ſweetly-penſive grief:
Gloomy, unpleaſing images it wrought;
No muſing, ſoft complacency of thought:
For Time had canker'd all, and worn away
Ev'n the laſt, mournful graces of decay:
Oblivion, hateful goddeſs, ſate before,
And cover'd with her duſky wings the door:
No ſilver harps I heard, no Muſe's voice,
But birds obſcene in horrid notes rejoice:
Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinſel train
Forſook the chearleſs ſcene; no more remain
The warm ambitious hope of airy youth;
Severe reflection came, and frowning Truth:
Away each glitt'ring gay idea fled,
And bade a melancholy train ſucceed,
That form'd, or ſeem'd to form, a mournful call
In feeble echoes mutt'ring round the wall,
Seek not the Muſes here! th' affrighted maids
Have fled Parthenope's polluted ſhades:
Her happy ſhores, the ſeats of joy and eaſe,
Their fav'rite manſions once, no longer pleaſe:
No longer, as of old, in tranſport loſt,
The ſiſters rove along th' enchanted coaſt;
They turn with horror from each much-lov'd ſtream,
And loath the fields that were their darling theme:
The tuneful names themſelves once fondly gave
To every ſwelling hill, and moſſy cave,

So

So pleaſing then, are only heard with ſighs;
And each ſad echo bids their ſorrow riſe.
Yet Nature ſmiles, as when their Virgil ſung,
Nor 'midſt a fairer ſcene his lyre was ſtrung;
Still bloom the ſweets of his elyſium here,
And the ſame charms in every grove appear.
But ah! in vain indulgent ſuns prevail;
Health and delight in every balmy gale
Are wafted now in vain: ſmall comfort bring
To weeping eyes the beauties of the ſpring.
To groaning ſlaves thoſe fragrant meads belong,
Where Tully dictated, and Maro ſung.
Long ſince, alas! thoſe golden days are flown,
When here each Science wore its proper crown:
Pale Tyranny has laid their altars low,
And rent the laurel from the Muſe's brow:
What wonder then 'midſt ſuch a ſcene to ſee
The Arts expire with bleeding Liberty?
Penſive and ſad, each fair angelic form
Droops, like the wearied dove beneath a ſtorm:
Far other views the poet's thought engage,
Than the warm glories of th' Auguſtan age.
Can mis'ry bid th' imagination glow?
Or genius brighten 'midſt domeſtic woe?
To ſee deſponding wretches round him pine,
Horace had wept beneath the Alban vine.
Sad ſits the bard amidſt his country's tears,
And ſighs, regardleſs of the wreath he wears.

Did

Did ever Want and Famine ſweetly ſing?
The fetter'd hand uncouthly ſtrikes the ſtring.
Lo! ſtern Oppreſſion lifts her iron rod,
And Ruin waits th' imperious harpy's nod:
Black Deſolation, and deſtructive War,
Riſe at the ſignal, and attend her car.
From the dire pomp th' affrighted ſhepherd flies,
And leaves his flock the rav'nous ſoldier's prize.
Where now are all the nymphs that bleſt the plains?
Where the full chorus of contented ſwains?
The ſongs of love, of liberty and peace,
Are heard no more; the dance and tabor ceaſe:
To the ſoft oaten pipe, and paſt'ral reed,
The din of arms and clarion's blaſt ſucceed:
Dire ſhapes appear in every op'ning glade;
And Furies howl where once the Muſes ſtray'd.
Is this the queen of realms, for arts renown'd?
This captive maid, that weeps upon the ground?
Alas! how chang'd!—dejected and forlorn!
The miſtreſs of the world become the ſcorn!
Around ſtand Rapine, Horror and Deſpair;
And Ign'rance, dark ally of barb'rous War:
She, at th' uſurping Vandal's dread command,
Diſplays her gloomy banner o'er the land:
Beneath its chilling ſhade neglected lies
Each ſiſter Art; and unlamented dies.
Lo! Sculpture lets her uſeful chiſſel fall;
While on ſome ruin'd temple's broken wall

Sad

Sad Architecture ſits; and ſees with ſhame
Miſ-ſhapen piles uſurp her injured name:
Muſic and Verſe, unhappy twins! belong
To antique Maſque, and weak unmanly Song:
The gathering deluge ſwells on every ſide,
And monkiſh Superſtition ſwells the tide.
By the reſiſtleſs torrent overborn
Floats every Virtue, from its baſis torn:
Fair Learning droops, the ſick'ning arts decay;
And every laurel fades, and every bay.
All is confus'd, no traces now are ſeen
To ſhew what wretched Italy has been.

Thus once Veſuvius, crown'd with circling wood,
Parthenope, thy beauteous neighbour ſtood:
Perpetual Spring cloath'd the fair mountain's ſide,
And, what is now thy terror, was thy pride.
Sudden th' impriſon'd flames burſt forth; and laid
On ſmoaky heaps each ſhrieking Dryad's ſhade:
Now deep in aſhes ſinks the myrtle bow'r,
O'er beds of flow'rs ſulphureous torrents roar;
And exil'd demi-gods their ruin'd ſeats deplore.

The LINK. A Ballad.

YE ladies that live in the city or town,
Fair Winton or Alresford ſo fine and ſo gay;
And ye neat country laſſes in clean linen gown,
As neat and as blithe and as pretty as they:
Come away ſtrait to Ovington [a], for you can't think
What a charming new walk there is made on the Link.

Look how lovely the proſpect, the meadows how green,
The fields and the woods, in the vale or the hill:
The trees, and the cottage that peeps out between,
The clear ſtream that runs bubbling in many a rill,
That will ſhow your fair face as you ſtand on the brink,
And murmurs moſt ſweetly all under the Link.

How pleaſant the morning, how clear the blue ſky,
How pure the freſh air, and how healthy the place!
Your heart goes a pit-a-pat light as a fly,
And the blood circles briſkly, and glows in your face:
Would you paint your fair cheeks with the roſe and the pink?
Throw your waſhes away, take a walk on the Link.

[a] A village near Alresford in Hampſhire.

After

After dinner the 'ſquire, ere the ladies retreat,
Marches off with ſome friends that will ply the briſk glaſs;
Give us liquor enough, and a good pleaſant ſeat,
And damn your fine taſte, and your finical laſs:
Al freſco, my lads, we'll carouſe and we'll drink,
Take your bottle each man, and away to the Link.

Not ſo gentle Collin, whom love holds in thrall,
To Molly he ſteals all in ſilence away;
And when nought can be heard but the rude water-fall,
And the woodbine breathes ſweeteſt at cloſe of the day,
He takes her ſoft hand, and he tips her the wink,
Come, my dear, let us take a cool walk on the Link.

But, O ye fair maidens, be ſure have a care,
Nor lay yourſelves open to love's cruel dart;
Of the hour and the place and the ſeaſon beware,
And guard well each paſſage that leads to your heart;
Sly Cupid will ſteal in at ſome little chink,
If you walk in the evening too late on the Link.

Ye poets ſo lofty, who love to retire
From the noiſe of the town to the ſtream and the wood;
Who in epics and tragics, with marvellous fire,
Utter ſounds by mere mortals not well underſtood:
Here mouthe your loud ſtrain, and here ply pen and ink,
Quit Parnaſſus and Pindus, and come to the Link.

And come you, who for thought are at little expence,
Who indite gentle paſtoral, ballad, or ſong;
You ſee with ſmooth numbers, and not too much ſenſe,
How the verſes run eaſy and glibly along;
And the rhime at the cloſe how it falls with a clink,
So kind are the Muſes that ſport on the Link!

THE SQUIRE OF DAMES, A POEM.

IN SPENSER'S STILE,

BY MOSES MENDEZ ESQ.[a].

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the ſeventh Canto of the Legend of Chaſtity, *in* Spenſer's Fairy Queen, *the Squire of* Dames *tells* Satyrane, *that by order of his miſtreſs* Columbel, *(after having ſerved the ladies for a year) he was ſent out a ſecond time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to any temptation. The bad ſucceſs he met with in the courſe of three years, which is ſlightly touch'd upon by* Spenſer, *is the foundation of the following poem.*

[a] Of Mitcham in Surry, a gentleman of the Jewiſh religion, author of three dramatick pieces, a poem called Henry and Blanche, printed in 4to, 1746, and ſeveral other performances ſcattered in different miſcellanies. On the 19th of June, 1750, he was created M. A. by the univerſity of Oxford. He is ſuppoſed to have been the richeſt poet of his time, being poſſeſſed at the time of his death, 4th of February, 1758, of not leſs than one hundred thouſand pounds.

PROLOGUE.

HARD is the heart that never knew to love,
Ne felt the pleaſing anguiſh of deſire.
Ye Britiſh maids, more fair than Venus' dove,
For you alone I tune my humble lyre;
Adopt me, nymphs, receive me in your quire,
Make me your bard; for that is all my care:
Then ſhall I envy not that aged ſire,
Who doth for court his annual ſong prepare:
I lever myrtle wreath than Keſar's laurel wear.

II.

Think not becauſe I write of Columbel
I thence would blaſt the ſex with impious tale;
Tranſactions vile of foreign ſtronds I tell,
Ne 'gainſt a Britiſh female would I rail
For all the wealth that rolls on Indian grail.
Here, beauty, truth, and chaſtity are found:
Eleonora here, with viſage pale,
Did ſuck the poiſon from her Edward's wound,
And Ana's nuptual faith ſhall ſtand for aye renown'd.

III.

See the fair ſwans on 'Thamis' lovely tide,
The which do trim their pennons ſilver bright,
In ſhining ranks they down their waters ride;
Oft have mine eyes devour'd the gallant ſight.

Then

Then caſt thy looks with wonder and delight,
Where yon ſweet nymphs enjoy the ev'ning air,
Some daunce along the green, like fairies light,
Some flow'rets cull to deck their flowing hair;
Then tell me, ſoothly, ſwain, which ſight thou deem'ſt moſt fair.

IV.

To you, bright ſtars, that ſparkle on our iſle,
I give my life, my fortune, and my fame;
For my whole guerdon grant me but a ſmile,
A ſmile from you is all I hope or claim;
Nor age's ice my ardent zeal ſhall tame,
To my life's end I ſhall your names adore,
Not hermits boſoms feel ſo pure a flame,
Warm'd by approval I more high ſhall ſoar;
Receive my humble lays, my heart was yours before.

V.

Should you conſent, I'll quit my ſhepherd's grey,
And don more graceful and more coſtly gear,
My crook and ſcrip I'll throw with ſcorn away,
And in a ſatinite garment ſtreit appear.
Farewell, ye groves, which once I held ſo dear;
Farewell, ye glens, I other joys purſue;
Then ſhall the world your matchleſs pow'r revere,
And own what wonders your ſweet ſmiles can do,
That could a ſimple clown into a bard tranſmew.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Squire of Dames to Satyrane
His hiſtory doth tell,
With all the toils he underwent
To gain his Columbel.

I.

THE Squire of Dames his tale thus 'gan to tell;
Sith you command my tongue, ſir Satyrane,
I now will all declare that me befell,
The cauſe of muchel ſcath and dol'rous pain,
Ne ſhall thy gentle eye from tears refrain.
Me Columbel commanded far to go
'Till I ſhould full three hundred nymphs attain,
Whoſe hearts ſhould aye with Virtue's leſſons glow,
And to all ſwains but one cry out for ever, No.

II.

To find the fortilage that ne'er will yield
Is not an eaſy matter, good ſir Knight;
Troy town, they ſay, is now a graſs-grown field,
That long withſtood the force of Grecian might;

And caſtles fall though deep in earth empight;
Ne ought ſo ſtrong is found but what may fail,
The ſun at laſt ſhall loſe his glorious light,
And vows or bribes o'er women may prevail;
Their hearts are made of fleſh, and mortal fleſh is frail.

III.

With heavy heart, and full of cark I go,
And take my congé of my blooming maid,
I kiſs'd her hond, and louting very low,
To her beheſt at length myſelf array'd:
The fair we love expects to be obey'd,
Although ſhe bid us with the keſtrel fly;
So forth I prick, though much by doubt diſmay'd,
The hard experiment reſolv'd to try:
For ſhe was wond'rous fair, and much in love was I.

IV.

A grove I reach'd, where tuneful throſtles ſung;
The linnet here did ope his little throat;
His twitting jeſts around the cuckoo flung,
And the proud goldfinch ſhow'd his painted coat,
And hail'd us with no inharmonious note:
The robin eke here tun'd his ſonnet ſhrill,
And told the ſoothing ditty all by rote,
How he with leaves his pious beak did fill,
To ſhroud thoſe pretty babes, whom Sib unkind would kill.

V.

And many a fair Narciſſus deck'd the plain,
That ſeem'd anew their paſſions to admire;
Here Ajax told his dolors o'er again,
And am'rous Clytie ſicken'd with deſire;
Here the blown roſe with odors ſweet did ſpire;
Through the dun grove a murm'ring river led
His chryſtal ſtreams that wound in many a gyre;
The baleful willow all the banks beſpread,
And ever to the breeze ycurl'd his hoary head.

VI.

Soon to the grove there came a lovely maid,
(For maiden ſure ſhe did to me appear);
In plain check-laton was the nymph array'd,
Her ſparkling eyes ſtood full of many a tear,
And ſhe bewept the abſence of her dear.
Alas! ſhould beauty be to woe allay'd?
Beauty, methinks, ſhould meet with better cheer,
Content ſhould never wander from her ſide;
Good luck, I pray to heav'n, the face that's fair betide.

VII.

"Ah! woe is me, ſhe cry'd, ſince Colin's fled,
"Whoſe gentle preſence did theſe plains adorn,
"Soon was he raviſh'd from the nuptial bed,
"Torn from theſe arms, from his dear leman torn!

" O grief! far ſharper than the pointed thorn,
" I ſaw him ill-beſtad by martial band.
" Alas the day that ever I was born!
" Where roves my Colin, on what foreign ſtrand,
" Arraught from Laura's eyes, and his dear native land?

VIII.

" Alas! he only knew to prune the vine,
" Or through the earth to urge the biting ſhare,
" To twiſt the bower with fragrant eglantine,
" Where free from heat we ſhun'd the noon-tide air,
" Or to the mart to lead his fleecy care.
" And is it fit in hacqueton and mail
" The youth for war's grim terrors ſhould prepare!
" His voice outſung the love-lorn nightingale,
" And deftly could he dance, or pipe along the dale.

IX.

" The gos-hawk fierce may pounce the trembling dove,
" The ſavage wolf may tear the bounding fawn;
" But ſparrows mild are form'd for feats of love,
" And kids dew not with blood the flow'ry lawn;
" Then how ſhall he, in whom all graces dawn,
" In the red field the cruel paynim kill?
" For ſcenes like theſe find men of helliſh ſpawn.
" 'Tis his with joy the virgin's heart to fill,
" And not on foreign ſhore his foemen's blood to ſpill.

X.

" No days of bliſs my ſorrows ſhall aſlake,
" For him I'll ever drop the dol'rous tear:
" Adieu the circled green, the buxom wake,
" Since Colin's gone I taſte of nought but drear.
" Stretch me, ye maidens, ſtretch me on the bier,
" And let my grave-ſtone theſe true words adorn:
" A wretched maiden lies intombed here,
" Who ſaw a ſhepherd brighter than the morn,
" Then pin'd her heart away, and dy'd of love forlorn."

XI.

Much was I grieved at her piteous plaint,
And greeted to myſelf, O happy Squire!
At length, though late, thou haſt found out a ſaint,
Who, but for Colin, feels no warm deſire.
Perdie, quoth Satyrane, I her admire:
No lozel looſe ſhall here diſcover'd be.
The other anſwer'd with his cheeks on fire,
Now by my hallidom you ſoon ſhall ſee
That words may with the heart full often ill agree.

XII.

I, nought accoy'd, came up unto the fair,
And ſwore to love her all my length of life;
Then offer'd her to gorgeous domes to bear,
Where haidegives are daunc'd to harp and fife.

She ſoon forgot ſhe was another's wife,
And granted with me to deſert the plain.
Are ſuch enſamples among women rife?
If ſo, my Columbel I ne'er ſhall gain,
But hunt around the world, and find my labours vain.

XIII.

My lips I 'gan to royne in fell deſpite,
And forth I ruſhed from her falſe embrace,
Through the thick wood I wander'd day and night,
Ne met I living creature face to face:
At length a riſing city far I trace;
Thither in hopes my haſty ſteps I bend,
Perchaunce, thought I, true Virtue may embrace
The courtly dome, and from the country wend.
Thus, where we leaſt expect, we often find a friend.

XIV.

At e'en the town I reach'd, and eke a hall,
Which waxen tapers made as light as day;
Fair joviſaunce ſat on the face of all,
And to the daunce the ſprightly minſtrels play,
Each ſeem'd as ſportive as the wanton jay.
The dame, who own'd the houſe, was paſſing old,
And had, it ſeems, that morning dealt away
To her kind grandſon many bags of gold,
Who took a bonnibel to haven and to hold.

XV.

The bride was named Viola the fair,
The loaded roſtere is not half ſo ſweet.
Aye, aye, quoth I, enſamples are but rare
To find ſo many charms in one diſcreet;
With you, fair laſs, I mean not now to treat.
The ſpringal was in wholſeſome luſtihed,
And him by name of Pamphilus they greet;
He was to doughty chevisance ybred,
Yet oft in courtly halls the active meaſure led.

XVI.

The auncient dame they do Avara call,
And much ſhe hobbled as ſhe trod the ground;
Yet many angels in her crumenal,
If fair report ſpeaks true, were always found.
Where riches flow, there virtues too abound.
Her pannikel was as a badger grey,
And, as ſhe walk'd the company around,
It nodded with ſuch force, that, by my fay,
I thought it meant to fly from her old crag away.

XVII.

The lofty roof was fretted o'er with gold,
And all around the walls depeinten were
With many hiſtories of times of old,
Which brought not muchel credit to the fair.

There Leda held her ſwan, with ſhoulders bare,
And here the dame of Epheſus was found,
Lick other dames, whom my kind tongue ſhall ſpare,
And here ſtood Helen for her charms renown'd,
Who ſoon her lord forſook, when ſhe a leman found.

XVIII.

And many a beauteous dame and courtly knight
Came there the nuptials for to celebrate:
Some vers'd to wing from bow the nimble flight,
Some the near foe with brondir'n to amate;
Me too they welcome to the hall of ſtate;
With bel accoil they wiſhed me to take
A round or two, and chooſe me out a mate:
But my fond love, which nothing could aſlake,
Caus'd me to ſlight them all, for Columbella's ſake.

XIX.

And now to artful ſteps the floor rebounds,
In graceful eaſe the ſhining beavys move,
The noice like thunder at a diſtance founds.
Mean time I ſat beneath a proud alcove,
And told Avara gentle tales of love.
Thought I, in eld the paſſions are more tame,
And here by craft I may ſucceſsful prove;
For ſhe perforce muſt now be void of blame
As wife Ulyſſes' wife, Penelopé by name.

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XX.

Ne wants ſhe gelt, which oft the mind miſleads
To actions which it otherwiſe would ſhun.
The courtier lythe, if right report areeds,
Will unawhap'd to ſeize his vantage run;
And ſo will moſt men underneath the ſun;
Or be they patriot call'd, or bard, or knight;
But when they once the gilded prize have won,
They ſeek to clear their name, with ſhame bedight:
Beſits to ſcour the ſteel, when ruſt offends the ſight.

XXI.

At every word I ſaid ſhe look'd aſkaunce,
Then ſaid, in unſoot whiſpers, Fye! Sir, fye!
And turn'd as though ſhe ſeem'd to mind the daunce,
Nathleſs on me ſhe caſt a languid eye;
Bliſt by thy form, my liefeſt life, quoth I,
Caſt your belgards upon an humble ſlave;
From love, alas! in vain my heart would fly;
Then with a word thy quailing leman ſave,
For if you frown, perdie, you doom me to the grave.

XXII.

It happ'd by chaunce ſhe ſaw a golden heart
With flaming diamonds around beſet;
This, the whole guerdon of my tedious ſmart,
I, on a time, from Columbel did get.

As ſimple birds are caught in fowler's net,
And 'cauſe they ſee no danger, none they fear:
Ev'n ſo Avara her eyen here did ſet,
And turned round and whiſper'd in mine ear,
Give me that di'mond heart: and be mine leman dear.

XXIII.

I ſtarted from the couch where I was pight,
And thus I her beſpake with muchel rage,
Avaunt, thou faytor falſe, thou imp of night!
I hate myſelf that I ſhould thus engage,
On any terms to treat with wrizled age.
So, forth I flung, and left the frowy witch
To ſhare her bed with coachman, groom or page;
The caſtle too I quit, mine ire was fich,
And out I ſet again, though night was dark as pitch.

XXIV.

But did I here relate, ſir Satyrane,
The many weary miles I've travelled,
What dangers I've aſſoil'd, yet all in vain,
(For, by my truth, but ill my days I've ſped)
Your hair would ſtand upright upon your head.
Three hundred virtuous females, ſide by ſide,
By me to Columbella muſt be led:
Can you direct me where for ſuch to ride?
I cannot, in good ſooth, the courteous knight reply'd.

XXV.

The Squire purſu'd his tale: 'Tis now three years
Since curſt Avara's viſage firſt I ſaw;
Convents I've try'd, but there the luſcious freers
The fair-fac'd nuns to fornication draw;
Nor palaces are free from Cupid's law;
His darts are fiercer than the levin-brond;
Few, very few, there 'ſcape his mighty paw;
And thoſe in golden palls, who proudly ſtond,
Had lever kiſs their love's, than Keſar's royal hond.

XXVI

Fair Jenny of the mill I ſtrove to win,
And her benempt Paſtora of the dale;
But they bilive agreed with me to ſin;
One aſk'd an owch, and one a watchet veil.
Some wiſh o'er every female to prevail;
My hope, my conqueſt is to be deny'd.
The ſtage I've try'd, but there my projects fail;
For there is ſcarce a ſingle wedded bride
But doth her huſband's noul with horns of ront provide.

XXVII.

As couthful fiſhers at the benty brook,
By various arts aſſot the ſeely fry,
Now wriggling worms, now paſte conceals the hook,
And now they hide it with a colour'd fly;

This takes the perch, and that the tench's eye:
So diff'rent nymphs a diff'rent charm invites,
Some yield for vantage, ſome for vanity;
A ſong this one, a daunce that maid delights:
Man throws the wimble bait, and greedy woman bites.

XXVIII.

With ſorrow overhent, the other day
I laid my weary limbs adown to reſt,
Where a tall beech o'erſpread the duſky way;
My noyous thoughts a dream awhile ſuppreſs'd,
Oft weighty truths are in this garb ydreſs'd.
Grant that it ſo may happen unto me;
Then joyance once again ſhall ſooth this breaſt,
My pining ſoul ſhall be from anguiſh free,
And I ſhall taſte true bliſs, dear Columbel, with thee.

XXIX.

Methought I ſaw a figure fair and tall,
And gentle ſmiles ſat dimpling on her face,
Yet ſeemed of a beauty nought at all,
'Till much beholding did improve each grace;
At length ſhe ſeem'd too fair for human race.
Her kirtle white might vie with winter ſnows,
Ne could you aught of her fair boſom trace,
Nought but her face would ſhe to ſight expoſe,
So modeſt maiden wends, the frannion muchel ſhows.

XXX. With

XXX.

With viſage bland methought ſhe hail'd me oft;
" Ne fear, quoth ſhe, a female's mild requeſt.
" The bark by tempeſts that is whirl'd aloft,
" At length, the tempeſt o'er, enjoyeth reſt.
" My name is Chaſtity, though out of queſt
" With modern dames, yet thou ſhalt ſtill ſurvey
" A clime where beauty is with virtue bleſt.
" Good fortune ſpeed you on your happy way;
" Go, gentle Squire of Dames, and here no longer ſtay.

XXXI.

" To fairy lond your inſtant journey bend,
" There Columbel may find her will obey'd;
" There Chaſtity may boaſt of many a friend,
" She viſits there each roſy-featur'd maid.
" Go on, nor be by former toils affray'd:
" Go, where yon oaks diſplay their verdant pride,
" 'Till, from the mountains torn, and ſtripp'd of ſhade,
" On Neptune's billows they triumphant ride,
" Protect their happy lond, and conquer all beſide.

XXXII.

" Hail, happy lond! for arms and arts renown'd,
" For blooming virgins free from looſe deſire;
" A Drake, a Bacon, there a birth-place found,
" And chaſte Eliza time ſhall e'er admire:

" The

" The hero wields the ſword and poet's lyre :
" This Sidney knew, who ſtill with luſtre ſhines,
" For whom Dan Spenſer wak'd the warbling quire,
" And many more whoſe names might grace his lines ;
" There round the warriour's palm the lover's myrtle
" twines."

XXXIII.

At this I woke, and now reſolv'd to brave
The utmoſt perils for my Columbel :
For, know, I mean to croſs the briny wave,
Where Albion's chalky cliffs the ſea repel :
And, if no mage have laid the magic ſpell,
Perchaunce my lot may be at length to find
Three hundred nymphs, who wicked love can quell ;
If not, I muſt deſert all womankind,
And, what me moſt amates, leave Columbel behind.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames furceaſed here his ſay,
And forth he yede to ſeek the Britiſh iſle,
Sir Satyrane prick'd on his dapple-grey,
Ne aught foreſwonk he travell'd many a mile
To ſpend his days in hardiment and toil :
But firſt in courteous guiſe they bid farewell,
As well befits men bred in courtly ſoil.
Now how the Squire has ſped, or ill, or well,
A future canto may, perhaps, at leiſure tell.

XXXV.

For see, how Phœbus welketh in the weſt,
My oxen from their yoke I muſt untye,
The collar much has chauf'd their tender cheſt,
Who labours much the ſweets of reſt ſhould try.
To their warm neſts the daws and ravens fly
Deep in the ruin'd dome or duſky wood;
And beaſts and birds faſt lock'd in ſlumber lye,
Save the fell bat, that flutters out for food,
And the ſoothſaying owl, with her unlovely brood.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

The Squire he lights on Bon-vivant,
Who woos a Fairy foil,
Then views in Merlin's *magic glaſs*
A fight that ends his toil.

I.

TO gain the point to which our ſoul aſpires
We nouriſh toil, and reck hard labour ſweet;
For this, thro' Greenland's froſts, or India's fires,
The hardy ſailors death and dangers meet;

And

And the prow chieftain, bolder than diſcreet,
In blood imbru'd purſues the martial fray,
And lovers eke through life's loud tempeſts beat,
Led on by hope, that never-dying ray;
Hope wantons in her breaſt, and ſtrews with flow'rs the way.

II.

And ſure of all mankind the Squire of Dames
Shall ſtand the firſt enſample of true love,
Who aye, untouch'd by any foreign flames,
Preſerv'd his paſſion for his gentle dove.
Bluſh, modern youths, whoſe pulſes quickly move,
Fondly you glote upon the witching fair:
Yet, when a ſweet enjoyment once you prove,
You leave the nymph intangled in the ſnare,
Her tears flow trickling down, her ſingults pierce the air.

III.

O think of tranſports which ye whilom taſted,
And let the glad remembrance charm your mind,
Be not the fruits of joyment quickly waſted,
And to your heart her happy image bind:
Think what ſhe merits who whilear was kind,
Nor by inconſtancy her peace deſtroy;
Inconſtancy, that monſter fell and blind,
That, vainly fond of every paſſing toy,
Treads down its late delight, and poiſons rapt'rous joy.

IV.

Return we now unto our gentle youth,
Whoſe little bark daunc'd lightly on the main,
His breaſt divided atween joy and ruth;
Now gay ideas wanton in his brain,
Now woe-begon his heart is rent in twain,
On his ſucceſs depends his Columbel;
And now he hopes, and now deſponds again;
The various turns of mind, when thoughts rebel,
Sure pen mote ne'er deſcribe, and none but lovers tell.

V.

Methinks I ſee him on the beechy ſtrond,
Where Neptune's waves affrap the ſturdy pier;
His hardy ſteed neighs at the ſight of lond,
In all adventures a moſt faithful ſeer;
And through that city [m] he doth quickly ſteer,
Which Ethelbert to holy Auſtin gave:
The kings of Kent did erſt inhabit here,
Here haughty Becket ſunk into the grave,
Here thro' the ſmiling meads Stoure rolls his dimpling wave.

VI.

Long travell'd he, ne ventur'd to aſſay
The nymphs he met, for much he was affray'd
To bribes or pray'rs few women would cry nay;
At flatt'ry's tongue full oft will virtue fade:

[m] Canterbury.

at

What ſhall he do? to win his lovely maid
He muſt three hundred virtuous females find.
Perdie, quoth he, my fortune be eſſay'd,
I'll boldly try the ſtrength of womankind:
For craven heart, they ſay, ne'er won fair lady's mind.

VII.

So on he prick'd, and from a riſing ground
Diſcern'd before him, in a diſtant vale,
A caſtle fair: and auncient oaks around
Did to the breeze their lofty heads avail;
A ſilver ſtream refreſh'd the fragrant dale;
Their ledden loud fat oxen did repeat,
And nibbling ſheep diſplay'd their fleeces pale,
The woodbine ſhed an odor matchleſs ſweet,
And to their patient dams the friſking lambkins bleat.

VIII.

To that ſame caſtle our advent'rer yode,
The merry birds him welcom'd on the way,
An hundred flow'rs aumail'd the winding road,
And all was bright, and all was paſſing gay;
You would have ſworn it was the month of May.
Withouten drad he thunders at the gate,
Who wons within, or giant, knight, or fay,
Shall ne'er, in ſooth, our imp of fame amate:
Unto the ſummons loud the portal opens ſtreit.

IX.

And forth there iſſued the ſeneſchal,
Of middle age he was, if right I ween,
He was in perſonage both plump and tall,
Ne ſeemed he to taſte of dol'rous teen,
Ne wrinkle deep was on his forehead ſeen,
But joviſaunce ſat baſking on his brow,
At every word he ſpoke, he ſmil'd at-ween,
His temples were ycrown'd with myrtle bough,
And virelays he ſong with matchleſs grace, I vow.

X.

" Whoe'er thou art, thrice welcome to theſe plains,
" Where bitter dole ne'er ſhows her hateful head,
" Good-fellowſhip wons here, and free from pains
" Both youth and eld the paths of pleaſure tread;
" Catch flying bliſs, ne be by aught foreſaid;
" Think that this life is but a little ſpan;
" Then laugh, and ſport, and ſhun all dreryhed,
" Thy rolling days in preſent pleaſures plan,
" Come, ſpend thy hours in joy, thou ſon of mortal man.

XI.

" Know'ſt thou my name! I am l'Allegro hight,
" Let me conduct thee to our jovial hall,
" Where Bon-vivant in revels ſpends the night,
" Who bids a hearty welcome unto all,

" Or

" Or wear he red croſs-ſtoles, or paynim pall."
With that he lad him with a courtly air
Into a chamber deck'd for feaſt and ball;
And though no tedes or tapers glimmer'd there,
Yet all within was bright, as all without was fair.

XII.

As at the cloſe of an hot ſummer's day,
When Phœbus in the weſt deſerts the ſky,
Bright ſtreams of light along the æther play,
And though his fi'ry orb forſake our eye,
The beamy guſhes gild each object nigh;
The painted meads are ting'd with golden light,
And rivers roll their glitt'ring waters by;
So in this houſe of joy with eaſe you might
Perceive celeſtial rays, that cheriſh'd human ſight.

XIII.

The Squire of Dames his jolly hoſt ſalew'd,
And Bon-vivant his hond in friendſhip preſs'd;
" Come, ſit thee down, and taſte our choiceſt food;
" We entertake, quoth he, no vulgar gueſt.
" Enur'd to toil, come taſte the ſweets of reſt,
" Doff thy hard arms, this ſamite garment wear,
" This better far than mail ſhall bind thy breaſt,
" This coronal ſhall deck thy auburn hair;
" Puſh the briſk groblet round, and drown intruding care.

XIV.

" For us the lark attunes his morning ſong,
" For us the ſpring depeints her every flower,
" To ſooth our ſleep yon fountain purls along,
" And oaks to ſhade us twine into a bow'r,
" The penſive bard ſits many a watchful hour,
" In ditty ſweet, to carol forth our praiſe:
" While valour ſpends his days in dole and ſtour,
" We, wiſer we, undying trophies raiſe
" To ever-blooming bliſs, ne reek what wiſdom ſays.

XV.

" With ſprightly notes we make the welkin ring,
" In mazy daunce we tread the chequer'd ground,
" To yielding nymphs tranſported ſhepherds ſing,
" Ne hard misfare emongſt our train is found.
" The ſimple ſwain, who looks with cark aſtoun'd
" Becauſe his leman ill rewards his care,
" Oh, let him ſtond to all a lout renown'd,
" Ne gibing ſcorn her twitting bords forbear;
" Are there not other nymphs leſs coy, and full as fair?"

XVI.

At this the Squire wex'd pale, " Ne eath it is,
" Moſt courteous knight, he cry'd, far to remove
" The thoughts of her in whom we place all bliſs."
Quoth Bon-vivant, " What, then thou art in love?"

" That

" That I am ſo theſe many ſingults prove,"
Return'd the Squire. L'Allegro then reply'd,
" Thou'dſt better wend to yonder willow grove,
" Where ſhoals of lovers hanging ſide by ſide,
" Feed the vile carrion crows, and heighten female pride."

XVII.

With that he braſt into a ſcornful laugh,
And much abaſh'd appear'd our conſtant Squire;
The other ſportful the briſk vintage quaff.
While thus the ſpringal; " Yes, I do aſpire
" To love the faireſt of the female quire.
" Three hundred virtuous damſels in this iſle
" I came to find." " Perdie, your odd deſire,
" Quoth Bon-vivant, will aſk thee muchel toil;
" And thou ſhalt travel too full many a weary mile.

XVIII.

" 'Tis not enough the conduct of the fair
" Is form'd by frowning virtue's ſtricteſt leer:
" The blatant-beaſt does here in pieces tear
" The fame of thoſe ybred in ſchool ſevere;
" His rankling tongue throughout the rolling year
" With baleful venom every thing conſumes;
" Where beauty's ſplendor gilds our northern ſphere
" He ſlyly creeps, and to deſtruction dooms
" The honour of the ſpring, and wiſdom's early blooms.

XIX.

" The brindled lyon in the lonely wood
" Hides his grim aſpect from the ſight of men;

" The pardelis and libbard's ſpotted brood
" Refide contented in ſequeſter'd den;
" Not ſo the blatant-beaſt, he lives in ken
" Of the proud city or well-peopled town;
" Thence with deteſted fury he will ren,
" Ne ſpare the prelate's lawn, or monarch's crown:
" All fares alike with him, for all he tumbleth down.

XX.

" What then avails it to be fair or wiſe?
" Or what avails it to be warlike knight?
" Where-e'er the monſter caſts his fi'ry eyes,
" Each grace, each virtue ſickens at the fight.
" Then, goodly Squire, until the morning's light
" Quaff the thick darkneſs of the night away;
" And, when the morn ſhall riſe, in arms bedight
" Proceed, and luck attend you on your way;
" Algates we wiſh in truth with us you'd ever ſtay."

XXI.

The Squire agrees, but vows, when riſing morn
Shall gild the glitt'rand portals of the eaſt,
Himſelf he will in habergeon adorn,
And ſeek around the iſle the blatant-beaſt:
Mean while in buxom mirth they ſpend the feaſt.
Ill fares the mortal man too much who knows;
Oft ſhall he wiſh himſelf from thought releaſt;
The fatal knowledge in his boſom glows,
And mars his golden reſt, and murders ſoft repoſe.

XXII. Sir

XXII.

Sir Chaunticleer now ey'd the riſing day,
And call'd dame Partlet from her vetchy bed;
Now wakeful Phoſpher ſpreads his gleamy ray,
And the pale moon conceal'd her ſilver head;
The cattle brouze the lawn with dew beſpread,
While every bird from out the buſkets flies.
Then to the field our lover iſſued;
But ſleep had ſeal'd l'Allegro's drouſy eyes,
And Bon-vivant alſo in downy ſlumber lies.

XXIII.

Our Squire, withouten drad, purſu'd his way,
And look'd around to ſpy this monſter fell,
And many a well conceited roundelay
He ſung in honour of his Columbel:
Mote he, perchaunce, deſtroy this ſpawn of hell,
How eaſy were the taſk to him aſſign'd!
The lond of Fairy doth each lond excel;
View there the paragons of womankind;
View the bright virgins there, and leave thy heart behind.

XXIV.

Ah! lever ſhould'ſt thou try the females there
Than thus unwiſe another courſe purſue;
There every nymph is innocent as fair:
Try what I here advance, you'll find it true.
Hard is our fate while bliſs in hopes we few,
Some deadly fiend to blaſt our joy appears;
Contentment ſweet, alas! is known to few.

Thus

Thus for awhile the ſun the welkin chears,
But ſoon he hides his head, and melts in dropping tears.

XXV.

Life is a ſcene of conteck and diſtreſs,
Ne is it longer than a winter's day;
And ſhall we make our few enjoyments leſs?
Far from my cot, thou blatant-beaſt, away.
No huſband's noul will I with horns array,
Ne ſhall my tongue its venom'd malice wreak
On tuneful bards, whom laurel crowns apay;
Ne will I 'gainſt the comely matron ſpeak,
Or draw one pearly drop down beauty's roſy cheek.

XXVI.

The Squire of Dames rode on with muchel tine,
And, as he caſt aſkaunce his greedy look,
He ſaw empight beneath an auncient pine
A hoary ſhepherd leaning on his crook:
His falling tears increas'd the ſwelling brook:
And he did ſigh as he would break his heart.
" O thou deep-read in ſorrow's baleful book,
" The Squire exclaim'd, areed thy burning ſmart;
" Our dolors grow more light when we the tale impart."

XXVII.

To whom the ſwain reply'd, " O gentle youth,
" Yon fruitful meads my num'rous herds poſſeſs'd,
" My days roll'd on unknown to pain or ruth,
" And one fair daughter my old age ybleſs'd.

" Oh,

" Oh, had you ſeen her for the wake ydreſs'd
" With kirtle ty'd with many a colour'd ſtring,
" Thy tongue to all the world had then confeſs'd
" That ſhe was ſheener than the pheaſant's wing,
" And, when ſhe rais'd her voice, no lark ſo ſoot could ſing.

XXVIII.

" In virtue's thews I bred the lovely maid,
" And ſhe right well the leſſons did purſue;
" Too wiſe ſhe was to be by man betray'd;
" But the curſt blatant-beaſt her form did view,
" And round our plains did ſpread a tale untrue,
" That Roſabella, ſpurning marriage band,
" Had felt thoſe pangs which virgin never knew,
" And that Sir Topas my poor girl trepann'd;
" He, who in ſable ſtole doth in our pulpit ſtand.

XXIX.

" Nay, more, the helliſh monſter has invented,
" How a young ſwain on Shannon's banks yborn
" (Had not my care the deep-laid plot prevented)
" Would from my arms my Roſabel have born.
" Have I not cauſe to weep from riſing morn
" 'Till Phœbus welketh in the weſtern main,
" To ſee my dearling's fame thus vildly torn?
" Have I not cauſe to nouriſh endleſs pain?"
At this he deeply ſigh'd, and wept full ſore again.

XXX.

" Curſt be this blatant-beaſt, reply'd the Squire,
" That thus infeſts your ſea-begirted iſle;

" Shew

" Shew me his face, that I may wreak mine ire
" Upon this imp of hell, this monſter vile."
" Away from hence not paſſing ſure a mile,
" Might I adviſe you, you had better wend,"
Return'd the ſwain, " deep-read in magic-ſtyle
" There Merlin wons, ſue him to be your friend;
" And leſt you miſs your way, myſelf will you attend."

XXXI.

Together now they ſeek the hermitage
Deep in the covert of a duſky glade,
Where in his dortour wons the hoary ſage.
The moſs-grown trees did form a gloomy ſhade,
Their ruſtling leaves a ſolemn muſic made,
And fairies nightly tripp'd the aweful green,
And if the tongue of fame hath truth diſplay'd,
Full many a ſpectre was at midnight ſeen,
Torn from his earthly grave, a horrid ſight! I ween.

XXXII.

Ne roſe, ne vi'let, glads the chearleſs bow'r,
Ne fringed pink from earth's green boſom grew,
But hemlock dire, and every baleful flow'r
Might here be found, and knots of myſtic rue.
Cloſe to the cell ſprong up an auncient yew,
And ſtore of imps were on its boughs ypight,
At his beheſts they from its branches flew,
And, in a thouſand various form bedight,
Friſk'd to the moon's pale wain, and revell'd all the night.

XXXIII. Around

XXXIII.

Around the cave a cluſt'ring ivy ſpread
In wide embrace his over-twining arms,
Within, the walls with characters beſpread
Declar'd the pow'rful force of magic charms.
Here drugs were plac'd deſtructive of all harms,
And books that deep futurity could ſcan:
Here ſtood a ſpell that of his rage diſarms
The mountain lyon 'till he yields to man;
With many ſecrets more, which ſcarce repeat I can.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames deep enters in the cell!
What will not valiant heart for beauty dare?
His borrel fere here bids his friend farewell,
And home he wends renewing cark and care.
When, louting low with a becoming air,
The youth cry'd out, "O thrice renowned mage,
"Vouchſafe to cure me of my black diſpair;
"For thou not only art grown wiſe through age,
"But art of mortal man by far the wiſeſt ſage."

XXXV.

Then Merlin with a look benign reply'd,
(For he was bred with every courteous thew)
"I know to make fair Columbel your bride
"The blatant-beaſt you through the lond purſue;
"The fate of empires now demands my view,
"And for awhile denys my preſence here;
"Soon in this cell I'll thee again ſalew,

"What

" What moſt thou lik'ſt partake withouten fear,
" Share all my cave affords, nor think I grudge my chear.

XXXVI.

" Yet mark my counſel, open not that door,
" Leſt thou repent thy follies when too late,
" Ten thouſand pangs ſhall make thy heart full ſore,
" For horror ſcouls behind that heben gate,
" And future ills ſhall thy dear peace amate;
" There ſtands a mirror, wrought by magic leer,
" In which are read the dark decrees of fate,
" And whom you wiſh to ſee will ſtreit appear,
" Devoid of art's falſe maſk, to human eye-ſight clear.

XXXVII.

" Ah how unlike the godlike man he ſeem'd
" In this my glaſs the patriot I've deſcry'd,
" By the vile rabblement a ſaint eſteem'd?
" He's oft a wretch compos'd of ſloth and pride!
" And Keſars too, not ſeldom deify'd,
" With other men their vice and follies ſhare;
" And by my mirror if the nymph be try'd,
" It will without reſerve the truth declare,
" Ne flatter head that's crown'd, ne flatter face that's fair.

XXXVIII.

" Once more let me adviſe thee, gentle Squire,
" Forbear to look at this ſame magic glaſs;
" Do not too raſhly into fate enquire—
" But I to foreign ſtronds awhile muſt paſs."

Th' unweeting youth cry'd to himſelf, "Alas!
"Would I could know the lot to me aſſign'd!"
"Patience, quoth Merlin, doth all things ſurpaſs."
Then to his car were winged dragons join'd,
With which he ſails thro' air, and far outſtrips the wind.

XXXIX.

And now the Squire ſurveys the loneſome cave,
His wav'ring mind is in a whirlwind toſt,
And now the mirror he reſolves to brave,
And now he finds his boaſted courage loſt.
At length determin'd whatſoe'er it coſt,
To ſee the glaſs, he darts into the cell;
And, leſt his eyes by vild retrait be croſt,
Thrice he invokes his lovely Columbel.
As Adam fell of yore, the Squire of Dames yfell.

XL.

The heben doors full widely he diſplay'd,
And ſaw the lovely queen of all his heart,
Fair as the lily in the watry glade,
Bright as the morn, and bright withouten art.
Through every vein he feels a thrillant ſmart:
For the dear maid lay on her bed undreſs'd,
And, may I unreprov'd the truth impart,
She hugg'd a luſty ſtripling to her breaſt,
Whom ſhe full cloſely clipp'd, and wantonly careſs'd.

XLI.

"O faytor falſe, O wicked imp of night!"
Exclaim'd the Squire aſtound, "ah! wellaway!

"Let

" Let Erebus in pitchy ſtole bedight
" With fouleſt ſprites the ſons of men affray,
" And blot for ever the fair face of day.
" Ye haggard ſiſters, ſound my paſſing-bell;
" Oh! ne'er believe, ye youths, what women ſay.
" O loſel looſe, O impious Columbel!"
Then like a ſtean to earth full heavily he fell.

XLII.

There ſhall we leave him, for my leaky boat
Lets in the water, and I muſt recure
Her much worn-hulk, that ſcarcely now can float,
And moor'd in harbour ſhe ſhall ride ſecure;
Then if I can a pilot wiſe procure,
Mayhap I may again hoiſt forth my ſail,
And other hardy voyages endure
Through ſhelves and ſhallows: now the adverſe gale
Gives me ſome time to reſt, and loud with joy I hail.

GLOSSARY.

Amail, enamel.
Avale, bow
Brond-iron, a ſword
Blatant-beaſt, detraction or envy
Buſkets, buſhes
Borrel fere, clowniſh companion
Crumenal, purſe
Coronal, crown or garland
Fortilage, fort
Flight, arrow
Keſtrel, an hawk
Levin-brond, thunder-bolt
Ledden, language.
Pannikel, crown of the head
To royne, to bite, or gnaw
Recure, to repair
Sib, an uncle
Springal, a youth
Wimble, ſhifting to and fro
Yode, went.

On

On the Death of a Lady's Owl.

BY THE SAME.

THE Owl expires! death gave the dreadful word,
And lovely Anna weeps her fav'rite bird.
Ye feather'd choir, in willing throngs repair,
And ſooth the ſorrows of the melting fair;
In ſounds of woe the dear-departed greet,
With cypreſs ſtrew, ye doves, the green retreat;
The fateful raven tolls the paſſing-bell,
The ſolemn dirge be ſung by Philomel;
Sir Chanticleer, a chief of hardy race,
Shall guard from kites and daws the ſacred place.
With your juſt tears a bard ſhall mix his own,
And thus, in artleſs verſe, inſcribe the ſtone.

EPITAPH.

INTERR'D within this little ſpace
The bird of wiſdom lies;
Learn hence, how vain is every grace,
How fruitleſs to be wiſe.

Can mortal ſtop the arm of Death,
Who ne'er compaſſion knew?
He [1] Venus' lover robb'd of breath;
He, Anna's darling ſlew.

[1] Adonis.

Ah, happy bird, to raiſe thoſe ſighs
Which man could ne'er obtain!
Ah, happy bird, to cloud thoſe eyes
That fir'd each kneeling ſwain!

Thrice bleſs'd thy life, her joy, her bliſs,
Thrice bleſs'd thy happy doom;
She gave thee many a melting kiſs,
She wept upon thy tomb.

The VANITY of HUMAN WISHES.

THE

Tenth SATIRE of JUVENAL,

IMITATED

By Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET[m] obſervation with extenſive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ſtrife,
And watch the buſy ſcenes of crowded life;
Then ſay how hope and fear, deſire and hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;

[m] Ver. 1—11.

As

As treach'rous phantoms in the miſt delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chaſes airy good;
How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the ſuppliant voice;
How nations ſink, by darling ſchemes oppreſs'd,
When vengeance liſtens to the fool's requeſt.
Fate wings with every wiſh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows;
Impeachment ſtops the ſpeaker's pow'rful breath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death.

[n] But, ſcarce obſerv'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor ſafety buys;
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.

Let hiſt'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord,
Low ſculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traytor in the Tow'r,

[n] Ver. 12—22.

Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Though confiſcation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches, and his peace deſtroy,
New fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling brake alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade,
Nor light nor darkneſs bring his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet [o] ſtill one general cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' infidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once [p] more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With chearful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who could'ſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unwieldy ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;

[o] Ver. 23—27.

[p] Ver. 28—55.

How

How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth, and nature to decry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophic eye.
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhew,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, and whoſe griefs are vain.
Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on humankind;
How juſt that ſcorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every ſtate, and canvaſs every prayer.
[9] Unnumber'd ſuppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirſt for wealth, and burning to be great;
Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On every ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhipper no more;
For growing names the weekly ſcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room deſcends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And ſmoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions ſold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;

[9] Ver. 56—107.

For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form diſtorted juſtifies the fall,
And deteſtation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the laſt appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rite's zeal;
Through Freedom's ſons no more remonſtrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controling kings;
Our ſupple tribes repreſs their patriot throats,
And aſk no queſtions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and ſeptennial ale,
Their wiſh is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs conſign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty ſhine;
Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
'Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.
At length his ſov'reign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is loſt the pride of aweful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With

With age, with cares, with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtic reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth with Wolſey's end be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolſey near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink beneath Misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What [r] gave great Villiers [s] to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's [t] cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth [u], and what exil'd Hyde [x],
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?

When [y] firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;

[r] Ver. 108—113.

[s] George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, ſtabbed by Felton.

[t] Edward Harley, the firſt earl of Oxford.

[u] Thomas Wentworth, earl of Stafford, beheaded 10th May, 1641.

[x] Edward Hyde, lord Clarendon, lord chancellor of England.

[y] Ver. 114—132.

Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the ſtrong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And [z] Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
'Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe Kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor Praiſe relax, nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe awhile from letters, to be wiſe;
There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

[z] There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.

See

See nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried merit raiſe the tardy buſt.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear [a] Lydiat's life, and Galileo's [b] end.

Nor deem, when Learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'ſcape, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.

[a] A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Okerton, near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatiſe, De Natura Cœli, and in which he attacked the ſentiments of Scaliger and Ariſtotle; not bearing to hear it urged that ſome things are true in philoſophy and falſe in divinity. He made above ſix hundred ſermons on the harmony of the evangeliſts. Being unſucceſsful in publiſhing his works, he lay in the priſon of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's Bench, until Biſhop Uſher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boſwell, and Dr. Pink, releaſed him, by paying his debts. He petitioned king Charles I. to be ſent in Ethiopia, to procure MSS. Having ſpoke in favour of monarchy and biſhops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away priſoner from his rectory, and aftewards had not a ſhirt to ſhift him in three months unleſs he borrowed it. He died very poor in 1646.

[b] Galileo, the inventor of the teleſcope, born February 19, 1564, and died January 8, 1642, N. S. For aſſerting the truth of the Copernican ſyſtem he was perſecuted by the Jeſuits, and confined ſome years in the Inquiſition. By unremitted attention to aſtronomical purſuits, he impaired his eyeſight, and paſſed the three concluding years of his life in a ſtate of total blindneſs.

From

From meaner minds, though ſmaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the ſhock;
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep;
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.
The [c] feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
'Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet reaſon frowns on War's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.
On [d] what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide [e];

[c] Ver. 133—146. [d] Ver. 147—167.

[e] Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden.

A frame

A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific ſcepters yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, 'till nought remain,
"On Moſcow's walls till Gothic ſtandards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."
The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And winter barricades the realm of Froſt;
He comes, not want and cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's [f] day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait,
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.

[f] The battle of Poltowa, ſo fatal to the ambition of Charles the XIIth, was fought 29th June, 1709. From that time to November 1714 the Swediſh hero remained in the Turkiſh dominions an exile from his country; while his enemies, taking advantage of his abſence, poſſeſſed themſelves of ſuch part of his kingdom as they had any pretenſions to claim.

But

But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
[g] A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All [h] times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled on his ſide,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
'Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd 'till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
'Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.

[g] He was ſhot at the ſiege of Frederickſhall, on the 11ſt December, 1718.

[h] Ver. 168—187.

The

The bold Bavarian [i], in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Ceſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Huſſar,
And all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs find the fatal doom,
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.
Enlarge [k] my life with multitude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:

[i] On the death of Charles VI. emperor of Germany, which happened the 20th of October, 1740, the elector of Bavaria aſpired to the Imperial diadem, and procured himſelf to be elected and crowned. His reign was however ſhort and unſucceſsful. The late empreſs, ſupported by her allies, overcame every attempt to eſtabliſh him on the throne; and in 1745 he died, as is ſuppoſed, of a broken heart.

[k] Ver. 188—288.

In

In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;
Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And Luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs Orpheus near,
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor ſweeter muſic of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt,
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions 'till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;

Or

Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime:
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating Conſcience chears;
The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is; and who could wiſh its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes' flagging wings:
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage;
'Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?

From Marlb'rough's [l] eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.
The [m] teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley [n] curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom Joys with ſoft varieties invite
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the latent faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſt defend,
The harmleſs Freedom, and the private Friend.

[l] The celebrated John Duke of Marlborough.

[m] Sir Charles Sedley, whoſe daughter, afterwards counteſs of Dorcheſter, was miſtreſs to king James II.

[n] Ver. 289—345.

The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
By Int'reſt, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
Now beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſt,
And hiſſing infamy proclaims the reſt.
Where [o] then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpence corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries attempt the mercies of the ſkies?
Enquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear; nor deem religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:

[o] Ver. 346—366.

Theſe goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

The TEARS of OLD MAY-DAY.

By EDWARD LOVEYBOND, Eſq.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uproſe the gentle May;
Bluſhing ſhe roſe, and bluſhing roſe the flow'rs
That ſprung ſpontaneous in the genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambroſial dews were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breaſt:
With every ſhifting gleam of morning light
The colours ſhifted of her rainbow veſt.

Imperial enſigns grac'd her ſmiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand ſhe bore;
This charms to peace each ſullen eaſtern ſtorm,
And that unlocks the Summer's copious ſtore.

Onward

Onward in conſcious majeſty ſhe came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taſte;
To gather faireſt wreaths of future fame,
And blend freſh triumphs with her glories paſt.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love's myſterious rite,
Bruſh the light dew-drops [a] from the ſpangled lawn.

To her no more Auguſta's [b] wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potoſi's mine;
Nor freſh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring, at her ruſtic ſhrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
To Valour's games th' ambitious youth advance:
No merry bells and tabors' ſprightlier ſound
Wake the loud carol, and the ſportive dance.

Sudden in penſive ſadneſs droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the bluſhing crimſon dy'd—
"O! chaſte victorious triumphs, whither fled?
"My maiden honours, whither gone?" ſhe cry'd.

[a] Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering May-dew.

[b] The plate garlands of London.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The Earth and ſmiling Ocean ſaw me riſe,
With time coeval and the ſtar of morn,
The firſt, the faireſt daughter of the ſkies.

Then, when at heaven's prolific mandate ſprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celeſtial harps, to airs of triumph ſtrung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

Space in her empty regions heard the ſound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys rung;
The ſun exulted in his glorious round,
And ſhouting planets in their courſes ſung.

For ever then I led the conſtant year;
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
And infant Beauty brighten in my ſmiles.

No Winter frown'd. In ſweet embrace ally'd,
Three ſiſter Seaſons danc'd th' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring ſoftneſs gently vy'd
With Autumn's bluſh, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too ſoon, when man prophan'd the bleſſings giv'n,
And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Aſtrea to my native heav'n
I fled, and flying ſaw the Deluge rage:

Saw

Saw burſting clouds eclipſe the noontide beams,
While ſounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my ſtreams,
My nectar'd ſtreams, that flow'd on ſands of gold.

Then vaniſh'd many a ſea-girt iſle and grove,
Their foreſts floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis [c] ſunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Heſperian ſteep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in ſylvan ſcenes I deign'd,
Yet oft deſcending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting maſs ſuſtain'd,
And wak'd her ſlumb'ring atoms into birth.

And every echo caught my raptur'd name,
And every virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the Muſes, crown'd my lofty brows.

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I roſe ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty ſtor'd.

[c] See Plato.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My raviſh'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal ſong.

O ſay what yet untaſted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentle reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets ſweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a ſofter ſtrain?

Do morning ſuns in ruddier glory riſe?
Does ev'ning fan her with ſerener gales?
Do clouds drop fatneſs from the wealthier ſkies?
Or wantons Plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure ſprings,
Nor mounting juices feed the ſwelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela ſings
When ſilence liſtens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that Nature's baſhful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is ſhe not ſprung of April's wayward race,
The fickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With ſhow'rs and ſunſhine in her fickle eyes,
  With hollow ſmiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
With bluſhes, harb'ring in their thin diſguiſe
  The blaſt that riots on the Spring's increaſe.

Is this the fair inveſted with my ſpoil
  By Europe's laws, and Senates' ſtern command:
Ungen'rous Europe, let me fly thy ſoil,
  And waft my treaſures to a grateful land:

Again revive on Aſia's drooping ſhore
  My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain:
Again to Afric's ſultry ſands reſtore
  Embow'ring ſhades, and Libyan Ammon's fane:

Or haſte to northern Zembla's ſavage coaſt,
  There huſh to ſilence elemental ſtrife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal Froſt,
  And ſwell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then Britain—here ſhe ceas'd. Indignant grief,
  And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue ſuppreſt:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, ſhe ſought relief,
  And tears, and ſilent anguiſh told the reſt.

SONG FOR RANELAGH.

BY MR. W. WHITEHEAD.

I.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicſome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency ſprings,
The ſexes at once to confound:
What means the cock'd hat, and the maſculine air,
With each motion deſign'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languiſh, not ſtare,
And ſoftneſs the teſt of your ſex.

II.

The girl who on beauty depends for ſupport,
May call every art to her aid,
The boſom diſplay'd, and the petticoat ſhort,
Are ſamples ſhe gives of her trade.
But you, on whom Fortune indulgently ſmiles,
And whom Pride has preſerv'd from the ſnare,
Should ſlily attack us with coyneſs and wiles,
Not with open and inſolent air.

III. The

III.

The Venus whoſe ſtatue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modeſtly back from the view,
And kindly ſhould ſeem by the artiſt deſign'd
To ſerve as a model for you.
Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

IV.

The bluſhes of Morn, and the mildneſs of May,
Are charms which no art can procure;
O! be but yourſelves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is ſolid and ſure.
But if Amazon-like you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for ſiſters and aunts;
But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

The BENEDICITE Paraphraſed.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK[a].

I.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footſtool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praiſe beſtow'd;
Whoſe hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whoſe eye the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that all was good.

II.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King;
Again proclaim your Maker's praiſe,
Again your thankful voices raiſe,
And touch the tuneful ſtring.

[a] James Merrick of Trinity College, Oxford. He took the degree of M. A. the 11th of Nov. 1742, and died at Reading the 5th of January 1769. He publiſhed a tranſlation of Triphiodorus in 1739, and a verſion of the Pſalms in 1765.

III. Praiſe

III.

Praiſe him, ye bleſs'd ætherial plains
Where, in full majeſty, he deigns
To fix his aweful throne:
Ye waters, that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
Oh! make his praiſes known!

IV.

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful ſongs with ours,
With us your voices raiſe;
From age to age extend the lay,
To heav'n's eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praiſe.

V.

Cœleſtial orb!—whoſe pow'rful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whoſe influence all things own;
Praiſe him, whoſe courts effulgent ſhine
With light, as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

VI.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the ſky,
Whoſe lamps the abſent ſun ſupply,
With him the ſong purſue;
And let himſelf ſubmiſſive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

VII.

Ye ſhow'rs, and dews, whoſe moiſture ſhed
Calls into life the op'ning ſeed,
To him your praiſes yield;
Whoſe influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatneſs on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

VIII.

Ye winds, that oft tempeſtuous ſweep
The ruffled ſurface of the deep,
With us confeſs your God;
See, through the heav'ns, the King of kings,
Up-borne on your expanded wings,
Comes flying all abroad.

IX.

Ye floods of fire, where-e'er ye flow,
With juſt ſubmiſſion humbly bow
To his ſuperior pow'r;
Who ſtops the tempeſt on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge ſtray,
And gives it ſtrength to roar.

X.

Ye ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long ſucceſſion roll'd,
The drooping world to chear;
Praiſe him, who gave the ſun and moon,
To lead the various ſeaſons on,
And guide the circling year.

XI.

Ye froſts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye ſilent ſhow'rs of fleecy rain,
  Purſue the heav'nly theme;
Praiſe him, who ſheds the driving ſnow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
  And ſtops the rapid ſtream.

XII.

Ye days and nights, that ſwiftly born,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
  Alternate glide away;
Praiſe him, whoſe never-varying light,
Abſent, adds horror to the night,
  But preſent gives the day.

XIII.

Light,—from whoſe rays all beauty ſprings,
Darkneſs—whoſe wide-expanded wings
  Involve the duſky globe;
Praiſe him, who, when the heav'ns he ſpread,
Darkneſs his thick pavilion made,
  And light his regal robe.

XIV.

Praiſe him, ye light'nings, as ye fly,
Wing'd with his vengeance through the ſky,
  And red with wrath divine;
Praiſe him, ye clouds, that wand'ring ſtray,
Or fix'd by him in cloſe array,
  Surround his aweful ſhrine.

XV. Exalt,

XV.

Exalt, O earth! thy heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants, that form the ſpring,
With annual verdure bloom;
Whoſe frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific ſwell the rip'ning grain,
And bleſs thy fertile womb.

XVI.

Ye mountains, that ambitious riſe,
And heave your ſummits to the ſkies,
Revere his aweful nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled,
When Jordan ſought his fountain-head,
And own'd th' approaching God.

XVII.

Ye trees, that fill the rural ſcene,
Ye flowers, that o'er th' enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O! praiſe the Ruler of the ſkies,
Whoſe hand the genial ſap ſupplies,
And clothes the ſmiling plain.

XVIII.

Ye ſecret ſprings, ye gentle rills,
That murm'ring riſe among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praiſe him, at whoſe almighty nod
The rugged rock diſſolving flow'd,
And form'd a ſpringing well.

XIX.

Praiſe him, ye floods, and ſeas profound,
Whoſe waves the ſpacious earth ſurround,
And roll from ſhore to ſhore;
Aw'd by his voice, ye ſeas, ſubſide,
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

XX.

Ye whales, that ſtir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark receſſes ſleep,
Remote from human eye;
Praiſe him, by whom ye all are fed,
Praiſe him, without whoſe heav'nly aid
Ye languiſh, faint, and die.

XXI.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name,
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artleſs lays improve;
Wake with your ſongs the riſing day,
Let muſic ſound on every ſpray,
And fill the vocal grove.

XXII.

Praiſe him, ye beaſts, that nightly roam
Amid the ſolitary gloom,
Th' expected prey to ſeize;
Ye ſlaves of the laborious plough,
Your ſtubborn necks ſubmiſſive bow,
And bend your weary'd knees.

XXIII.

Ye ſons of men, his praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtampt his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move;
Ye, that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age ſucceſſive tell
The wonders of his love.

XXIV.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
'Till angels liſten to the ſong,
And bend attentive down:
Let wonder ſeize the heav'nly train,
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal ſtrain,
So ſweet, ſo like their own.

XXV.

And you, your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's ſacred ſhrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majeſty he dwells,
And from the myſtic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

XXVI.

Ye ſpirits of the juſt and good,
That, eager for the bleſt abode,
To heav'nly manſions ſoar:
O! let your ſongs his praiſe diſplay,
'Till heav'n itſelf ſhall melt away,
And time ſhall be no more.

XXVII.

Praiſe him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye ſaints, whom his decrees ordain,
The boundleſs bliſs to ſhare;
O! praiſe him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

XXVIII.

Let us, who now impaſſive ſtand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's ſtern command,
Amid the fiery blaze:
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Riſe, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endleſs praiſe.

AN ODE TO FANCY.

BY THE SAME.

FANCY, whoſe deluſions vain
Sport themſelves with human brain,
Rival thou of Nature's pow'r,
Canſt, from thy exhauſtleſs ſtore,
Bid a tide of ſorrow flow,
And whelm the ſoul in deepeſt woe:

Or, in the twinkling of an eye,
Raiſe it to mirth and jollity.
Dreams and ſhadows by thee ſtand,
Taught to run at thy command,
And along the wanton air
Flit like empty Goſſimer.
Thee, black Melancholy of yore
To the ſwift-wing'd Hermes bore;
From the mixture of thy line,
Different natures in thee join,
Which thou chuſeſt to expreſs
By the variance of thy dreſs.
Now like thy ſire thou lov'ſt to ſeem,
Light and gay with pinions trim,
Dipt in all the dyes that glow
In the bend of Iris' bow:
Now like thy mother drear and ſad,
(All in mournful veſtments clad,
Cypreſs weeds and ſable ſtole,)
Thou ruſheſt on th' affrighted ſoul.
Oft I feel thee coming on,
When the night hath reach'd her noon,
And darkneſs, partner of her reign,
Round the world hath bound her chain,
Then with meaſur'd ſtep and ſlow,
In the church-yard path I go,

And while my outward ſenſes ſleep,
Loſt in contemplation deep,
Sudden I ſtop, and turn my ear,
And liſt'ning hear, or think I hear.
Firſt a dead and ſullen ſound
Walks along the holy ground;
Then through the gloom alternate break
Groans, and the ſhrill ſcreech-owl's ſhriek.
Lo! the moon hath hid her head,
And the graves give up their dead:
By me paſs the ghaſtly crowds,
Wrapt in viſionary ſhrouds;
Maids, who died with love forlorn,
Youths, who fell by maiden's ſcorn,
Helpleſs fires, and matrons old
Slain for ſordid thirſt of gold,
And babes, who owe their ſhorten'd date
To cruel ſtep-dames ruthleſs hate:
Each their ſev'ral errands go,
To haunt the wretch that wrought their woe:
From their ſight the caitiff flies,
And his heart within him dies;
While a horror damp and chill
Through his frozen blood doth thrill,
And his hair for very dread
Bears itſelf upon his head.

When the early breath of day
Hath made the ſhadows flee away;
Still poſſeſs'd by thee I rove
Boſom'd in the ſhelt'ring grove,
There, with heart and lyre new ſtrung,
Meditate the lofty ſong.
And if thou my voice inſpire,
And with wonted frenzy fire,
Aided by thee I build the rhyme,
Such, as nor the flight of time,
Nor waſting flame, nor eating ſhow'r,
Nor lightning's blaſt can e'er devour.
Or if chance ſome moral page
My attentive thoughts engage,
On I walk, with ſilent tread,
Under the thick-woven ſhade,
While the thruſh, unheeded by,
Tunes her artleſs minſtrelſy.
Liſt'ning to their ſacred lore,
I think on ages long paſt o'er,
When Truth and Virtue hand in hand
Walk'd upon the ſmiling land.
Thence my eyes on Britain glance,
And, awaken'd from my trance,
While my buſy thoughts I rear,
Oft I wipe the falling tear.

When the night again deſcends
And her ſhadowy cone extends,
O'er the fields I walk alone,
By the ſilence of the moon.
Hark! upon my left I hear
Wild muſic wand'ring in the air;
Led by the ſound I onward creep,
And through the neighb'ring hedge I peep;
There I ſpy the Fairy band
Dancing on the level land,
Now with ſtep alternate bound,
Join'd in one continu'd round,
Now their plighted hands unbind,
And ſuch tangled mazes wind
As the quick eye can ſcarce purſue,
And would have puzzled that fam'd clue,
Which led th' Athenian's unſkill'd feet
Through the Labyrinth of Crete.
At the near approach of day,
Sudden the muſic dies away,
Waſting in the ſea of air,
And the phantoms diſappear.
All (as the glow-worm waxes dim)
Vaniſh like a morning dream,
And of their revels leave no trace,
Save the ring upon the graſs.

When the elfin ſhow is fled,
Home I haſte me to my bed;
There, if thou with magic wand
On my temples take thy ſtand,
I ſee in mix'd diſorder riſe
All that ſtruck my waking eyes.
So when I ſtand and round me gaze,
Where the fam'd Lodona ſtrays;
On the woods and thickets brown,
That its ſedgy margin crown,
And watch the vagrant clouds that fly
Through the vaſt deſart of the ſky,
When adown I caſt my look
On the ſmooth unruffled brook,
(While its current clear doth run,
And holds its mirrour to the ſun,)
There I ſee th' inverted ſcene
Fall, and meet the eye again.

The MONKIES, a TALE.

By the Same.

WHOE'ER with curious eye has rang'd
Through Ovid's tales, has ſeen
How Jove, incens'd, to monkies chang'd
A tribe of worthleſs men.

Repentant ſoon th' offending race
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
To give them back the human face,
And reaſon's aid reſtore.

Jove, ſooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their prayer;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Diſperſe in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
With haughtier air the creatures ſtrode,
And ſtretch'd their dwindled ſize.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
  Around their temples ſpread ;
The tail that whilom hung below,
  Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
  Nor alter'd much the face ;
It ſtill retains its native grin,
  And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the ſame,
  Jove bade them take their place,
(Reſtoring them their ancient claim)
  Among the human race.

Men with contempt the brute ſurvey'd,
  Nor would a name beſtow ;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
  And call'd the thing a Beau.

An EPITAPH.

By Dr. JOHN JORTIN[a].

QUÆ te ſub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pæta, juventâ,
O utinam me crudelia fata vocent;
Ut linquam terras inviſaque lumina ſolis,
Utque tuus rurſum corpore ſim poſito.

Tu cave Lethæo contingas ora liquore,
Et citò venturi ſis memor, oro, viri.
Te ſequar obſcurum per iter: dux ibit eunti
Fidus amor, tenebras lampade diſcutiens.

THUS TRANSLATED.

By Mr. MERRICK.

THEE, Pæta, death's relentleſs hand
Cut off in earlieſt bloom:
Oh! had the fates for me ordain'd
To ſhare an equal doom;

[a] Author of the Life of Eraſmus and other learned works. He was rector of St. Dunſtan's in the Eaſt and Kenſington, and archdeacon of London. His death happened 5th September, 1770, in the 72d year of his age.

With

With joy this buſy world I'd leave,
This hated light reſign,
To lay me in the peaceful grave,
And be for ever thine.

Do thou, if Lethe court thy lip,
To taſte its ſtream forbear:
Still in thy Soul his image keep,
Who haſtes to meet thee there.

Safe o'er the dark and dreary ſhore,
In queſt of thee I'll roam;
Love with his lamp ſhall run before,
And break the circling gloom.

VERSES ſent to Dean SWIFT on his Birth-day, with PINE's HORACE finely bound.

Written by Dr. J. SICAN[a].

[HORACE ſpeaking.]

YOU'VE read, Sir, in poetic ſtrain,
How Varus and the Mantuan ſwain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verſe to write it)
Upon a plain repaſt to dine,
And taſte my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilio's hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation,
And though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taſte Iernian;
But fearing that you might diſpute
(Had I put on a common ſuit,)

[a] A phyſician. He was ſhot by a ruffian while travelling in his poſt-chaiſe, near Naples, about the month of June, 1753.

My

My breeding and my politeſſe,
I viſit in a birth-day dreſs;
My coat of pureſt Turkey-red,
With gold embroid'ry richly ſpread;
To which I've ſure as good pretenſions,
As Iriſh lords who ſtarve on penſions.
What though proud miniſters of ſtate
Did at your antichamber wait;
What though your Oxfords, and your St. John's,
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aſide the gen'ral's ſtaff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I ſome friends as good can name,
Nor leſs the darling ſons of fame;
For ſure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good ſtateſmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley:
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Druſus Nero.
You'll boaſt perhaps your fav'rite Pope;
But Virgil is as good I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helſham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian iſle Hippocrates;

Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bleſs'd another clime.
You'll plead perhaps to my requeſt,
To be admitted as a gueſt,
Your hearing's bad—but why ſuch fears?
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reaſon wiſely took
The form you ſee me in, a book.
Attack'd, by ſlow-devouring moths,
By rage of barb'rous Huns and Goths,
By Bentley's notes, my deadlieſt foes,
By Creech's rhimes and Dunſter's proſe;
I found my boaſted wit and fire
In their rude hands almoſt expire:
Yet ſtill they but in vain aſſail'd,
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blaſt deſtroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miſs'd their aim;
Since all my ſpirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to ſave theſe ſmall remains
From future pedants muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You beſt know how,—which way?—tranſlate.

VERSES

VERSES written in a GARDEN.

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

SEE how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And, heedleſs of cenſorious eyes,
Purſue their unpolluted joys:
No fears of future want moleſt
The downy quiet of their neſt;
No int'reſt join'd the happy pair,
Securely bleſt in Nature's care,
While her dear dictates they purſue:
For conſtancy is nature too.
Can all the doctrine of our ſchools,
Our maxims, our religious rules,
Can learning to our lives enſure
Virtue ſo bright, or bliſs ſo pure?
The great Creator's happy ends,
Virtue and pleaſure ever blends:
In vain the church and court have try'd
Th' united eſſence to divide;
Alike they find their wild miſtake,
The pedant prieſt, and giddy rake.

AN
ANSWER to a LOVE-LETTER.

By the SAME.

IS it to me, this ſad lamenting ſtrain:
Are heaven's choiceſt gifts beſtow'd in vain?
A plenteous fortune, and a beauteous bride,
Your love rewarded, gratify'd your pride:
Yet leaving her—'tis me that you purſue
Without one ſingle charm, but being new.
How vile is man! how I deteſt their ways
Of artful falſhood, and deſigning praiſe!
Taſteleſs, an eaſy happineſs you ſlight,
Ruin your joy, and miſchief your delight,
Why ſhould poor pug (the mimic of your kind)
Wear a rough chain, and be to box confin'd?
Some cup, perhaps, he breaks, or tears a fan,—
While roves unpuniſh'd the deſtroyer, man.
Not bound by vows, and unreſtrain'd by ſhame,
In ſport you break the heart, and rend the fame.
Not that your art can be ſucceſsful here,
Th' already plunder'd need no robber fear:

Nor

Nor ſighs, nor charms, nor flatteries can move,
Too well ſecur'd againſt a ſecond love.
Once, and but once, that devil charm'd my mind;
To reaſon deaf, to obſervation blind;
I idly hop'd (what cannot love perſuade!)
My fondneſs equal'd, and my love repay'd;
Slow to diſtruſt, and willing to believe,
Long huſh'd my doubts, and did myſelf deceive:
But oh! too ſoon—this tale would ever laſt;
Sleep, ſleep, my wrongs, and let me think 'em paſt.
For you, who mourn with counterfeited grief,
And aſk ſo boldly like a begging thief,
May ſoon ſome other nymph inflict the pain;
You know ſo well with cruel art to feign!
Though long you ſported have with Cupid's dart,
You may ſee eyes, and you may feel a heart.
So the briſk wits, who ſtop the evening coach,
Laugh at the fear that follows their approach;
With idle mirth, and haughty ſcorn deſpiſe
The paſſenger's pale cheek, and ſtaring eyes;
But, ſeiz'd by Juſtice, find a fright no jeſt,
And all the terror doubled in their breaſt.

In

In Anſwer to a LADY who adviſed RETIREMENT.

BY THE SAME.

YOU little know the heart that you adviſe;
I view this various ſcene with equal eyes:
In crowded courts I find myſelf alone,
And pay my worſhip to a nobler throne.
Long ſince the value of this world I know,
Pity the madneſs, and deſpiſe the ſhow.
Well as I can my tedious part I bear,
And wait for my diſmiſſion without fear.
Seldom I mark mankind's deteſted ways,
Not hearing cenſure, nor affecting praiſe;
And, unconcern'd, my future ſtate I truſt
To that ſole Being, merciful and juſt.

Addreſs of the STATUES at STOWE,

To LORD COBHAM,

ON HIS RETURN TO HIS GARDENS.

FROM every Muſe and every art thy own,
Thy bow'rs our theatres, thy mind our throne!
Hail! to thy virtues manumiz'd from ſtate;
Hail! to thy leiſure to be wiſely great.
Fetter'd by duties and to forms enſlav'd,
How timely have thy years a remnant ſav'd!
To taſte that freedom which thy ſword maintain'd,
And lead in letter'd eaſe, a life unpain'd:
So Scipio (Carthage fall'n) reſign'd his plume,
And ſmil'd at the forgetfulneſs of Rome.
O greatly bleſs'd! whoſe evening ſweeteſt ſhines,
And in unclouded ſlowneſs, calm declines!
While free reflection with reverted eye,
Wan'd from hot noon-tide and a troubled ſky,
Divides life well: the largeſt part, long known
Thy country's claim; the laſt and beſt thy own.

Here while detach'd, thy ſelf-ſupported ſoul
Reſumes dominion, and eſcapes controul;
Moves with a grandeur, monarchs wiſh in vain,
Above all fears, ſtorms, dangers, hopes or pain;
A glance ſometimes from thy ſafe ſummit throw,
And ſee the duſty world look dim below:
Through the dark throng diſcern huge ſlaves of pride
Should'ring unheeded Happineſs aſide;
Thwarted and puſh'd and lab'ring into name,
And dignify'd with all the dirt of fame;
Then with a ſmile ſuperior turn away,
And lop th' exub'rance of ſome ſtraggling ſpray;
Wind through thy mazes to ſerene delight,
And from the burſting bubbles ſhade thy ſight.

Yet where thou ſhin'ſt, like heaven behind a cloud,
Moving like light, all piercing, though not loud;
The Muſe ſhall find thee in thy bleſt retreat,
And breathe this honeſt wiſh at Cobham's feet:
Freſh as thy lakes, may all thy pleaſures flow!
And breezy like thy groves, thy paſſions blow!
Wide as thy fancy, be thy ſpreading praiſe!
And long and lovely as thy walks, thy days!

ODE

ON THE

DEATH of Mr. PELHAM[a].

By Mr. GARRICK.

An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God. POPE.

LET others hail the riſing ſun,
I bow to that whoſe courſe is run,
Which ſets in endleſs night;
Whoſe rays benignant bleſs'd this iſle,
Made peaceful Nature round us ſmile
With calm, but cheerful light.

No bounty paſt provokes my praiſe,
No future proſpects prompt my lays,
From real grief they flow;
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears,
My ſorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a nation's woe.

[a] Henry Pelham, Eſq; brother to the duke of Newcaſtle, at the time of his death firſt commiſſioner, chancellor, and under-treaſurer of the Exchequer.

See—as you paſs the crowded ſtreet,
Deſpondence clouds each face you meet,
All their loſt friend deplore:
You read in every penſive eye,
You hear in every broken ſigh,
That Pelham is no more.

If thus each Briton be alarm'd,
Whom but his diſtant influence warm'd,
What grief their breaſts muſt rend,
Who in his private virtues bleſs'd,
By Nature's deareſt tyes poſſeſs'd
The Huſband, Father, Friend!

What! mute, ye bards?—no mournful verſe,
No chaplets to adorn his hearſe,
To crown the good and juſt?
Your flowers in warmer regions bloom,
You ſeek no penſions from the tomb,
No laurels from the duſt.

When pow'r departed with his breath,
The ſons of Flatt'ry fled from death:
Such inſects ſwarm at noon.
Not for herſelf my Muſe is griev'd,
She never aſk'd, nor e'er receiv'd,
One miniſterial boon.

Hath ſome peculiar ſtrange offence
Againſt us arm'd Omnipotence,
To check the nation's pride?
Behold th' appointed puniſhment!
At length the vengeful bolt is ſent,
It fell—when Pelham dy'd!

Uncheck'd by ſhame, unaw'd by dread,
When Vice triumphant rears her head,
Vengeance can ſleep no more:
The evil angel ſtalks at large,
The good ſubmits, reſigns his charge,
And quits th' unhallow'd ſhore.

The ſame ſad morn [b] to church and ſtate,
(So for our ſins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double ſtroke was giv'n;
Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. John's fell Genius iſſu'd forth,
And Pelham fled to heav'n!

By angels watch'd in Eden's bow'rs
Our parents paſs'd their peaceful hours,
Nor guilt nor pain they knew;
But on the day which uſher'd in
The hell-born train of mortal ſin,
Thy heav'nly guards withdrew.

[b] The 6th of March, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the works of a late Lord, and the death of Mr. Pelham.

Look

Look down, much honour'd ſhade, below,
Still let thy pity aid our woe;
  Stretch out thy healing hand;
Reſume thoſe feelings, which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
  And ſav'd a ſinking land.

Search with thy more than mortal eye
The breaſts of all thy friends: deſcry
  What there has got poſſeſſion.
See if thy unſuſpecting heart,
In ſome for truth miſtook not art,
  For principle, profeſſion.

For theſe, the peſts of human kind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
  Protect our parent King:
Unmaſk their treach'ry to his ſight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
  And cruſh them ere they ſting.

If ſuch his truſt and honours ſhare,
Again exert thy guardian care,
  Each venom'd heart diſcloſe;
On Him, on Him, our all depends,
Oh ſave him from his treach'rous friends,
  He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe'er ſhall at the helm preſide,
Still let thy prudence be his guide,
To ſtem the troubled wave;
But chiefly whiſper in his ear,
"That GEORGE is open, juſt, ſincere,
"And dares to ſcorn a knave."

No ſelfiſh views t' oppreſs mankind,
No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
To purchaſe fame with blood;
Thy boſom glow'd with purer heat;
Convinc'd that to be truly great,
Is only to be good.

To hear no lawleſs paſſion's call,
To ſerve thy King, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan!
Wiſdom with gen'rous love took part,
Together work thy head and heart,
The Miniſter and Man.

Unite, ye kindred ſons of worth;
Strangle bold faction in its birth;
Be Britain's weal your view!
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue link each fair deſign,
And Pelham live in you.

VERSES

VERSES

Written at MONTAUBAN in FRANCE, 1750.

By the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH WARTON.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,
But ah! they fructify a land of ſlaves!
In vain thy bare-foot, ſun-burnt peaſants hide
With luſcious grapes yon' hill's romantic ſide;
No cups nectareous ſhall their toils repay,
The prieſt's, the ſoldier's, and the fermier's prey:
Vain glows this ſun in cloudleſs glory dreſt,
That ſtrikes freſh vigour through the pining breaſt;
Give me, beneath a colder, changeful ſky,
My ſoul's beſt, only pleaſure, LIBERTY!
What millions periſh'd near thy mournful flood[a]
When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—"Blood!"
Leſs fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
That daſh'd thy infants 'gainſt the ſtones of yore.
Be warn'd, ye nations round; and trembling ſee
Dire ſuperſtition quench humanity!

[a] Alluding to the perſecutions of the Proteſtants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the Southern provinces of France.

By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles loſt;
By wiſe and virtuous ALFRED's aweful ghoſt;
By old GALGACUS' ſcythed, iron car,
That, ſwiftly whirling through the walks of war,
Daſh'd Roman blood, and cruſh'd the foreign throngs;
By holy Druids' courage-breathing ſongs;
By fierce BONDUCA's ſhield, and foaming ſteeds;
By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads;
By the fifth HENRY's helm, and lightning ſpear;
O LIBERTY, my warm petition hear;
Be ALBION ſtill thy joy! with her remain,
Long as the ſurge ſhall laſh her oak-crown'd plain!

THE

THE REVENGE OF AMERICA.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN fierce PISARRO's legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's aweful Genius roſe.
He ſat on Andes' topmoſt ſtone,
And heard a thouſand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To ſee huge PLATA foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, ſtampt the ground,
To view his cities ſmoaking round.
What woes, he cry'd, hath luſt of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plunderers, proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye ſhall meet deſtruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine ſhall riſe
Th' inſatiate fiend, pale Av'rice!
Whoſe ſteps ſhall trembling Juſtice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I ſee all Europe's children curſt
With lucre's univerſal thirſt:
The rage that ſweeps my ſons away,
My baneful gold ſhall well repay.

THE

THE DYING INDIAN. BY THE SAME.

THE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt
In double poiſon—I ſhall ſoon arrive
At the bleſt iſland, where no tigers ſpring
On heedleſs hunters; where ananas bloom
Thrice in each moon; where rivers ſmoothly glide,
Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe
Down to the ſea; where my forefathers feaſt
Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my ſon,
I feel the venom buſy in my breaſt:
Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
Of that bold chriſtian who firſt dar'd deflour
The virgins of the ſun; and, dire to tell!
Robb'd PACHACAMAC's altar of its gems!
I mark'd the ſpot where they interr'd this traitor,
And once at midnight ſtole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcaſe from the earth, and left it
A prey to poiſonous flies. Preſerve this crown
With ſacred ſecrecy: if e'er returns
Thy much-lov'd mother from the deſart woods,
Where, as I hunted late, I hapleſs loſt her,
Cheriſh her age. Tell her I ne'er have worſhip'd
With thoſe that eat their God. And when diſeaſe
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly ſtab her
With thine own hands, nor ſuffer her to linger,
Like chriſtian cowards, in a life of pain.
I go! great COPAC beckons me! farewell!

ODE

ODE occasioned by reading Mr. WEST's Translation of PINDAR.

By the same.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy ſons a voice divine have heard,
The man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with freſh rage and undiminiſh'd fire,
The ſweet enthuſiaſt ſmites the Britiſh lyre;
The ſounds that echoed on Alphéus' ſtreams
Reach the delighted ear of liſtening Thames;
Lo! ſwift acroſs the duſty plain
Great Theron's foaming courſers ſtrain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous ſong?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping Art,
Nor touch, nor can tranſport th' unfeeling heart;
Pindar, our inmoſt boſom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirſt of arms:
When Freedom ſpeaks in his majeſtic ſtrain,
The patriot-paſſions beat in every vein:
We long to fit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
[a] Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And ſtill of daring deeds and dangers tell.

[a] See 2 Olym. Od.

I. 3. Away,

I. 3.

Away, enervate bards, away,
Who ſpin the courtly, ſilken lay,
[b] As wreaths for ſome vain Louis' head,
Or mourn ſome ſoft Adonis dead:
No more your poliſh'd lyrics boaſt,
In Britiſh Pindar's ſtrength o'erwhelm'd and loſt:
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame,
(Emblem of verſe correctly tame)
[c] To his own Ætna's ſulphur-ſpouting caves,
When to heav'n's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart thro' the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd ſteeps
Mark how enormous Orellana ſweeps!
Monarch of mighty floods! ſupremely ſtrong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected ſnows:
Thence over nameleſs regions widely flows,
Round fragrant iſles, and citron-groves,
Where ſtill the naked Indian roves,
And ſafely builds his leafy bow'r,
From ſlavery far, and curſt Iberian pow'r;

[b] Alluding to the French and Italian lyric poets.

[c] See 1 Pyth. Od.

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
Let me for ever thy ſweet ſons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whoſe lays
The matchleſs tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, ſoft pity's prieſt,
Who melts in uſeful woes the bleeding breaſt;
And him, who paints th' inceſtuous king,
Whoſe ſoul amaze and horror wring;
Teach me to taſte their charms refin'd,
The richeſt banquet of th' enraptur'd mind!

II. 3.

For the bleſt man, the Muſe's child [d],
On whoſe auſpicious birth ſhe ſmil'd,
Whoſe ſoul ſhe form'd of purer fire,
For whom ſhe tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widows' midnight ſhrieks, nor burning town,
The peaceful poet pleaſe;
Nor ceaſeleſs toils for ſordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor ſtateſman's ſchemes,
Nor all deceiv'd Ambition's feveriſh dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the ſweet vale of eaſe.

[d] Hor. Od. 3. l. 4.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY,

Written in the Year 1745.

By Mr. Thomas Warton.

MOTHER of muſings, Contemplation ſage,
Whoſe grotto ſtands upon the topmoſt rock
Of Teneriff: 'mid the tempeſtuous night,
On which, in calmeſt meditation held,
Thou hear'ſt with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail deſcend; or if the ſkies
Unclouded ſhine, and through the blue ſerene
Pale Cynthia rolls her ſilver-axled car,
Whence gazing ſtedfaſt on the ſpangled vault
Raptur'd thou ſit'ſt, while murmurs indiſtinct
Of diſtant billows ſooth thy penſive ear
With hoarſe and hollow ſounds; ſecure, ſelf-bleſt,
There oft thou liſten'ſt to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whiſpers low
Aſcends the rocky ſummit, where thou dwell'ſt
Remote from man, converſing with the ſpheres!
O lead me, queen ſublime, to ſolemn glooms
Congenial with my ſoul; to cheerleſs ſhades,

To

To ruin'd ſeats, of twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muſe,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing ſcenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces ſeem to lead the dance
In ſportive round, while from their hands they ſhow'r
Ambroſial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze;
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!
Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moſs-grown piles
Oft let me ſit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through ſome weſtern window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of ſtreaming light;
While ſullen ſacred ſilence reigns around,
Save the lone ſcreech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns, dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that ruſtles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Inveſts ſome waſted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloyſter'd brother: through the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My ſoul in dread repoſe. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnels let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, ſhedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk

Along the glimm'ring walls: or ghoſtly ſhape,
At diſtance ſeen, invites with beck'ning hand
My loneſome ſteps through the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the ſolemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I ſtart: lo, all is motionleſs around!
Roars not the ruſhing wind; the ſons of men
And every beaſt in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's huſh'd in ſilence and in ſleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the ſtill globe's aweful ſolitude
No being wakes but me! ſtill ſtealing ſleep,
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My ſenſes lead through flowery paths of joy;
But let the ſacred Genius of the night
Such myſtic viſions ſend, as Spenſer ſaw,
When through bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell houſe of Buſyrane he led
Th' unſhaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abſtracted thought he firſt conceiv'd
All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Let others love ſoft Summer's ev'ning ſmiles,
As, liſt'ning to the diſtant water-fall,
They mark the bluſhes of the ſtreaky weſt;
I chooſe the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the ſullen ſhades of ev'ning cloſe,

Where through the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam
The dying embers ſcatter, far remote
From Mirth's mad ſhouts, that thro' th' illumin'd roof
Reſound with feſtive echo, let me ſit,
Bleſt with the lowly cricket's drowſy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting ſtate of things, the vain delights,
The fruitleſs toils, that ſtill our ſearch elude,
As through the wilderneſs of life we rove.
This ſober hour of ſilence will unmaſk
Falſe Folly's ſmiles, that like the dazzling ſpells
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
With blear illuſion, and perſuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reaſon's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and ſtamps the monſter on the man.
Eager we taſte, but in the luſcious draught
Forget the pois'nous dregs that lurk beneath.
Few know that elegance of ſoul refin'd,
Whoſe ſoft ſenſation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's ſcenes, than the dull pride
Of taſteleſs ſplendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloiſe, whoſe mind
Had languiſh'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine tranſport found, as on ſome tomb
Reclin'd, ſhe watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd iles, amid pale ſhrines
Of imag'd ſaints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votareſs; than Flavia feels,

As through the mazes of the feſtive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the ſilken ſons of dreſs,
And ſhines the faireſt of th' aſſembled fair.
When azure noon-tide cheers the dædal globe,
And the bleſt regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian bow'r,
How oft my wiſhes aſk the night's return,
That beſt befriends the melancholy mind!
Hail, ſacred Night! thou too ſhalt ſhare my ſong!
Siſter of ebon-ſcepter'd Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'ſt
Thy viewleſs chariot, or with ſilver crown
Thy beaming head encircleſt, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the ſorcereſs-train,
Far in obſcured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bleſs;
Though Murder wan, beneath thy ſhrouding ſhade,
Summons her ſlow-ey'd vot'ries to deviſe
Of ſecret ſlaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conf'rence ſits the liſtening band,
And ſtart at each low wind, or wakeful ſound;
What though thy ſtay the pilgrim curſeth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian waſtes
He hears the wilderneſs around him howl
With roaming monſters, while on his hoar head
The black deſcending tempeſt ceaſeleſs beats;
Yet more delightful to my penſive mind

Is thy return, than bloomy morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the ſaffron eaſt
She ſheds freſh roſes, and ambroſial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
When dropping wet ſhe comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air ſcowls the louring ſouth,
Blackening the landſcape's face, that grove and hill
In formleſs vapours undiſtinguiſh'd ſwim:
Th' afflicted ſongſters of the ſadden'd groves
Hail not the ſullen gloom; the waving elms
That hoar through time, and, rang'd in thick array,
Encloſe with ſtately row ſome rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarſe
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs:
While to the ſhed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train; ſecure the village hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the ſtorm;
Fix'd in th' unfiniſh'd furrow reſts the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliv'ning ſhouts
Of early hunter: all is ſilence drear;
And deepeſt ſadneſs wraps the face of things.

Thro' POPE's ſoft ſong though all the Graces breathe,
And happieſt art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with ſweeter tranſport glow,
As at the root of moſſy trunk reclin'd,
In magic SPENSER's wildy-warbled ſong
I ſee deſerted UNA wander wide

Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths
Weary, forlorn; than when the [e] fated fair,
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.
Ye Youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreaths of luckless love,
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to sooth your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a flow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embowering woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through th' extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees; 'till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant-tinkling team,
Or heifer rustling through the brake alarms,
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.

[e] Belinda. See Rape of the Lock.

These

Theſe are delights that abſence drear has made
Familiar to my ſoul, e'er ſince the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful ſhe lifts, and bluſhing from her bow'r
Iſſues to cloath in gladſome-gliſt'ring green
The genial globe, firſt met my dazzled ſight:
Theſe are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the penſive ſoul can taſte.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of prayer,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many-ſounding organ peals on high
The clear ſlow-dittyed chaunt, or varied hymn,
'Till all my ſoul is bath'd in ecſtaſies,
And lap'd in Paradiſe. Or let me ſit
Far in ſequeſter'd iles of the deep dome,
There loneſome liſten to the ſacred ſounds,
Which as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults
In hollow murmurs reach my raviſh'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And ſolitude returns, would I forſake
The ſolemn manſion, but attentive hear
The due clock ſwinging ſlow with ſweepy ſway,
Meaſuring Time's flight with momentary ſound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the ſoft thrillings of the tragic Muſe,
Divine Melpomene, ſweet Pity's nurſe,

Queen of the ſtately ſtep, and flowing pall,
Now let Monimia mourn with ſtreaming eyes
Her joys inceſtuous, and polluted love:
Now let ſoft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the laſt kiſs on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught;
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor ſeldom let the Moor of Deſdemone
Pour the miſguided threats of jealous rage.
By ſoft degrees the manly torrent ſteals
From my ſwoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in ſympathizing tears.
What are the ſplendors of the gaudy court,
Its tinſel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier ſeems the baniſh'd Lord
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all loneſome, in the chambers hoar
Of ſome high caſtle ſhut, whoſe windows dim
In diſtant ken diſcover trackleſs plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
Where ſtill-repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied ſpires
That crown the ſolitary dome, ariſe;
While from the topmaſt turret the ſlow clock,
Far heard along th' inhoſpitable waſtes,
With ſad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier ſeems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind

'Mid

'Mid Moſcow's golden palaces, to drown
In eaſe and luxury the laughing hours.
Illuſtrious objects ſtrike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliſs, and but allure the ſight,
Nor rouze with impulſe quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus ſeen by ſhepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landſcapes ſmile! here balmy groves,
Reſounding once with Plato's voice, ariſe,
Amid whoſe umbrage green her ſilver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple ſtores, and ſunny vales
In proſpect vaſt their level laps expand,
Amid whoſe beauties gliſt'ring Athens tow'rs.
Though through the bliſsful ſcenes Iliſſus roll
His ſage-inſpiring flood, whoſe winding marge
The thick-wove laurel ſhades; though roſeate Morn
Pour all her ſplendors on th' empurpled ſcene;
Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs
He views the piles of fall'n Perſepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darkſome plain.
Unbounded waſte! the mould'ring obeliſc
Here, like a blaſted oak, aſcends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls diſcloſe
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her ſpotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.

Here

Here temples riſe, amid whoſe hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked ſtreet,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, ſprings the graſs;
Here columns heap'd on proſtrate columns, torn
From their firm baſe, increaſe the mould'ring maſs,
Far as the ſight can pierce, appear the ſpoils
Of ſunk magnificence! a blended ſcene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin ſits.
O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O come with ſaintly look, and ſtedfaſt ſtep,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where to the diſtant curfeu's ſolemn ſound
Liſt'ning thou ſitt'ſt, and with thy cypreſs bind
Thy votary's hair, and ſeal him for thy ſon.
But never let Euphróſyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primroſe-garland caſt.
Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her roſy boſom to th' enamour'd view;
Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-ſtreaming fruitage feaſt;
What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring ſkies,
And at her preſence mild th' embattel'd clouds
Diſperſe in air, and o'er the face of heav'n
New day diffuſive gleam at her approach;
Yet are theſe joys that Melancholy gives

Than all her witleſs revels happier far;
Theſe deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.
Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auſpicious maid, my ſong,
With thee ſhall end; for thou art faiſer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's moſſy grot;
To loftier rapture thou canſt wake the thought,
Than all the fabling Poet's boaſted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his ev'ning-walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hoſpitable hand
To the cloſe ſhelter of his oaken bow'r,
There ſoon the ſage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of ſolemn muſing in your penſive thought;
For when a ſmiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply liſt'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Meinai, ſtream of Druids old,
That lav'd his hallow'd haunt with daſhing wave,

A SON-

A SONNET;

WRITTEN AT WYNSLADE,

IN THE ABSENCE OF ——

By the Same.

WYNSLADE, thy beechen ſlopes with waving grain
Border'd, thine azure views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the joyous Dawn
'Gan Night's dun robe with flaſhing purple ſtain,
Or Evening drove to fold her woolly train;
Her faireſt landſcapes whence my Muſe has drawn;
Too free with ſervile courtly phraſe to fawn,
Too weak to try the Buſkin's ſtately ſtrain;
Yet now no more thy ſlopes of beech and corn
Nor proſpects charm, ſince HE far-diſtant ſtrays
With whom I trac'd their ſweets each eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Heſperian bays;
In this alone they pleaſe, howe'er forlorn,
That ſtill they can recall thoſe happier days.

On

On BATHING.

A SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN late the trees were ſtript by Winter pale,
Fair HEALTH, a Dryad-maid in veſture green,
Rejoic'd to rove 'mid the bleak ſylvan ſcene,
On airy uplands caught the fragrant gale,
And ere freſh morn the low-couch'd lark did hail
Watching the ſound of earlieſt horn was ſeen.
But ſince gay Summer, thron'd in chariot ſheen,
Is come to ſcorch each primroſe-ſprinkled dale,
She chooſes that delightful cave beneath
The cryſtal treaſures of meek Iſis' ſtream;
And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops diſtil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with ſedgy wreath
She ſits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

To LADY HERVEY[a].

By Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

HERVEY, would you know the paſſion
You have kindled in my breaſt?
Trifling is the inclination,
That by words can be expreſs'd.
In my ſilence ſee the lover,
True love is by ſilence known;
In my eyes you'll beſt diſcover
All the power of your own.

[a] Mary, daughter to Brigadier-General Nicholas Le Peil. She married the 25th of October, 1720, John, afterwards Lord Hervey, eldeſt ſon to the Earl of Briſtol, who died in the life-time of his father. Of this lady, Lord Cheſterfield writing to his ſon ſays, "She has been all "her life at courts; of which ſhe has acquired all the eaſy good breed-"ing and politeneſs, without the frivolouſneſs. She has all the reading "that a woman ſhould have; and more than any woman need have; "for ſhe underſtands Latin perfectly well, though ſhe wiſely conceals "it. No woman ever had more than ſhe has, *le ton de la parfaitement "honne compagnie, les manieres engageantes et le je ne ſcais quoi qui plait.*" She died September 2, 1768.

On

On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Birth-day, August the 26th.

By the Honourable Mr. Dodington[a], afterwards Lord Melcombe.

ALL hail, auſpicious day, whoſe wiſh'd return
Bids every breaſt with grateful ardor burn;
While pleas'd Britannia that great man ſurveys
The Prince may truſt, and yet the People praiſe:
One bearing greateſt toils with greateſt eaſe,
One born to ſerve us, and yet born to pleaſe;
His ſoul capacious, yet his judgement clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart ſincere:
His counſels guide, his temper cheers our iſle,
And ſmiling gives three kingdoms cauſe to ſmile.
Auguſt, how bright thy golden ſcenes appear,
Thou faireſt daughter of the various year!

[a] George Bubb, Eſq; who, on the death of George Dodington, of Gunwill, in Dorſetſhire, ſucceeded to his eſtate, and thereupon aſſumed his name. He was frequently employed in negotiations abroad, and held ſeveral lucrative and honourable poſts under government. On the 3d of April, 1761, he was created a peer by the title of Baron Melcombe, and died July 28, 1762.

On

On thee the ſun with all his ardor glows,
On thee in dowry all its fruits beſtows;
The greateſt Prince, the foremoſt ſon of fame,
To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name;
Nature and Fortune thee their darling choſe,
Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole roſe.
By ſteps to mighty things Fate makes her way,
The Sun and Cæſar but prepar'd this day.

The LAWYER's FAREWELL to his MUSE.

Written in the Year 1744.

By Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE*, Knt.

AS, by ſome tyrant's ſtern command,
A wretch forſakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endleſs exile from his home;

Penſive

* This accompliſhed lawyer was born in Cheapſide, 10th of July, 1723, and was the youngeſt ſon of Mr. Charles Blackſtone, who carried on the buſineſs of a ſilkman. At the age of ſeven years he was put to ſchool at the Charter-houſe, and in 1735 admitted on the foundation there by the nomination of Sir Robert Walpole. On the 30th of November, 1738, he was entered a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford, was matriculated the next day, and in February following elected

to

Penſive he treads the deſtin'd way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to ſtay;

to one of Lady Holford's exhibitions for Charter-houſe ſcholars. Determining to make choice of the law for his profeſſion, he entered himſelf in the Middle Temple the 20th of November, 1741. In November, 1743, he was elected into the ſociety of All Souls College. On the 12th of June, 1745, he commenced Batchelor of the Civil Law; and on the 28th of November, 1746, was called to the bar. He proceeded, 26th of April, 1750, Doctor of Civil Law; and having attended the courts at Weſtminſter with little ſucceſs, he in 1753 determined to retire to an academical life. He accordingly, in Michaelmas Term that year, began to read lectures on the laws of England at Oxford. On the 22d of October, 1758, he was unanimouſly elected Vinerian Profeſſor of the Common Law at that univerſity. In the ſucceeding year he returned to the practice of his profeſſion in London; and in Michaelmas Term reſumed his attendance at Weſtminſter, where his merit was now both known and rewarded. On the 28th of July, 1761, he was appointed principal of New Inn Hall; and on the eſtabliſhment of the Queen's family was named Solicitor General to her Majeſty. In 1766 he reſigned his poſts in the univerſity of Oxford; and on the 9th of February, 1770, was nominated a Judge in the Common Pleas; but, to accommodate Sir Joſeph Yates, conſented to accept a ſeat in the Court of King's Bench, from whence he was ſoon removed to the place of his original deſtination. From this period to the time of his death he devoted his attention to the ſervice of the public, and the duties of domeſtic life. About Chriſtmas, 1779, he was ſeized with a violent ſhortneſs of breath, from which he in ſome meaſure recovered; but the diſorder returning with freſh vigour, it brought on a drowſineſs and ſtupor, which put an end to his life, on the 14th of February, 1780, in the 56th year of his age.

'Till on ſome neighb'ring mountain's brow
He ſtops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a laſt tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft ſtop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and ſweetly ſage,
How blithſome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or ſhady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with aweful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapſe of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How bleſt my days, my thoughts how free,
In ſweet ſociety with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleaſing dream is o'er,
Theſe ſcenes muſt charm me now no more:
Loſt to the field, and torn from you,—
Farewel!—a long, a laſt adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and ſtubborn Law,
To ſmoak, and crowds, and cities draw;
There ſelfiſh Faction rules the day,
And Pride and Av'rice throng the way:
Diſeaſes taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Looſe Revelry and Riot bold
In frighted ſtreets their orgies hold;
Or, when in ſilence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks her lonely round:
No room for Peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celeſtial Nymph, adieu!
Shakſpeare, no more thy ſylvan ſon,
Nor all the art of Addiſon,
Pope's heav'n-ſtrung lyre, nor Waller's eaſe,
Nor Milton's mighty ſelf muſt pleaſe:
Inſtead of theſe, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me ſtand;
With ſounds uncouth, and accents dry,
That grate the ſoul of harmony,
Each pedant ſage unlocks his ſtore
Of myſtic, dark, diſcordant lore;
And points with tott'ring hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding, cloſe retreat,
Is Juſtice doom'd to fix her ſeat,
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe,

And there, from vulgar ſight retir'd,
Like eaſtern queens, is more admir'd.
O let me pierce the ſecret ſhade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her ſacred page,
(Th' united boaſt of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wiſdom of a thouſand years)
In that pure ſpring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the ſordid ſcribe;
Obſerve how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countleſs wheels diſtinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing ſoul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.
Then welcome buſineſs, welcome ſtrife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The viſage wan, the pore-blind ſight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the ſolemn prate,
The pert diſpute, the dull debate,
The drowſy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Juſtice, welcome all!

Thus though my noon of life be paſt,
Yet let my ſetting ſun, at laſt,
Find out the ſtill, the rural cell,
Where ſage retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taſte the home-felt bliſs
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe;
Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conſcience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace deſcend.

By Miſs COWPER[a] (now Mrs. MADAN) in her [b] Brother's COKE upon LITTLETON.

O Thou, who labour'ſt in this rugged mine,
May'ſt thou to gold th' unpoliſh'd ore refine!
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow!
Doubt not to reap, if thou canſt bear to plough.
To tempt thy care, may, each revolving night,
Purſes and maces ſwim before thy ſight!

[a] Daughter to Spencer Cowper, Eſq; one of the Judges of the Common Pleas.

[b] Aſhley Cowper, Eſq; Clerk of the Houſe of Lords.

From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed!
May'ſt thou eſſay, to look and ſpeak like Mead.
When the black bag and roſe no more ſhall ſhade
With martial air the honours of thy head;
When the full wig thy viſage ſhall encloſe,
And only leave to view thy learned noſe:
Safely may'ſt thou defy beaux, wits, and ſcoffers;
While tenants, in fee ſimple, ſtuff thy coffers.

SOLITUDE.

An ODE.

By Dr. GRAINGER[a],

I,

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the deſart's trackleſs gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted ſide,
Or by the Nile's coy ſource abide,
Or ſtarting from your half-year's ſleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,

[a] Dr. James Grainger, tranſlator of Tibullus, and author of a poem called *The Sugar Cane*, 4to. 1764. He died at Baſſeterre, in the iſland of St. Chriſtopher, December 16, 1767.

Or at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey[b];
You, Recluſe, again I woo,
And again your ſteps purſue.

II.

Plum'd Conceit himſelf ſurveying,
Folly with her ſhadow playing,
Purſe-proud, elbowing Inſolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
Noiſe that through a trumpet ſpeaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intruſion with a fopling's face
(Ignorant of time and place),
Sparks of fire Diſſention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Reſtraint's ſtiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd Cenſure's artful ſneer,
Ambition's buſkins ſteep'd in blood,
Fly thy preſence, Solitude.

III.

Sage Reflection bent with years,
Conſcious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph ſhy,
Meditation's piercing eye,

[b] Alluding to the account of Palmyra, publiſhed by Meſſrs. Wood and Dawkins, and the manner in which they were ſtruck at the ſight of theſe magnificent ruins by break of day.

Halcyon Peace on moſs reclin'd,
Retroſpect that ſcans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reſvery,
Bluſhing artleſs Modeſty,
Health that ſnuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd Truth with boſom bare,
Inſpiration, Nature's child,
Seek the ſolitary wild.

IV.

You with the tragic Muſe [c] retir'd
The wiſe Euripides inſpir'd,
You taught the ſadly-pleaſing air
That [d] Athens ſav'd from ruins bare,
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And [e] unlock'd the ſprings of woe;
You penn'd what exil'd Naſo thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluſe you ſtray'd,
When Death ſnatch'd his [f] long-lov'd maid;
You taught the rocks her loſs to mourn,
You ſtrew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in [g] Hagley you were ſeen,
With blood-ſhed eyes, and ſombre mien,

[c] In the iſland of Salamis.
[d] See Plutarch in the life of Lyſander.
[e] Simonides.
[f] Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.
[g] Monody on the death of Mrs. Lyttelton.

Hymen

Hymen his yellow veſtment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypreſs wore.
But chief your own the ſolemn lay
That wept Narciſſa young and gay,
Darkneſs clapp'd her ſable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful ſtring,
Anguiſh left the pathleſs wild,
Grim-fac'd Melancholy ſmil'd,
Drowſy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The ſtarry hoſt put back the dawn,
Aſide their harps ev'n Seraphs flung
To hear the ſweet Complaint, O Young[h].

V.

When all Nature's huſh'd aſleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men.
But when Phoſphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled courſers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntſman meet,
Where as you penſive pace along,
You catch the diſtant ſhepherd's ſong,
Or bruſh from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the riſing primroſe view.
Devotion lends her heav'n-plum'd wings,
You mount, and Nature with you ſings.

[h] Night Thoughts.

But

But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy ſhades you go,
Where never ſun-burnt woodman came,
Nor ſportſman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowſy waterfalls behind,
You ſink to reſt.
'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,
Wake you with her ſolemn ſtrain,
And teach pleas'd Echo to complain.

VI.

With you roſes brighter bloom,
Sweeter every ſweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

VII.

Let thoſe toil for gold who pleaſe,
Or for fame renounce their eaſe.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a tranſient, ſhining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Baſe, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, ſequeſter'd fair,
To your Sibyl grot repair,

On

On yon hanging cliff it ſtands
Scoop'd by Nature's ſalvage hands,
Boſom'd in the gloomy ſhade
Of cypreſs, not with age decay'd.
Where the owl ſtill-hooting ſits,
Where the bat inceſſant flits,
There in loftier ſtrains I'll ſing
Whence the changing ſeaſons ſpring,
Tell how ſtorms deform the ſkies,
Whence the waves ſubſide and riſe,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a ſcale;
Bend, great God, before thy ſhrine,
The bourtleſs microcoſm's thine.

VIII.

Save me! what's yon ſhrouded ſhade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade?
It beckons me!—vain fears, adieu,
Myſterious ghoſt, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's firſt friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breaſt it bares! what! ſtain'd with blood?
Quick let me ſtaunch the vital flood.
O ſpirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortleſs alone?
O Solitude, on me beſtow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,

Such,

Such, ſuch, as on th' Auſonian ſhore,
Sweet [i] Dorian Moſchus trill'd of yore:
No time ſhould cancel thy deſert,
More, more, than [k] Bion was, thou wert.

IX.

O goddeſs of the tearful eye [l],
The never-ceaſing ſtream ſupply.
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the houſe of woe,
O'er Friendſhip's herſe low-drooping mourn,
Where the ſickly tapers burn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the ſolemn knell,
The gloom diſpels, the charnel ſmiles,
Light flaſhes through the vaulted iles,
Blow ſilky ſoft, thou weſtern gale,
O goddeſs of the deſart, hail!
She buſts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Inſulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy-garland binds,
Her treſſes wanton with the winds,
A lion's ſpoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careleſs thrown;

[i] See Idyll.

[k] Alluding to the death of a friend.

[l] Dr. Grainger has here evidently borrowed from Dr. Warton's Ode to Fancy, which was publiſhed ſeveral years before the preſent poem. See vol. iii. p. 116, "Goddeſs of the tearful eye," &c.

Her

Her right-hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a ſtride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which ſhe oft herſelf beholds.
O goddeſs of the deſart, hail!
And ſofter blow, thou weſtern gale!
Since in each ſcheme of life I've fail'd,
And diſappointment ſeems entail'd;
Since all on earth I valued moſt,
My guide, my ſtay, my friend is loſt;
You, only you, can make me bleſt,
And huſh the tempeſt in my breaſt.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden ſeat,
Where I may live at laſt my own,
Where I at laſt may die unknown.
I ſpoke, ſhe twin'd her magic ray,
And thus ſhe ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Youth, you're miſtaken, if you think to find
In ſhades a medicine for a troubled mind;
Wan Grief will haunt you whereſoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the ſtreamlet flow,
There pale inaction pines his life away,
And, ſatiate, curſes the return of day:
There naked Frenzy laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
There Superſtition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of dæmons in the Zephyr hears.

But

But if a hermit you're reſolv'd to dwell,
And bid to ſocial life a laſt farewell;
'Tis impious—
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan:
See every part of that ſtupendous whole,
"Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;"
To one great end, the general good, conſpire,
From matter, brute, to man, to ſeraph, fire.
Should man through Nature ſolitary roam,
His will his ſovereign, every where his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw?
What ſwiftneſs wing him from the panther's paw?
Or ſhould Fate lead him to ſome ſafer ſhore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar;
Where liberal Nature all her charms beſtows,
Suns ſhine, birds ſing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
Fool, doſt thou think he'd revel on the ſtore,
Abſolve the care of Heav'n, nor aſk for more?
Tho' waters flow'd, flowers bloom'd, and Phœbus ſhone,
He'd ſigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the Maker on the human breaſt
A ſenſe of kindred, country, man, impreſt;
And ſocial life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.
Though Nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deſerve enquiry's ſerious care,

The God (whate'er Miſanthropy may ſay)
Shines, beams in man with moſt unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole,
Hang o'er the ſun, and with the planets roll?
What boots through ſpace's furtheſt bourns to roam,
If thou, O man, a ſtranger art at home?
Then know thyſelf, the human mind ſurvey,
The uſe, the pleaſure will the toil repay.
Hence Inſpiration plans his manner'd lays,
Hence Homer's crown; and, Shakſpeare, hence thy bays.
Hence he, the pride of Athens, and the ſhame,
The beſt and wiſeſt of mankind became.
Nor ſtudy only, practiſe what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine:
Thoſe who in ſtudy ſhould in practice ſhine.
Say, does the learned Lord of Hagley's ſhade [m],
Charm man ſo much by moſſy fountains laid,
As when, arouz'd, he ſtems Corruption's courſe,
And ſhakes the ſenate with a Tully's force?
When Freedom gaſp'd beneath a Cæſar's feet,
Then public Virtue might to ſhades retreat;
But where ſhe breathes, the leaſt may uſeful be,
And Freedom, Britain, ſtill belongs to thee,
Though man's ungrateful, or though Fortune frown;
Is the reward of worth a ſong, or crown?

[m] Lord Lyttelton.

Nor

Nor yet unrecompens'd are Virtue's pains,
Good Allen [n] lives, and bounteous Brunſwick reigns.
On each condition diſappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
Nor dare rapine, though early Friendſhip bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.
But know, Adverſity's the child of God;
Whom Heaven approves of moſt, moſt feel her rod.
When ſmooth old Ocean and each ſtorm's aſleep,
Then Ignorance may plough the watery deep;
But when the dæmons of the tempeſt rave,
Skill muſt conduct the veſſel through the wave.
[o] Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
Who would not wiſh [p] Anytus for a foe?
Intrepid Virtue triumphs over Fate,
The good can never be unfortunate.
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
The height of virtue is to ſerve mankind.
But when old age has ſilver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then may'ſt thou ſeek the ſtillneſs of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempeſt beat,
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and ſmooth thy grave.

[n] Ralph Allen, Eſq; of Prior Park.
[o] Algernon Sidney, beheaded at Tower-hill, 7th December, 1683.
[p] One of the accuſers of Socrates.

An ODE

To the Right Honourable

STEPHEN POYNTZ, Esq; &c. &c.

By the Honourable

Sir CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS[a], Knt. of the Bath.

Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset———
Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

HOR. Lib. IV. Od. 4.

I.

WHILST William's deeds and William's praise
Each English breast with transport raise,
Each English tongue employ;
Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart
Assumes not a superior part,
A larger share of joy?

II. But

[a] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams was the second son of John Hanbury, Esq; a South Sea director. In 1735 he was chosen member for

II.

But that thy country's high affairs
Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
You ſhould renew your flight;
You only ſhould this theme purſue——
Who can for William feel like you?
Or who like you can write?

III.

Then to rehearſe the Hero's praiſe,
To paint this ſunſhine of his days,
The pleaſing taſk be mine——
To think on all thy cares o'erpaid,
To view the Hero you have made,
That pleaſing part be thine.

the county of Monmouth, and was re-elected in 1739, on being appointed paymaſter of the marine regiments, and again at the general election in 1741. On the 20th of October, 1744, he was inſtalled a Knight of the Bath, and in 1746 appointed miniſter to the court of Berlin. He continued in that ſituation until the 9th of May, 1749, when he was named envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the ſame court. In 1754 he repreſented the borough of Leominſter, and about that time went ambaſſador to the court of Ruſſia. He acquitted himſelf in his ſeveral employments abroad with conſiderable abilities; but falling into an ill ſtate of health, he returned to England, and died the 2d of November, 1759.

IV. Who

IV.

Who firſt ſhould watch, and who call forth
This youthful Prince's various worth,
You had the public voice;
Wiſely his royal Sire conſign'd
To you the culture of his mind,
And England bleſt the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
By martial deeds of courage ſhewn:
From this, near Mona's[b] flood,
By his victorious Father led,
He fleſh'd his maiden ſword, he ſhed,
And prov'd th' illuſtrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
What happineſs and glory fraught,
How her unſhaken power
Is independent of ſucceſs;
That no defeat can make it leſs,
No conqueſt make it more.

[b] The river Mayne, near Dettingen, where George the Second engaged the French in perſon, 17th of June, 1743. At this battle the Duke of Cumberland gave ſignal proofs of his valour, conduct, and intrepidity.

VII.

This, after Tournay's[c] fatal day,
'Midſt ſorrow, cares, and dire diſmay,
Brought calm, and ſure relief;
He ſcrutiniz'd his noble heart,
Found Virtue had perform'd her part,
And peaceful ſlept the Chief.

VIII.

From thee he early learnt to feel
The Patriot's warmth for England's weal
(True Valour's nobleſt ſpring);
To vindicate her Church diſtreſt;
To fight for Liberty oppreſt;
To periſh for his King.

IX.

Yet ſay, if in thy fondeſt ſcope
Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope
That bounteous heaven ſo ſoon
Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
Conſenting bend to every prayer,
And all thy wiſhes crown?

[c] The battle of Tournay, fought 30th of April, 1745. In this engagement the Duke of Cumberland commanded in chief againſt Marſhal Saxe.

X. We

X.

We ſaw a wretch, with trait'rous aid,
Our King's and Church's rights invade:
And thine, fair Liberty!
We ſaw thy Hero fly to war,
Beat down Rebellion, break her ſpear,
And ſet the nation free.

XI.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
My rapture, viſion, and my dream,
Gilds the young Hero's days:
Yet can there be one Engliſh heart
That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
And own thy ſhare of praiſe?

XII.

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
For life's ſhort date: when William's head,
For victories to come,
The frequent laurel ſhall receive;
Chaplets for thee our ſons ſhall weave,
And hang 'em on thy tomb.

ODE on the Death of MATZEL, a favourite Bull-finch, addreſs'd to Mr. STANHOPE[a], to whom the Author had given the Reverſion of it when he left Dreſden.

BY THE SAME.

I.

TRY not, my STANHOPE, 'tis in vain,
To ſtop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honeſt rage;
Give ſorrow and revenge their ſcope,
My preſent joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

Matzel's no more; ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let every ſorrow be expreſt,
Beat with your wings each mournful breaſt,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

[a] Philip Stanhope, Eſq; natural ſon to the Earl of Cheſterfield.

III. In

III.

In height of ſong, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance ſhall have way;
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the ſacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, ſhall join
In thy funereal verſe:
My painful taſk ſhall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearſe.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier ſhades,
Where Leſbia ſhall for him prepare
The place moſt charming, and moſt fair,
Of all th' Elyſian glades.

VI.

There ſhall thy notes in cypreſs grove
Sooth wretched ghoſts that died for love;
There ſhall thy plaintive ſtrain
Lull impious Phædra's endleſs grief,
To Procris yield ſome ſhort relief,
And ſoften Dido's pain.

VII.

'Till Proſerpine by chance ſhall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant ſoul ſhall praiſe
The matchleſs Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his ſongs approve.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMA.

Lib. VI. Ep. 34. Imitated.

BY THE SAME.

COME, Chloe, and give me ſweet kiſſes,
For ſweeter ſure never girl gave:
But why in the midſt of my bliſſes
Do you aſk me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be ſtinted in pleaſure:
Then pr'ythee, my charmer, be kind;
For whilſt I love thee above meaſure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are ſtraying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;

Go

Go number the ſtars in the heaven,
Count how many ſands on the ſhore;
When ſo many kiſſes you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be craving for more.
To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And twiſt round thy limbs like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips ſhall be ſpent;
But the wretch that can number his kiſſes
With few will be ever content.

The PROGRESS of DISCONTENT.

A POEM.

Written at Oxford in the Year 1746.

WHEN now, mature in claſſic knowledge,
The joyful youth is ſent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus in form of humble ſuitor,
Bowing, accoſts a reverend tutor:
"Sir, I'm a Glo'ſterſhire divine,
"And this my eldeſt ſon of nine;

" My wife's ambition and my own
" Was that this child ſhould wear a gown:
" I'll warrant that his good behaviour
" Will juſtify your future favour:
" And for his parts, to tell the truth,
" My ſon's a very forward youth;
" Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
" And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
" If you'd examine—and admit him,
" A ſcholarſhip would nicely fit him:
" That he ſucceeds 'tis ten to one;
" Your vote and intereſt, Sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a ſcholarſhip compleated:
A ſcholarſhip but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he ſmokes and puns,
A prey to diſcipline and duns;
And now, intent on new deſigns,
Sighs for a fellowſhip—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters paſt,
That utmoſt wiſh is crown'd at laſt:
But the rich prize no ſooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
" Theſe fellowſhips are pretty things,
" We live indeed like petty kings:
" But who can bear to waſte his whole age
" Amid the dullneſs of a college,

" Debarr'd

" Debarr'd the common joys of life;
" And that prime bliſs—a loving wife?
" O! what's a table richly ſpread
" Without a woman at its head!
" Would ſome ſnug benefice but fall,
" Ye feaſts, ye dinners! farewel all!
" To offices I'd bid adieu,
" Of deans, vice præſ.—of burſar too;
" Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
" Come, tythes, and houſe, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of liberty and eaſe
A patron's vanity to pleaſe,
Long time he watches, and by ſtealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length—and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear;
With breaſt elate beyond expreſſion,
He hurries down to take poſſeſſion,
With rapture views the ſweet retreat—
" What a convenient houſe! how neat!
" For fuel here's ſufficient wood:
" Pray God the cellars may be good!
" The garden—that muſt be new plann'd—
" Shall theſe old-faſhion'd yew-trees ſtand?
" O'er yonder vacant plot ſhall riſe
" The flow'ry ſhrub of thouſand dyes:—

" Yon' wall, that feels the ſouthern ray,
" Shall bluſh with ruddy fruitage gay;
" While thick beneath its aſpect warm
" O'er well-rang'd hives the bees ſhall ſwarm,
" From which, ere long, of golden gleam
" Metheglin's luſcious juice ſhall ſtream:
" This aukward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
" We'll alter to a modern privy:
" Up yon green ſlope, of hazels trim,
" An avenue ſo cool and dim,
" Shall to an arbour, at the end,
" In ſpite of gout, intice a friend.
" My predeceſſor lov'd devotion—
" But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantaſtic farce on,
He now commences country parſon.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a couſin of the 'ſquire;
Not over-weighty in the purſe,
But many doctors have done worſe;
And though ſhe boaſt no charms divine,
Yet ſhe can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus ſixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have diſcerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;

With

With tithes his barns replete he ſees,
And chuckles o'er his ſurplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the ſtate of pews;
Rides a fleek mare with purple houſing,
To ſhare the monthly club's carouſing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends preſents of his choiceſt fruit,
And prunes himſelf each ſapleſs ſhoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boaſts to rear
The earlieſt melons of the year:
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copſe a favourite bench,
And ſtores the pond with carp and tench.
But ah! too ſoon his thoughtleſs breaſt
By cares domeſtic is oppreſt;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children freſh expences yet,
And Dicky now for ſchool is fit.
"Why did I ſell my college life
"(He cries) for benefice and wife?
"Return, ye days! when endleſs pleaſure
"I found in reading, or in leiſure!

"When

" When calm around the common room
" I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
" Rode for a ſtomach, and inſpected,
" At annual bottlings, corks ſelected:
" And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
" The portrait of our pious founder!
" When impoſitions were ſupply'd
" To light my pipe—or ſooth my pride—
" Nor cares were then for forward peas,
" A yearly-longing wife to pleaſe:
" My thoughts no chriſt'ning dinner croſt,
" No children cry'd for butter'd toaſt;
" And every night I went to bed,
" Without a Modus in my head!"

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatſoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And ſick of pleaſures, ſcarce enjoy'd!
Each prize poſſeſs'd, thy tranſport ceaſes,
And in purſuit alone it pleaſes.

The

The FIRE-SIDE.

By Dr. COTTON.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Though ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

IV.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

V.

Though fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradiſe below.

VI.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring,
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

VII.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need!
For Nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore reliſh with content
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

XI.

To be reſign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given:
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n.

XII.

We'll aſk no long-protracted treat,
(Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet);
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While Conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

TO-MORROW.

BY THE SAME.

Pereunt et Imputantur.

TO-morrow, didſt thou ſay!
Methought I heard Horatio ſay, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a ſharper, who ſtakes his penury
Againſt thy plenty—who takes thy ready caſh,
And pays thee nought but wiſhes, hopes, and promiſes,
The currency of ideots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the eaſy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary regiſters of Time,
Unleſs perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wiſdom diſclaims the word, nor holds ſociety
With thoſe who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of ſuch ſtuff as dreams are; and baſeleſs
As the fantaſtic viſions of the evening.
But ſoft, my friend—arreſt the preſent moments;
For be aſſur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be ſilent, and their path

Trackleſs, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They poſt to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Becauſe, though ſtation'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a ſleeping, faithleſs centinel,
Didſt let them paſs unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou ſlumber'dſt on the guard,
Thou ſhalt be made to anſwer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt ſtand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Juſtice, who ſhall tell thy audit!
Then ſtay the preſent inſtant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wiſdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimſon treaſures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy graſp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel faſt, until he bleſs thee.

On Lord COBHAM's GARDENS.

BY THE SAME.

IT puzzles much the ſages' brains,
Where Eden ſtood of yore;
Some place it in Arabia's plains;
Some ſay, it is no more.

But Cobham can theſe tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond diſpute,
That Paradiſe is Stow.

To a Child of Five Years old.

By the same.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Eden's garden grew;
Flowers of Eve's imbower'd dwelling[a]
Are, my Fair-one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roſes
Emulate thy damaſk cheek;
How the bud its ſweets diſcloſes;
Buds thy opening bloom beſpeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Bloſſom, fade, and die away;
Then purſue good ſenſe and duty,
Evergreens, that ne'er decay.

[a] Alluding to Milton's deſcription of Eve's bower.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND's Hermitage.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
Beſtow'd with pyes of perigord;
Ne power, ne ſuch like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes, grant to father Francis;
Let me ne more myſelf deceive;
Ne more regret the toys I leave;
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and Ambition's train;
But not the good, perdie nor fair,
'Gainſt them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
But ſuch aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always, with me dwell;
Then caſt, ſweet Saint, a circle round,
And bleſs from fools this holy ground;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton eld, and homely youth;

The

The gavely dull, and pertly gay;
Oh baniſh theſe; and by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age
Mine houſe ſhall prove an hermitage.

An Inscription on the Cell.

Beneath theſe moſs-grown roots, this ruſtic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, ſequeſter'd dwell;
Say you, who dare our hermitage diſdain,
What drawing-room can boaſt ſo fair a train?

An Inscription in the Cell.

Sweet bird, that ſing'ſt on yonder ſpray,
Purſue unharm'd thy ſylvan lay:
While I beneath this breezy ſhade
In peace repoſe my careleſs head;
And, joining thy enraptur'd ſong,
Inſtruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmleſs breaſt
In ſolitude itſelf is bleſt.

To the Right Hon. HENRY PELHAM, Esq.

By Edward Moore.

THE humble Petition of the worſhipful company of Poets and News-writers,

Sheweth,

THAT your honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of ſcandal, for mending the times),
By loſſes in bus'neſs, and England's well-doing,
Are ſunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That theſe their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Ariſe not from dullneſs, as ſome folks believe,
But from rubs in their way, that your honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their uſe,
And meant their laſt breath ſhould go out in abuſe;
But now (and they ſpeak it with ſorrow and tears),
Since your honour has ſate at the helm of affairs,
No party will join 'em, no faction invite
To heed what they ſay, or to read what they write;

Sedition,

Sedition, and Tumult, and Diſcord are fled,
And Slander ſcarce ventures to lift up her head—
In ſhort, public buſ'neſs is ſo carry'd on,
That their country is ſav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex him ſtill more, and ſure famine to bring
(Now ſatire has loſt both its truth and its ſting),
If, in ſpite of their natures, they bungle at praiſe,
Your honour regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR Petitioners therefore moſt humbly entreat
(As times will allow, and your honour thinks meet)
That meaſures be chang'd, and ſome cauſe of complaint
Be immediately furniſh'd, and end their reſtraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or elſe (if your wiſdom ſhall deem it all one),
Now the parliament's riſing, and buſ'neſs is done,
That your honour would pleaſe, at this dangerous criſis,
To take to your boſom a few private vices;
By which your petitioners, haply, might thrive,
And keep both themſelves, and contention alive.

In compaſſion, good Sir! give 'em ſomething to ſay,
And your honour's petitioners ever ſhall pray.

AN ODE

PERFORMED IN THE

SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE, July 1, 1749.

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE

THOMAS HOLLES DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

——canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum
Aonias in montes ut duxerit una ſororum;
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis. VIRGIL.

BY MR. MASON, FELLOW OF PEMBROKE-HALL.

Set to Muſic by Mr. BOYCE, Compoſer to His Majeſty.

Recitative. HERE all thy active fires diffuſe,
Thou genuine Britiſh Muſe;
Hither deſcend from yonder orient ſky,
Cloth'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.

Air I.

Air I. Come, imperial queen of ſong,
Come with all that free-born grace,
Which lifts thee from the ſervile throng,
Who meanly mimic thy majeſtic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which ſpeaks thee of celeſtial line;
Proclaims thee inmate of the ſky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

II.

Recitative. The elevated ſoul, who feels
Thy aweful impulſe, walks the fragrant ways
Of honeſt unpolluted praiſe:
He with impartial juſtice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flies above ambition's low career;
And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian ſphere,
Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's ſhrine he pours the rays of fame.

III.

Air II. Goddeſs! thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of Beauty's ſtores,
The ſteep aſcent of pine-clad hills,
Catches each lively-colour'd grace,
The crimſon of the wood-nymph's face,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple in the eaſtern dawn,
Of all thoſe tints, which, rang'd in vivid glow,
Mark the bold ſweep of the celeſtial bow.

IV. *Recitative,*

IV.

Recitative. But chief ſhe lifts her tuneful tranſports high,
When to her intellectual eye
The mental beauties riſe in moral dignity:
The ſacred zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
That fires the glowing Patriot's breaſt;
The honeſt pride that plumes the Hero's creſt,
When for his country's aid the ſteel he draws;
Or that, the calm, yet active heat,
With which mild Genius warms the Sage's heart,
To lift fair Science to a loftier ſeat,
Or ſtretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.

Air III. Theſe, the beſt bloſſoms of the virtuous mind,
She culls with taſte refin'd;
From their ambroſial bloom
With bee-like ſkill ſhe draws the rich perfume,
And blends the ſweets they all convey,
In the ſoft balm of her mellifluous lay.

V.

Recitative. Is there a clime, where all theſe beauties riſe
In one collected radiance to her eyes?
Is there a plain, whoſe genial ſoil inhales
Glory's invigorating gales,
Her brighteſt beams where Emulation ſpreads,
Her kindlieſt dews where Science ſheds,
Where every ſtream of Genius flows,
Where every flower of Virtue glows?
Thither the Muſe exulting flies,
There ſhe loudly cries ——

Chorus I.

Chorus I. All hail, all hail,
Majeſtic Granta! hail thy aweful name,
Dear to the Muſe, to Liberty, to Fame.

VI.

Recitative. You too, illuſtrious Train, ſhe greets
Who firſt in theſe inſpiring ſeats
Caught the bright beams of that ætherial fire,
Which now ſublimely prompts you to aſpire
To deeds of nobleſt note: whether to ſhield
Your country's liberties, your country's laws;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cauſe
To hurl the ſhafts of reaſon, and to wield
Thoſe heav'nly-temper'd arms, whoſe rapid force
Arreſts baſe Falſhood in her impious courſe,
And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

VII.

Air IV. And now ſhe tunes her plauſive ſong
To you her ſage domeſtic throng;
Who here, at Learning's richeſt ſhrine,
Diſpenſe to each ingenuous youth
The treaſures of immortal Truth,
And open Wiſdom's golden mine.

Recitative. Each youth, inſpir'd by your perſuaſive art,
Claſps the dear form of virtue to his heart;
And feels in his tranſported ſoul
Enthuſiaſtic raptures roll,
Gen'rous as thoſe the ſons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lycæum's ſhades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

VIII. *Air.*

VIII.

Air V. O Granta! on thy happy plain
Still may theſe Attic glories reign:
Still may'ſt thou keep thy wonted ſtate,
In unaffected grandeur great;

Recitative. Great as at this illuſtrious hour,
When He, whom GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice
And Albion's general voice
Have lifted to the faireſt heights of power,
When he appears, and deigns to ſhine
The leader of thy learned line;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
'Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add freſh glories to his honour'd brow.

IX.

Air VI. Haſte then, and amply o'er his head
The graceful foliage ſpread;
Mean while the Muſe ſhall ſnatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her ſwelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM's name,
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

Full Chorus. The Muſe ſhall ſnatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her ſwelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM's name
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

ODE

ODE TO AN ÆOLUS's [a] HARP.

SENT TO MISS SHEPHEARD[b].

BY THE SAME.

YES, magic lyre! now all compleat
Thy ſlender frame reſponſive rings,
While kindred note's with undulation ſweet
Accordant wake from all thy vocal ſtrings.
Go then to her, whoſe ſoft requeſt
Bade my bleſt hands thy form prepare;
Ah go, and ſweetly ſooth her tender breaſt
With many a warble wild, and artleſs air.
For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
The Fair ſhall place thee near her ſlumb'ring head
To court the gales that cool the ſultry plain.

[a] This inſtrument appears to have been invented by KIRCHER, who has given a very accurate deſcription of it in his MUSURGIA. After having been neglected above an hundred years, it was again accidentally diſcovered by Mr. OSWALD. See Vol. III. p. 4. of this Miſcellany.

[b] Afterwards Viſcounteſs Irwin.

Then ſhall the Sylphs and Sylphids bright,
Mild Genii all, to whoſe high care
Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight
Skim ſportive round thee in the fields of air.
Some, flutt'ring 'mid thy trembling ſtrings,
Shall catch the rich melodious ſpoil,
And lightly bruſh thee with their purple wings,
To aid the zephyrs in their tuneful toil;
While others check each ruder gale,
Expel rough Boreas from the ſky,
Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
Save ſuch as ſoftly pant, and panting die.
Then, as thy ſwelling accents riſe,
Fair Fancy, waking at the ſound,
Shall paint bright viſions on her raptur'd eyes,
And waft her ſpirits to enchanted ground,
To myrtle groves, Elyſian greens,
'Mid which ſome fav'rite youth ſhall rove,
Shall meet, ſhall lead her through the glitt'ring ſcenes,
And all be muſic, ecſtacy, and love.

ODE TO HEALTH.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita. MARTIAL.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, Fellow of Corpus Chriſti College, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

HEALTH! to thee thy vot'ry owes
All the bleſſings life beſtows,
All the ſweets the ſummer yields,
Melodious woods, and clover'd fields;
By thee he taſtes the calm delights
Of ſtudious days and peaceful nights:
By thee his eye each ſcene with rapture views;
The Muſe ſhall ſing thy gifts, for they inſpire the Muſe.

II.

Does increaſe of wealth impart
Tranſports to a bounteous heart?
Does the ſire with ſmiles ſurvey
His prattling children round him play?
Does love with mutual bluſhes ſtreak
The ſwain's and virgin's artleſs cheek?
From HEALTH theſe bluſhes, ſmiles, and tranſports flow;
Wealth, children, love itſelf, to HEALTH their reliſh owe.

III.

Nymph! with thee, at early Morn,
Let me bruſh the waving corn;
And, at Noon-tide's ſultry hour,
O bear me to the wood-bine bow'r!
When Evening lights her glow-worm, lead
To yonder dew-enamell'd mead;
And let me range at Night thoſe glimm'ring groves,
Where Stillneſs ever ſleeps, and Contemplation roves.

IV.

This my tributary lay
Grateful at thy ſhrine I pay,
Who for ſev'n whole years hath ſhed
Thy balmy bleſſings o'er my head;
O! let me ſtill enamour'd view
Thoſe fragrant lips of roſy hue,
Nor think there needs th' allay of ſharp diſeaſe,
To quicken thy repaſt, and give it pow'r to pleaſe.

V.

Now by ſwifteſt Zephyrs drawn,
Urge thy chariot o'er the lawn;
In yon gloomy grotto laid,
[a] PALEMON aſks thy kindly aid;
If goodneſs can that aid engage,
O hover round the virtuous ſage:
Nor let one ſigh for his own ſuff'rings riſe;
Each human ſuff'ring fills his ſympathizing eyes.

[a] Author of Clariſſa,

VI. Venus

VI.

Venus from Æneas' ſide
With ſucceſsful efforts try'd
To extract th' envenom'd dart
That baffled wiſe Iapis' art:
If thus, HYGEIA, thou could'ſt prove
Propitious to the queen of love,
Now on thy favor'd HEBERDEN beſtow
Thy choiceſt healing pow'rs, for Pallas aſks them now.

VII.

What though, baniſh'd from the fight,
To the Hero's troubled fight,
Ranks on ranks tumultuous roſe
Of flying friends and conqu'ring foes;
He only panted to obtain
A laurel wreath for thouſands ſlain;
On nobler views intent, the SAGE's mind
Pants to delight, inſtruct, and humaniſe mankind.

A VERNAL ODE.

Sent to his GRACE Dr. THOMAS HERRING the Lord Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY, March 12, 1754.

By FRANCIS FAWKES, A. M[a].

I.

BRIGHT God of day, whoſe genial power
Revives the buried ſeed,
That ſpreads with foliage every bower,
With verdure every mead,
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
Diffuſing mildneſs through the ſky;
Give the ſoft ſeaſon to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with roſy dews, and ſalutary rains.

[a] Francis Fawkes was a native of Yorkſhire, and received his education at Leeds, from whence he was removed to Jeſus College Cambridge, where he took his Degrees in Arts. Entering early into holy orders he ſettled firſt at Bramham in Yorkſhire, and afterwards at Croydon, where he held the curacy. In this ſituation he recommended himſelf to the notice of Archbiſhop Herring, who then reſided at the latter place on account of his health; and, in 1755, was, by that prelate, collated to the vicarage of Orpington with St. Mary Cray, in Kent. In April 1774, by the late Dr. Plumptree's favour, he exchanged his vicarage for the rectory of Hayes. He died Auguſt 26, 1777.

II. Enough

II.

Enough has Winter's hand ſevere
Hurl'd all his terrors round,
Chill'd the fair dawning of the year,
And whiten'd all the ground:
Give but thy vital beams to play,
The frozen ſcenes will melt away;
And, mix'd in ſprightly dance, the blooming Hours
Will 'wake the drowſy Spring, and Spring awake the flowers.

III.

Let Health, gay daughter of the ſkies,
On Zephyr's wings deſcend,
And ſcatter pleaſures as ſhe flies
Where Surrey's downs extend;
There HERRING wooes her friendly power,
There may ſhe all her roſes ſhower,
To heal that ſhepherd all her balms employ!
So will ſhe ſooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

IV.

Ah me! that Virtue's godlike friends
So ſoon are claim'd by Fate!
Lo [b] PELHAM to the grave deſcends,
The bulwark of the ſtate:
When will fair Truth his equal find
Among the beſt of human kind?
Long be the fatal day with mourning kept!
AUGUSTUS ſigh'd ſincere, and all the worthy wept!

[b] The Right Honourable Henry Pelham, Eſq; died on the 6th of March 1754.

V.

Thy delegate, kind heaven, reſtore
To health, and ſafely keep;
Let good AUGUSTUS ſigh no more,
No more the worthy weep:
And ſtill upon the royal head
The riches of thy bleſſings ſhed;
Eſtabliſh'd with his counſellors around,
Long be his proſp'rous reign, and all with glory crown'd.

AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
While beams thine orb ſerene,
O let me warbling court thy ſtay,
To gild the fading ſcene!
Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
Bright Summer to perfection bring,
The cold, inclement days of Winter cheer,
And make th' Autumnal months the mildeſt of the year.

II. Ere

II.

Ere yet the ruſſet foliage fall,
I'll climb the mountain's brow,
My friend, my Hayman[a], at thy call,
To view the ſcene below:
How ſweetly pleaſing to behold
Foreſts of vegetable gold!
How mix'd the many-chequer'd ſhades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green!

III.

How ſplendid all the ſky! how ſtill!
How mild the dying gale!
How ſoft the whiſpers of the rill
That winds along the dale!
So tranquil Nature's works appear,
It ſeems the Sabbath of the year;
As if, the Summer's Labour paſt, ſhe choſe
This ſeaſon's ſober calm for blandiſhing repoſe.

IV.

Such is of well-ſpent life the time,
When buſy days are paſt,
Man, verging gradual from his prime,
Meets ſacred Peace at laſt:
His flowery Spring of pleaſures o'er,
And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
He gains pacific Autumn, meek and bland,
And dauntleſs braves the ſtroke of Winter's palſy'd hand.

[a] Francis Hayman, the painter.

V.

For yet a while, a little while,
Involv'd in wint'ry gloom,
And lo! another Spring ſhall ſmile,
A Spring eternal bloom;
Then ſhall he ſhine, a glorious gueſt,
In the bright manſions of the bleſt,
Where due rewards on Virtue are beſtow'd,
And reap the golden fruits of what his Autumn ſow'd.

A SONG[a].

I.

AWAY, let nought to love diſpleaſing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heav'nly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy care.

[a] This beautiful addreſs to conjugal love, "a ſubject too much neglected by the libertine Muſes, was, I believe, firſt printed in a volume of Miſcellaneous Poems by ſeveral hands publiſhed by D. Lewis, 1726. 8vo.

"It is there ſaid, how truly I know not, to be a tranſlation from the ancient Britiſh language." Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. I. p. 328.

II. What

II.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

III.

What though from Fortune's laviſh bounty
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without exceſs.

IV.

Still ſhall each kind returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give,
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

V.

Our name, whilſt virtue thus we tender,
Shall ſweetly ſound where'er 'tis ſpoke,
And all the great ones much ſhall wonder,
How they admire ſuch little folk.

VI.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet ſmiling Peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet ſmiling babes, our bed.

VII.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures,
Whilſt round my knees they fondly clung,
To ſee 'em look their mother's features,
To hear 'em liſp their mother's tongue!

VIII.

And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing with my boys.

THE GENIUS.

An ODE, written in 1717, on occasion of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH's Apoplexy.

BY LEONARD WELSTED[a], Esq.

AWEFUL hero, Marlb'rough, rise:
Sleepy charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid eyes:
Lo! thy Genius calls: awake!

[a] Leonard Welsted was descended from a good family in Leicestershire, his maternal grandfather being Mr Staveley, author of *The Roman History*, and other works. He received the rudiments of literature at Westminster-school, and is supposed to have been at one, if not both the Universities, but without making any stay at either of them. He afterwards obtained a place in the office of ordnance, and generally resided within the Tower of London, where he died about the year 1749.

II.

Well ſurvey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great ſtory;
'Tis a ſhort, but crowded ſpan,
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

III.

One by one thy deeds review,
Sieges, battles, thick appear;
Former wonders, loſt in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

IV.

This is Blenheim's crimſon field,
Wet with gore, with ſlaughter ſtain'd!
Here retiring ſquadrons yield,
And a bloodleſs wreath is gain'd!

V.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the ſubject of thy thought!

VI.

Reſt thee here, while life may laſt:
Th' utmoſt bliſs, to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions paſt,
And to own them great and good.

VII.

But 'tis gone—a mortal born!
Swift the fading ſcenes remove——
Let them paſs with noble ſcorn,
Thine are worlds, which roll above.

VIII. Poets,

VIII.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foreſee;
Men, who acted wond'rous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

IX.

Foremoſt in the patriot-band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd day!
See thy friend, Godolphin [b] ſtand!
See! he beckons thee away.

X.

Yonder ſeats and fields of light
Let thy raviſh'd thought explore;
Wiſhing, panting for thy flight!
Half an angel; man no more.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

By Mr, MARRIOT, now Sir JAMES MARRIOT, of TRINITY-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

Book I. Ode XVII. Invitation to his Miſtreſs.

OFT Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
And to the Sabine hill retreats:
He guards my flocks from ruſhing rain,
From piercing winds, and ſcorching heats.

[b] Sydney Earl of Godolphin, Lord Treaſurer of England. He died September 15, 1712.

Where

Where lurks the thyme, or ſhrubs appear,
My wanton kids ſecurely play;
My goats no pois'nous ſerpent fear,
Safe wand'ring through the woodland way.

No hoſtile wolf the fold invades;
Uſtica's pendent rocks rebound
My ſong; and all the ſylvan ſhades,
By Echo taught, return the ſound.

The gods my verſe propitious hear,
My head from every danger ſhield:
For you o'erflows the bounteous year,
And Plenty's horn hath heap'd my field.

Reſponſive to the Teian ſtring,
Within the ſun-defended vale,
Here, ſoftly warbling, you ſhall ſing
Each tender, tuneful, am'rous tale.

No rival here ſhall burſt the bands
That wreathe my charmer's beauteous hair,
Nor ſeize her weakly ſtruggling hands;
But Love and Horace guard the fair.

Book II. Ode VI. Imitated.

BEVIL, that with your friend would roam
Far from your England's happier home,
Should e'er the Fates that friend detain
In gayer France, or graver Spain;

Know, all my wiſh is to retreat,
When age ſhall quench my youthful heat,
In Kentiſh ſhades ſweet peace to find,
And leave the ſons of care behind.

But ſhould this pleaſing hope be vain,
May I fair Windſor's ſeat attain,
Where Leddon's gentle waters glide,
And flocks adorn its flowery ſide.

Sweet groves, I love your ſilent ſhades,
Your ruſſet lawns, and op'ning glades.
With fam'd Italia's plains may vie
Your fertile fields, and healthful ſky.

Here, let our eve of life be ſpent;
Here, friend ſhall live with friend content:
Here, in cold earth my limbs be laid;
And here, thy generous tear be paid.

Book II. Ode XII. Tranſlated.

THE wars of Numantia and Hannibal dire,
On land, or on ocean the fighting,
Mæcenas, ne'er ſuited my peaceable lyre,
In ſubjects much ſofter delighting.

You love not of Centaurs embattled to hear,
Nor of Giants, a tale of ſuch wonder,
Who ſhook all the ſkies, made Jupiter fear,
'Till drove by Alcides and thunder.

In proſe, my good patron, more nobly you write,
As your topic than theſe is much better,
How Cæſar with glory can govern and fight,
And lead haughty kings in his fetter.

Alone my gay Muſe of Licinia would ſing,
The conſtant, good-natur'd, and pretty,
So graceful to dance with the maids in a ring,
So ſparkling, ſo merry, and witty.

While you play with her hair that is careleſsly curl'd,
While this way, now that way ſhe twitches,
Of your teazing ſo kindly complaining, no world
Could bribe for one lock with its riches.

Thus bleſt with the nymph, how tranſporting the joy!
Who whimſical, wanton, amuſes;
Who pleaſingly forward, or prettily coy,
Oft ſnatches the kiſs ſhe refuſes.

To a LADY making a Pin-Basket.

By the same.

WHILE objects of a parent's care
With joy your fond attention ſhare,
Madam, accept th' auſpicious ſtrain;
Nor riſe your beauteous work in vain:
Oft be your ſecond race ſurvey'd,
And oft a new pin-baſket made.

When marriage was in all its glory
(So poets, madam, tell the ſtory,)
Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
In heav'n a blooming youth and bride
At Hymen's altars were ally'd;
When Cupid had his Pſyché won,
And, all her deſtin'd labours done,
The cruel Fates their rage relented,
And mamma Venus had conſented.

At Jove's command, and Hermes' call,
The train appear'd to fill the hall,
And gods and goddeſſes were dreſt,
To do them honour, in their beſt.

The

The little rogues now paſs'd the row,
And look'd, and mov'd I don't know how,
And, ambling hand in hand, appear
Before the mighty Thunderer.
Low at his throne they bent the knee:
He ſmil'd the bluſhing pair to ſee,
Lay'd his tremendous bolt aſide,
And ſtrok'd their cheeks, and kiſs'd the bride.
Says Juno, ſince our Jove's ſo kind,
My dear, ſome preſent I muſt find.
In greateſt pleaſures, greateſt dangers,
We and the ſex were never ſtrangers;
With bounteous hand my gifts I ſpread,
Preſiding o'er the marriage-bed.
Soon, for the months are on the wing,
To you a daughter fair I bring,
And know, from this your nuptual morn
Shall Pleaſure, ſmiling babe, be born.
But for the babe we muſt prepare;
That too ſhall be your Juno's care.
Apollo from his golden lyre
Shall firſt aſſiſt us with the wire;
Vulcan ſhall make the ſil er pin;
The baſket thus we ſhall begin,
Where we may put the child's array,
And get it ready by the day.
The nymphs themſelves with flowers ſhall dreſs it,
Pallas ſhall weave, and I will bleſs it.

CAPTAIN CUPID.

BY THE SAME.

ERST, in Cythera's ſacred ſhade,
When Venus claſp'd the God of War,
The laughing loves around them play'd,
One bore the ſhield, and one the ſpear.

The little warriors Cupid led,
The ſhining baldric grac'd his breaſt,
The mighty helmet o'er his head
Nodded its formidable creſt.

Hence oft', to win ſome ſtubborn maid,
Still does the wanton God aſſume
The martial air, the gay cockade,
The ſword, the ſhoulder-knot, and plume.

Phyllis had long his power defy'd,
Reſolv'd her conqueſts to maintain;
His fruitleſs art each poet try'd:
Each ſhepherd tun'd his pipe in vain.

'Till Cupid came, a captain bold:
Of trenches and of paliſadoes
He talk'd; and many a tale he told
Of battles, and of ambuſcadoes;

How

How oft' his godſhip had been drunk;
What melting maids he had undone;
How oft' by night had ſtorm'd a punk,
Or bravely beat a ſaucy dun.

He ſwore, drank, whor'd, ſung, danc'd with ſpirit,
And o'er each pleaſing topic ran;
'Till Phyllis ſigh'd, and own'd his merit,
The Captain's ſure a charming man.

Ye bards, on verſe let Phœbus doat;
Ye ſhepherds, leave your pipes to Pan:
Nor verſe nor pipe will Phyllis note;
The Captain is the charming man.

ODE ON AMBITION.

BY THE SAME.

THE mariner, when firſt he ſails,
While his bold oars the ſparkling ſurface ſweep,
With new delight, tranſported hails
The blue expanded ſkies, and level deep.

Such young Ambition's fearleſs aim,
Pleas'd with the gorgeous ſcene of wealth and power,
In the gay morn of early fame,
Nor thinks of evening's ſtorm and gloomy hour.

Life's opening views bright charms reveal,
Feed the fond wiſh, and fan the youthful fire;
But woes unknown thoſe charms conceal,
And fair illuſions cheat our fierce deſire.

There Envy ſhows her ſullen mien,
With changeful colour, grinning ſmiles of hate:
There Malice ſtabs, with rage ſerene;
In deadly ſilence, treacherous Friendſhips wait.

High on a mountain's lofty brow,
'Mid clouds and ſtorms, has Glory fix'd her ſeat;
Rock'd by the roaring winds that blow,
The lightnings blaſt it, and the tempeſts beat.

Within the ſun-gilt vale beneath,
More moderate Hope with ſweet Contentment dwells;
While gentler breezes round them breathe,
And ſofter ſhowers refreſh their peaceful cells.

To better genius ever blind,
That points to each in varied life his ſhare,
Man quits the path by heaven deſign'd,
To ſearch for bliſs among the thorns of care.

Our native powers we ſcorn to know;
With ſtedfaſt error ſtill the wrong purſue;
Inſtruct our forward ills to grow;
While ſad ſucceſſes but our pain renew.

In

In vain heaven tempers life with ſweet,
With flowers the way, that leads us home, beſtrews,
If dupes to paſſion, and deceit,
We drink the bitter, and the rugged chooſe.

Few can on Grandeur's ſtage appear,
Each lofty part with true applauſe ſuſtain,
No common virtue ſafe can ſteer
Where rocks unnumber'd lurk beneath the main.

Then happieſt he, whoſe timely hand
To cool Diſcretion has the helm reſign'd;
Enjoys the calm, in ſight of land,
From changing tides ſecure, and truſtleſs wind.

ODE TO FANCY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

GILDING with brighter beams the vernal ſkies,
Now haſtes the car of day to riſe.
Youth, and Mirth, and Beauty leads
In golden reins the ſprightly ſteeds,
With wanton Love that rolls his ſparkling eyes.

Morpheus, no more
Thy poppies, cropt on Lethe's margin, ſhed
Around thy languid poet's head.
Thou drowſy god,
'Tis time to break thy leaden rod,
And give thy ſlumbers o'er.
But come, thou woodland Nymph, along,
Miſtreſs of the vocal ſong,
Fancy ever fair and free,
Whether on the mountains ſtraying,
Or on beds of roſes playing,
Daughter of ſweet Liberty!

II.

Through all the ivy-circled cave
Soft muſic at thy birth was heard to ſound;
The Graces danc'd thy bower around,
And gently dipt thee in the ſilver wave;
With bloſſoms fair thy cradle dreſt,
And rock'd their ſmiling babe to reſt.
To kiſs thy lips, the bees, a murmuring throng,
With buſy wings, unnumber'd flew;
For thee, from every flower their tribute drew,
And lull'd thy ſlumbers with an airy ſong.
Come in thy heavenly woven veſt,
That Iris' hand has ting'd in every dye,
With which ſhe paints the ſky,
Flowing o'er thy zoneleſs breaſt.

III. Me,

III.

Me, ſweet enchantreſs, deign to bear
O'er the ſeas, and through the air;
O'er the plains extended wide,
O'er miſty hills, and curling clouds, we ride,
Now mounting high, now ſinking low,
Through hail and rain, and vapours go,
Where is treaſur'd up the ſnow;
Where ſleeps the thunder in its cell;
Where the ſwift-wing'd lightnings dwell;
Or where the bluſt'ring ſtorms are taught to blow.
Now tread the milky way;
Unnumber'd worlds that float in æther ſpy,
Among the glittering planets ſtray,
To the lunar orbit fly,
And mountains, ſhores, and ſeas deſcry.
Now catch the muſic of the ſpheres;
Which, ſince the birth of time,
Have, in according chime,
And fair proportion, rolling round,
With each diviner ſound,
Attentive Silence, pierc'd thy liſt'ning ears;
Unheard by all, but thoſe alone
Whom to Wiſdom's ſecret throne
The Muſe, with heav'n-taught guidance, deigns to bring,
To trace the ſacred paths with hallow'd feet;
Or, Fancy, who the myſtic ſhade,
In thy airy car, pervade,
Where Plato's raptur'd ſpirit holds its ſolemn ſeat.

IV.

But, Fancy, downward urge thy flight.
On ſome mountain's towering height,
With hoary froſts eternal crown'd,
Rapt with duſky vapours round,
Let me fix my ſtedfaſt feet.
I feel, I feel the fanning gales;
The wat'ry miſts beneath retreat.
The noontide ray now darts its heat,
And pours its glories o'er the vales.
Glittering to the dancing beams,
Urging their ſtubborn way the rocks among,
I hear, and ſee a thouſand ſtreams
Foam, and roar, and ruſh along.
But to the plains deſcended,
Their ſudden rage is ended.
Now loſt in deep receſs of darkſome bowers,
Again now ſparkling though the meads
Veſted ſoft with vernal flowers,
Reflecting the majeſtic towers,
Its peaceful flood the roving channel leads.
There the rural cots are ſeen,
From whoſe low roof the curling ſmoke aſcends,
And dims with blueiſh volumes all the green.
There ſome foreſt far extends
Its groves embrown'd with lengthen'd ſhade;
Emboſom'd where ſome Gothic ſeat,
Of monarchs once retreat,

In wild magnificence array'd,
The pride of ancient times preſents,
And lifts, in contraſt fair diſplay'd,
Its ſun-reflecting battlements.

V.

Near, ſome imperial city ſeems to reign,
Triumphant o'er the ſubject land;
With domes of art Vitruvian crown'd.
See gleam her gilded ſpires around,
Her gates in aweful grandeur ſtand.
Equal to ſhine in peace, or war ſuſtain,
Her mighty bulwarks threat the plain
With many a work of death, and armed mound,
Where rolls her wealthy river deep and wide,
Tall groves of crowded maſts ariſe,
Their ſtreamers waving to the ſkies.
The banks are white with ſwelling ſails,
And diſtant veſſels ſtem the tide,
Circling through pendant cliffs, and watery dales.
The ruſſet hills, the valleys green beneath,
The fallows brown, and duſky heath,
The yellow corn, empurpled vine,
In union ſoft their tints combine,
And, Fancy, all engage thine eye
With a ſweet variety.
While clouds the fleeting clouds purſue,
In mutual ſhade, and mutual light,
The changing landſcape meets the ſight;
'Till the ken no more can view,

And heaven appears to meet the ground;
The riſing lands, and azure diſtance drown'd
Amid the gay horizon's golden bound.

VI.

Such are the ſcenes that oft invite
To feed thee, Fancy, with delight.
All that nature can create,
Beauteous, aweful, new and great,
Sweet enthuſiaſt, is thy treaſure,
Source of wonder, and of pleaſure;
Every ſenſe to tranſport winning,
Still unbounded and beginning.
Then, Fancy, ſpread thy wings again;
Unlock the caverns of the main.
Above, beneath, and all around,
Let the tumbling billows ſpread,
'Till the coral floor we tread,
Exploring all the wealth that decks the realms profound;
There, gather gems that long have glow'd
In the vaſt, unknown abode,
The jaſper vein'd, the ſapphire blue,
The ruby bright with crimſon hue,
Whate'er the bed reſplendent paves,
Or decks the glittering roofs on high,
Through whoſe tranſlucent arch are ſeen the rolling waves.
Fancy, theſe ſhall claſp thy veſt,
With theſe thy lovely brows be dreſt,
In every gay, and various dye,

But

But hark!—the ſeas begin to roar,
The whiſtling winds aſſault my ear,
The louring ſtorms around appear—
Fancy, bear me to the ſhore.
There in thy realms, bright goddeſs, deign
Secure to fix thy votary's feet:
O give to follow oft thy train,
Still with accuſtom'd lay thy power to greet;
To dwell with Peace, and ſport with thee,
Fancy, ever fair and free.

AN ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR, NEW CLOATHED[a].

BY W. SOMERVILE[b], Eſq;

MY dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the liſtening oaks to bend;
If ſtones and rubbiſh, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;

[a] Written towards the cloſe of Mr. Somervile's life.

[b] William Somervile, Author of the Chace, Hobbinol, and other poems, was deſcended from a very ancient family in Warwickſhire. He was the ſon of Robert Somervile, of Edſton, in that county, and, as he ſays himſelf, was born near Avon's banks. He received his education at Wincheſter ſchool, but does not appear to have been at any Univerſity. Dr. Johnſon ſays, he never heard of him but as of a Poet, a country gentleman, and a uſeful Juſtice of the Peace. Like his friend Shenſtone, his latter days were rendered unhappy by the bad ſtate of his finances. He ſuffered himſelf to be overcome by habits of drinking, and died July 14, 1743.

Why

Why ſhould'ſt not *thou* attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp reſound thy praiſe?
True, thou art ſpruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings, and external ſhow?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my ſcorn, and coxcombs are my ſport.
Once I beheld thee far leſs trim and gay;
Ragged, diſjointed, and to worms a prey;
The ſafe retreat of every lurking mouſe;
Derided, ſhunn'd; the lumber of my houſe!
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my ſires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful *then*, my conſtancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd!
I lov'd thee, *more*; nor, like a courtier, ſpurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conſcious ſhame, yet frankly, I confeſs,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee leſs.
Where vanity, where pleaſure call'd, I ſtray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But ſage experience taught me how to prize
Myſelf; and how, this world: ſhe bade me riſe
To nobler flights, regardleſs of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliſs, and lodg'd me in thy ſoft embrace.

Here

Here on thy yielding down I ſit ſecure;
And, patiently, what heav'n has ſent, endure;
From all the futile cares of buſineſs free;
Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be:*
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the paſt;
And ſeriouſly prepare, to meet the laſt.
So ſafe on ſhore the penſion'd ſailor lies;
And all the malice of the ſtorm defies:
With eaſe of body bleſt, and peace of mind,
Pities the reſtleſs crew he left behind;
Whilſt, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

AS o'er Aſteria's fields I rove,
The bliſsful ſeat of peace and love,
Ten thouſand beauties round me riſe,
And mingle pleaſure with ſurprize.

By nature bleſt in every part,
Adorn'd with every grace of art,
This paradiſe of blooming joys
Each raptur'd ſenſe, at once, employs.

II. But

II.

But when I view the radiant queen,
Who form'd this fair enchanting ſcene;
Pardon, ye grots! ye cryſtal floods!
Ye breathing flowers! ye ſhady woods!

Your coolneſs now no more invites;
No more your murmuring ſtream delights;
Your ſweets decay, your verdure's flown:
My ſoul's intent on her alone.

ODE to a FRIEND wounded in a Duel.

By Mr. PARROT.

HOW long ſhall tyrant Cuſtom bind
In ſlaviſh chains the human mind?
How long ſhall falſe fantaſtic Honour draw
The vengeful ſword, with fury fell,
And ranc'rous Malice, dark as hell,
In ſpite of Reaſon's rule, and Nature's eldeſt law?

Too many gallant youths have bled;
Too much of Britiſh blood been ſhed
By Britons' ſwords, and that foul monſter's laws:
Youths that might elſe have nobly dar'd;
More glorious wounds and dangers ſhar'd
For Britain's juſt defence, and Virtue's injur'd cauſe.

So

So when the fierce Cadmean youth
Sprung from the dragon's venom'd tooth,
Each chief aroſe in ſhining armour dreſt:
With rage inſpir'd, the furious band
Soon found a ready foe at hand,
And plung'd the pointed ſteel each in a brother's breaſt.

Has Britain then no other foes,
That thus her ſons their lives expoſe
To private war, and feuds, and civil fray?
Does Spain inſult her flag no more?
Does Lewis yet his thoughts give o'er
Of univerſal rule, and arbitrary ſway?

'Tis Britons' to ſupport the law;
'Tis theirs ambitious kings to awe,
And equal rights of empire to maintain.
For this our fathers, brave and ſtout,
At Agincourt and Creſſy fought,
And heap'd fam'd Blenheim's field with mountains of the ſlain.

How will the Gallic monarch ſmile,
To ſee the ſons of Albion's iſle
Their country's blood with ruthleſs weapons drain!
Themſelves avenge the glorious day
When Marlb'rough ſwept whole hoſts away,
And ſent the frighted Danube purple to the main!

O ſay, in this inglorious ſtrife
Thy arm had robb'd thy friend of life,
What pangs, what anguiſh had thy boſom prov'd?
How hadſt thou curs'd the cruel deed,
That caus'd the gallant youth to bleed,
Pierc'd by thy guilty ſword, and ſlain by him he lov'd?

How did the fair Maria blame
Thy high-bred ſpirit's eager flame,
That, courting danger, ſlighted her ſoft love?
Far other wreaths for thee ſhe twin'd;
Far other cares for thee deſign'd;
And for the laurel crown the myrtle chaplet wove.

If not for her's, for Britain's ſake;
Forbear thy precious life to ſtake;
Nor taint thy honour with ſo foul a deed.
One day thy country may require
Thy gallant arm and martial fire:
Then may'ſt thou bravely conquer, or as bravely bleed.

ODE TO NIGHT.

BY THE SAME.

THE buſy cares of day are done;
In yonder weſtern cloud the ſun
Now ſets, in other worlds to riſe,
And glad with light the nether ſkies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And ſlowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded ſpires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still ſhoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length deſcends a browner ſhade:
At length the glimm'ring objects fade:
'Till all ſubmit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undiſtinguiſh'd darkneſs covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Reſounds beneath the wood-man's ſtroke.
Now Silence holds her ſolemn ſway;
Mute is each buſh, and every ſpray;
Nought but the ſound of murm'ring rills is heard,
Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's ſolitary bird,

Hail, ſacred hour of peaceful reſt!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breaſt!
By thee the captive ſlave obtains
Short reſpite from his galling pains;
Nor ſighs for liberty, nor native ſoil,
But for a while forgets his chains, and ſultry toil.

No horrors haſt thou in thy train,
No ſcorpion laſh, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him ſpies
A thouſand griſly forms ariſe,
When ſhrieks and groans arouſe his palſy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his ſoul, and conſcience wounds his ear.

The village ſwain whom Phillis charms,
Whoſe breaſt the tender paſſion warms,
Wiſhes for thy all-ſhadowing veil,
To tell the fair his love-ſick tale:
Nor leſs impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and ſigh her ſoul away.

Oft by the covert of thy ſhade
LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
Through foaming ſeas his paſſion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conſcious virgin from the ſea-girt tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft

Oft at thy ſilent hour the ſage
Pores on the fair inſtructive page;
Or, rapt in muſings deep, his ſoul
Mounts active to the ſtarry pole:
There, pleas'd to range the realms of endleſs night,
Numbers the ſtars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converſe ſweet,
When ſprightly wit and reaſon meet;
Wit, the fair bloſſom of the mind,
But fairer ſtill with reaſon join'd.
Such is the feaſt thy ſocial hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE[a] join the friendly board.

GRANVILLE, whoſe poliſh'd mind is fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught;
Who pleaſes and inſtructs the ear,
When he aſſumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE or PLATO draws
The arts of Civil life, the ſpirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and ſocial joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE's learned ſtore
Fair ſcience and true wiſdom's lore.
Then will I ſtill implore thy longer ſtay,
Nor change thy feſtive hours for ſunſhine and the day.

[a] John Carteret Earl of Granville.

WRITTEN UPON LEAVING A FRIEND'S HOUSE IN WALES.

By the Rev. Dr. MARKHAM, now Archbiſhop of YORK.

THE winds were loud, the clouds deep-hung,
And dragg'd their ſweepy trains along
The dreary mountain's ſide;
When, from the hill, one look to throw
On Towy's rambling flood below,
I turn'd my horſe—and ſigh'd.

But ſoon the guſts of ſleet and hail
Flew thick acroſs the darken'd vale,
And blurr'd the face of day:
Forlorn and ſad, I jogg'd along;
And though Tom cry'd, "You're going wrong,"
Still wander'd from my way.

The ſcenes, which once my fancy took,
And my aw'd mind with wonder ſtruck,
Paſs'd unregarded all!
Nor black Trecarris' ſteepy height,
Nor waſte Trecaſtle gave delight;
Nor clamorous Hondy's fall.

Did

Did the bleak day then give me pain?
The driving ſnow, or pelting rain,
Or ſky with tempeſts fraught?
No! theſe unheeded rag'd around;
Nought in them ſo much Mine I found,
As claim'd one wandering thought.

Far other cares engroſs'd my mind,
Cares for the joys I left behind
In *Newton's happy groves!
Yet not becauſe its woods diſcloſe
Or grots or lawns more ſweet than thoſe
Which Pan at noon-day loves;

But that, beſide its ſocial hearth,
Dwells every joy, which youthful mirth
Or ſerious age can claim;
The man too whom my ſoul firſt knew,
To virtue and to honour true;
And friendſhip's ſacred name.

O Newton, could theſe penſive lays
In worthy numbers ſcan thy praiſe,
Much gratitude would ſay;
But that the Muſe, ingenuous maid,
Of *flattery* ſeems ſo much afraid,
She'll ſcarce her *duty* pay.

BARCKWOCK, Oct. 16, 1749.

*Newton is the name of a ſeat belonging to Sir John Price.

DENNIS[a] TO Mr. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seaſons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her bloſſoms, various as thy Muſe,
And, like thy ſoft compaſſion, ſheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expreſſion glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeneſs throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' inſtructed reader gains,
Who taſtes the meaning purpoſe of thy ſtrains.
Winter—but that no ſemblance takes from thee;
That hoary ſeaſon yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak ſtorms I withering lay,
Leafleſs, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet ſhall my propleſs ivy, pale and bent,
Bleſs the ſhort ſunſhine which thy pity lent.

[a] John Dennis the celebrated critic, in the latter part of his life, by extravagance and inattention fell into poverty and diſtreſs. At the age of near 77 he became blind and overwhelmed with debts. In this deplorable ſituation his miſery excited the compaſſion of Mr. Thomſon and ſome other gentlemen, who procured for him a benefit at the theatre in the Hay-market Dec. 18, 1733. The play was the Provoked Huſband: on this occaſion Mr. Pope wrote a Prologue, which was ſpoken by Mr. Cibber, junior. The exhibition produced near 100l. but the old man ſurvived it a very ſhort time, dying on the 6th of January 1733-4. A writer of Mr. Dennis's Life, printed in 8vo, 1734, aſſerts theſe verſes to have been the production of Mr. Savage.

SONG,

SONG. 1753.

By Mr. HYLTON.

I.

HOW eaſy was Colin, how blithe and how gay!
Ere he met the fair Chloris, how ſprightly his lay!
So graceful her form, ſo accompliſh'd her mind,
Sure pity, he thought, with ſuch charms muſt be join'd!

II.

Whenever ſhe danc'd, or whenever ſhe ſung,
How juſt was her motion, how ſweet was her tongue!
And when the youth told her his paſſionate flame,
She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the ſame.

III.

With ardour he preſs'd her to think him ſincere,
But alas! ſhe redoubled each hope and each fear;
She would not deny, nor ſhe would not approve,
And ſhe neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

IV.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by diſdain,
He languiſh'd for freedom, but languiſh'd in vain:
'Till Thyrſis, who pity'd ſo helpleſs a ſlave,
Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counſel he gave.

V.

Forſake her, ſaid he, and reject her awhile;
If ſhe love you, ſhe ſoon will return with a ſmile;
You can judge of her paſſion by abſence alone,
And by abſence will conquer her heart—or your own.

VI.

This advice he purſu'd; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alas! to the fair one he lov'd;
Which cur'd his own paſſion, but left her in vain
To ſigh for a heart ſhe could never regain.

I. S. H.

THE BULFINCH IN TOWN.

BY LADY LUXBOROUGH[a].

HARK to the blackbird's pleaſing note:
Sweet uſher of the vocal throng!
Nature directs his warbling throat,
And all that hear admire the ſong.

[a] Henrietta Lady Luxborough, only daughter of Henry St. John, created Baron St. John of Batterſea, and Viſcount St. John, July 2, 1716. She was half-ſiſter to the celebrated Viſcount Bolingbroke, and was married June 20, 1727, to Robert Knight of Barrels, in the county of Warwick, created Lord Luxborough of Shannon in the Kingdom of Ireland, Auguſt 8, 1746. During the latter part of her life ſhe reſided at Barrels ſeparate from her huſband, and died there in March 1756. A volume of her Letters to Mr. Shenſtone was publiſhed in 8vo, 1775.

Yon'

Yon' bulfinch, with unvary'd tone,
Of cadence harſh, and accent ſhrill,
Has brighter plumage to atone
For want of harmony and ſkill.

Yet, diſcontent with nature's boon,
Like man, to mimic art he flies;
On opera-pinions hoping ſoon
Unrivall'd he ſhall mount the ſkies.

And while, to pleaſe ſome courtly fair,
He one dull tune with labour learns,
A well-gilt cage, remote from air,
And faded plumes, is all he earns!

Go, hapleſs captive! ſtill repeat
The ſounds which nature never taught;
Go, liſtening fair! and call them ſweet,
Becauſe you know them dearly bought.

Unenvy'd both! go hear and ſing
Your ſtudy'd muſic o'er and o'er;
Whilſt I attend th' inviting ſpring,
In fields where birds unfetter'd ſoar.

SONG.

SONG.

Written in Winter, 1745.

By the same.

I.

THE ſun, his gladſome beams withdrawn,
The hills all white with ſnow,
Leave me dejected and forlorn!
Who can deſcribe my woe?
But not the ſun's warm beams could cheer,
Nor hills, though e'er ſo green,
Unleſs my Damon ſhould appear,
To beautify the ſcene.

II.

The frozen brooks, and pathleſs vales,
Disjoin my love and me;
The pining bird his fate bewails
On yonder leafleſs tree!
But what to me are birds or brooks,
Or any joy that's near?
Heavy the lute, and dull the books,
While Damon is not here!

III.

The Laplander, who, half the year,
Is wrapt in ſhades of night,
Mourns not, like me, his winter drear,
Nor wiſhes more for light.

But

But what were light, without my love,
Or objects e'er ſo fine?
The flowery meadow, field, or grove,
If Damon be not mine?

IV.

Each moment, from my dear away,
Is a long age of pain;
Fly ſwift, ye hours, be calm the day,
That brings my love again!
O haſte and bring him to my arms;
Nor let us ever part:
My breaſt ſhall beat no more alarms,
When I ſecure his heart.

WRITTEN TO A NEAR NEIGHBOUR IN A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT, 1748.

BY THE SAME.

I.

YOU bid my Muſe not ceaſe to ſing,
You bid my ink not ceaſe to flow;
Then ſay it ever ſhall be ſpring,
And boiſterous winds ſhall never blow:
When you ſuch miracles can prove,
I'll ſing of friendſhip, or of love.

II. But

II.

But now alone, by ſtorms oppreſt,
Which harſhly in my ears reſound;
No cheerful voice with witty jeſt,
No jocund pipe to ſtill the ſound;
Untrain'd beſide in verſe-like art,
How ſhall my pen expreſs my heart?

III.

In vain I call th' harmonious Nine,
In vain implore Apollo's aid;
Obdurate, they refuſe a line,
While ſpleen and care my reſt invade:
Say, ſhall we Morpheus next implore,
And try if dreams befriend us more?

IV.

Wiſely at leaſt he'll ſtop my pen,
And with his poppies crown my brow:
Better by far in loneſome den
To ſleep unheard of—than to glow
With treach'rous wildfire of the brain,
Th' intoxicated poet's bane.

Written

Written at Ferme Ornée[a], near Birmingham; Auguſt 7, 1749.

By the Same.

'TIS Nature here bids pleaſing ſcenes ariſe,
And wiſely gives them Cynthio, to reviſe:
To veil each blemiſh; brighten every grace;
Yet ſtill preſerve the lovely Parent's face.
How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;
Theſe lucid ſtreams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
Where modeſt Art in ſilence lurks conceal'd;
While Nature ſhines, ſo gracefully reveal'd,
That ſhe triumphant claims the total plan;
And, with freſh pride, adopts the work of man.

[a] The Leaſowes, belonging to William Shenſtone, Eſq.

THE GOLDFINCHES. AN ELEGY.

BY MR. JAGO[a].

——Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.

TO you, whoſe groves protect the feather'd quires,
Who lend their artleſs notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taſte inſpires,
The Doric ſtrain belongs; O Shenſtone, hear.

'Twas gentle ſpring, when all the tuneful race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine:
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Through Nature's ſpacious walks at large they rang'd,
No ſettled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;
As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,
Themſelves, in every vary'd ſcene, the ſame.

[a] Richard Jago, Vicar of Snittersfield in Warwickſhire, and rector of Kimcote in Leicetterſhire. He was the intimate friend and correſpondent of Mr. Shenſtone, with whom he became acquainted at ſchool. He finiſhed his education at Univerſity College, Oxford, and took his degree of M. A. July 9, 1738. His death happened May 28, 1781.

'Till on a day to weighty cares reſign'd,
With mutual choice, alternate, they agreed,
On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,
But ſettle ſoberly, and raiſe a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant-buſh,
With wond'rous art they built their waving ſeat;
In the next orchat liv'd a friendly thruſh,
Not diſtant far, a woodlark's ſoft retreat.

Here bleſt with eaſe, and in each other bleſt,
With early ſongs they wak'd the ſprightly grove,
'Till time matur'd their bliſs, and crown'd their neſt
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what tranſport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondneſs dealt th' allotted food!
What joy each other's likeneſs to deſcry,
And future ſonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happineſs can laſt?
How does the faireſt purpoſe often fail?
A truant ſchool-boy's wantonneſs could blaſt
Their riſing hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The moſt ungentle of his tribe was he;
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
With concords falſe and hideous proſody
He ſcrawl'd his taſk, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with ſavage eye
He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,
Then ruſhing ſeiz'd the wretched family,
And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how ſhall I relate in numbers rude
The pangs for poor [b] Chryſomitris decreed!
When from a neighb'ring ſpray aghaſt ſhe view'd
The ſavage ruffian's inauſpicious deed!

So, wrapt in grief, ſome heart-ſtruck matron ſtands,
While horrid flame ſurround her children's room!
On heav'n ſhe calls, and wrings her trembling hands,
Conſtrain'd to ſee, but not prevent their doom.

"O grief of griefs! with ſhrieking voice ſhe cry'd,
"What ſight is this that I have liv'd to ſee?
"O! that I had a maiden-goldfinch died,
"From love's falſe joys, and bitter ſorrows free!

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
"Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldy ſtraw?
"For this I pick'd the moſs from yonder hill?
"Nor ſhun'd the pond'rous chat along to draw?

"Was it for this, I cull'd the wool with care;
"And ſtrove with all my ſkill our work to crown?
"For this, with pain I bent the ſtubborn hair;
"And lin'd our cradle with the thiſtle's down?

[b] Chryſomitris, it ſeems, is the name for a goldfinch.

" Was it for this my freedom I reſign'd;
" And ceas'd to rove from beauteous plain to plain?
" For this I ſat at home whole days confin'd,
" And bore the ſcorching heat, and pealing rain?

" Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
" The crimſon roſes on my cheek turn pale?
" Pale is my golden plumage, once ſo trim;
" And all my wonted ſpirits 'gin to fail.

" O pluhd'rer vile; O more than weezel fell!
" More treach'rous than the cat with prudiſh face!
" More fierce than kites with whom the furies dwell!
" More pilf'ring than the cuckow's prowling race!

" For thee may plumb or gooſb'ry never grow,
" Nor juicy currant cool thy clammy throat:
" But bloody birch-twigs work thee ſhameful woe,
" Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note!"

Thus ſang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd:
Then ſide by ſide they ſought the diſtant vale,
And there in ſilent ſadneſs inly mourn'd.

THE BLACKBIRDS. AN ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

THE ſun had chas'd the mountain ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen ſoil,
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous ſong,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

O faireſt of the feather'd train!
For whom I ſing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For ſee the wintry ſtorms are flown,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.

The raven plumes his jetty wing
To pleaſe his croaking paramour;
The larks reſponſive ditties ſing,
And tell their paſſion as they ſoar.

But truſt me, love, the raven's wing
Is not to be compar'd with mine;
Nor can the lark ſo ſweetly ſing
As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.

O! let me all thy ſteps attend!
I'll point new treaſures to thy ſight;
Whether the grove thy wiſh befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll ſhew my love the cleareſt rill
Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray;
Theſe will we ſip, and ſip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead her to the thickeſt brake,
Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye;
For her the plaiſter'd neſt I'll make,
And on her downy pinions lie.

When, prompted by a mother's care,
Her warmth ſhall form th' impriſon'd young;
The pleaſing taſk I'll gladly ſhare,
Or cheer her labours with my ſong.

To bring her food I'll range the fields,
And cull the beſt of every kind;
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
And love's aſſiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would ſtray
To taſte the ſummer ſweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And tend with care our little charge.

Then prove with me the ſweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life;
No buſh ſhall boaſt in all the grove
So fond a mate, ſo bleſt a wife.

He ceas'd his ſong. The melting dame
With ſoft indulgence heard the ſtrain;
She felt, ſhe own'd a mutual flame,
And haſted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide;
The fondeſt bridegroom of that hour,
And ſhe, the moſt delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a ſong,
"Behold, he ſaid, the new-born day!
"The lark his matin peal has rung,
"Ariſe, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they ſtray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's ſide;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honeſt joy and decent pride.

When oh! with grief the Muſe relates
The mournful ſequel of my tale;
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, My dear,
Haſte, haſte away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;
O ſpare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas! was all too true:
O! had he choſe ſome other game!
Or ſhot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe;
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

THE RAKE.

BY A LADY IN NEW ENGLAND.

——— *Video meliora proboque,*
Deteriora ſequor. HOR.

AN open heart, a generous mind,
But paſſion's ſlave, and wild as wind:
In theory, a judge of right;
Though baniſh'd from its practice quite:
So looſe, ſo proſtitute of ſoul,
His nobler wit becomes the tool
Of every importuning fool:
A thouſand virtues miſapply'd;
While reaſon floats on paſſion's tide;
The ruin of the chaſte and fair;
The parent's curſe, the virgin's ſnare;
Whoſe falſe example leads aſtray
The young, the thoughtleſs, and the gay:
Yet, left alone to cooler thought,
He knows, he ſees, he feels his fault:
He knows his fault, he feels, he views,
Deteſting what he moſt purſues:

His judgment tells him, all his gains
For fleeting joys are laſting pains:
Reaſon with appetite contending,
Repenting ſtill, and ſtill offending;
Abuſer of the gifts of nature,
A wretched, ſelf-condemning creature,
He paſſes o'er life's ill-trod ſtage,
And dies, in youth, the prey of age!
The ſcorn, the pity of the wiſe,
Who love, lament him—and deſpiſe!

FLOWERS.

BY ANTHONY WHISTLER[a], Eſq;

——— Ego apis matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma. HOR.

I.

LET ſages with ſuperfluous pains
The learned page devour;
While Florio better knowledge drains
From each inſtructive flower.

[a] Anthony Whiſtler, Eſq; was entered a Commoner of Pembroke Hall, Oxford, October 2, 1732. He died, in 1754, at his ſeat at Whitchurch, in Oxfordſhire.

II.

His fav'rite Roſe his fear alarms,
All opening to the ſun;
Like vain coquettes, who ſpread their charms,
And ſhine, to be undone.

III.

The Tulip, gaudy in its dreſs,
And made for nought but ſhow,
In every ſenſe may well expreſs
The glittering, empty beau!

IV.

The Snow-drop firſt but peeps to light,
And fearful ſhews its head;
Thus modeſt merit ſhines more bright,
By ſelf-diſtruſt miſled.

V.

Th' Auric'la, which through labour roſe,
Yet ſhines compleat by art,
The force of education ſhows
How much it can impart.

VI.

He marks the Senſitive's nice fit;
Nor fears he to proclaim,
If each man's darling vice were hit,
That he would *act the ſame.*

VII.

Beneath each common hedge, he views
The Violet with care;
Hinting we ſhould not worth refuſe,
Although we find it *there*.

VIII.

The Tuberoſe that lofty ſprings,
Nor can ſupport its height,
Well repreſents imperious kings,
Grown impotent by might.

IX.

Fragrant, though pale, the Lily blows;
To teach the female breaſt,
How virtue can its ſweets diſcloſe
In all complexions dreſt.

X.

To every bloom that crowns the year,
Nature ſome charm decrees;
Learn hence, ye nymphs, her face to wear,
Ye cannot fail to pleaſe.

SONG.

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE, Strephon, thus you teaze one,
To ſay, what won my heart;
It cannot ſure be treaſon,
If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your ſmile, though charming;
'Twas not your eyes, though bright;
'Twas not your bloom, though warming;
Nor beauty's dazzling light.

'Twas not your dreſs, though ſhining,
Nor ſhape, that made me ſigh:
'Twas not your tongue, complaining,
For that I knew—might lye.

No—'twas your generous nature;
Bold, ſoft; ſincere, and gay;
It ſhone in every feature,
And ſtole my heart away.

THE CABINET; OR, VERSES ON ROMAN MEDALS. TO MR. WALKER. BY MR. GRAVES[a].

I.

LO! the rich Caſket's mimic dome!
Where cells in graceful rows
The triumphs of imperial Rome
In miniature diſcloſe.

II.

Leſs ſacred far thoſe tinſel ſhrines,
In which the ſainted bones,
And relics, modern Rome confines,
Of legendary drones.

III.

In figur'd braſs we here behold
From time's wide waſte retriev'd,
What patriots firm or heroes bold
In peace or war atchiev'd.

IV.

Or ſilver orbs, in ſeries fair,
With titles deck'd around,
Preſent each Cæſar's face and air
With rays or laurels crown'd.

[a] Richard Graves, ſecond ſon of Richard Graves, Eſq; was born at Mickleton, in the County of Glouceſter, May 4, 1715. He was educated at Abington School, Berks; elected from thence Nov. 1, 1732, a Scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford; and choſen Fellow of All Souls College, 1736. In 1739 he became M. A. He is now Rector of Claverton, and Vicar of Kilmerſden, in the County of Somerſet.

V. Ages

V.

Ages to come ſhall hence be taught,
In laſting lines expreſs'd,
How mighty Julius ſpoke or fought,
Or Cleopatra dreſs'd.

VI.

Auguſtus here with placid mien
Bids raging diſcord ceaſe;
The gates of War cloſe-barr'd are ſeen,
And all the world is peace.

VII.

A race of tyrants then ſucceeds,
Who frown with brow ſevere;
Yet though we ſhudder at their deeds,
Ev'n Nero charms us here.

VIII.

Thus did the blooming Titus look
Delight of human kind;
Great Hadrian thus, whoſe death beſpoke
His firm yet gentle mind.

IX.

Aurelius too! thy ſtoic face
Indignant we compare
With young Fauſtina's wanton grace,
And meretricious air.

X.

Each paſſion here and virtue ſhines
In livelieſt emblems dreſs'd:
Leſs ſtrong in Tully's ethic lines,
Or Plato's flights expreſs'd.

XI.

With heighten'd grace in verdant ruſt,
Each work of ancient art,
The temple, column, arch, or buſt,
Their wonted charms impart.

XII.

All-glorious Rome, through martial toil,
Beneath each zone obey'd,
Shew'd every province, trophy, ſpoil,
On current gold diſplay'd.

XIII.

Hence prodigals, that vainly ſpend,
Promote the great deſign;
And miſers aid ambition's end,
Who treaſure up the coin.

XIV.

The peaſant finds in every clime
The ſcientific ore;
Whilſt on the rich remains of time,
The learn'd with rapture pore.

XV.

Each fading ſtroke they now retrace
Each legend dark unfold:
Then in hiſtoric order place—
And copper vies with gold.

XVI. Happy

XVI.

Happy the ſage! like you, my friend,
The evening of whoſe days
Heav'n grants in that fair vale to ſpend
Where Thames delighted ſtrays.

XVII.

To medals there and books of taſte
Thoſe moments you conſign,
Which barren minds ignobly waſte
On dogs, or cards, or wine.

XVIII.

Whilſt I 'mid rocks and ſavage woods
Enjoy theſe golden dreams;
[a] Where Avon winds to mix her floods
With Bladud's healing ſtreams.

PANACEA:

Or, The Grand RESTORATIVE.

By the Same.

WELCOME to Baiæ's ſtreams, ye ſons of ſpleen,
Who rove from ſpa to ſpa—to ſhift the ſcene;
While round the ſtreaming fount you idly throng,
Come, learn a wholſome ſecret from my ſong.

[a] Claverton near Bath, 1750.

Ye

Ye fair, whoſe roſes feel th' approaching froſt,
And drops ſupply the place of ſpirits loſt:
Ye 'ſquires, who, rack'd with gouts, at heav'n repine,
Condemn'd to water for exceſs in wine:
Ye portly cits, ſo corpulent and full,
Who eat and drink 'till appetite grows dull;
For whets and bitters then unſtring the purſe,
Whilſt nature more oppreſt grows worſe and worſe;
Dupes to the craft of pill-preſcribing leaches:
You nod or laugh at what the parſon preaches,
Hear then a rhyming quack,—who ſpurns your wealth,
And gratis gives a ſure receipt for health.
No more thus vainly roam o'er ſea and land,
When lo! a ſovereign remedy at hand:
'Tis Temperance—ſtale cant!—'Tis Faſting then;
Heav'n's antidote againſt the ſins of men.
Foul luxury's the cauſe of all your pain:
To ſcour th' obſtructed glands, abſtain! abſtain!
Faſt and take reſt, ye candidates for ſleep,
Who from high food tormenting vigils keep:
Faſt and be fat—thou ſtarveling in a gown:
Ye bloated, faſt—'twill ſurely bring you down.
Ye nymphs, that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,
Hence take freſh bloom, freſh vigour to your ſouls.
Faſt and fear not—you'll need no drop nor pill:
Hunger *may* ſtarve, exceſs is *ſure* to kill.

The

The HEROINES, or MODERN MEMOIRS.

BY THE SAME.

IN ancient times, ſome hundred winters paſt,
When Britiſh dames, for conſcience ſake, were chaſte;
If ſome frail nymph, by youthful paſſion ſway'd,
From Virtue's paths unhappily had ſtray'd;
When baniſh'd reaſon re-aſſum'd her place,
The conſcious wretch bewail'd her foul diſgrace;
Fled from the world, and paſs'd her joyleſs years
In decent ſolitude, and pious tears,
Veil'd in ſome convent made her peace with heaven,
And almoſt hop'd—by Prudes to be forgiven.
Not ſo of Modern w—res th' illuſtrious train,
Renown'd Conſtantia [a], P—ton [b] and V—ne [c];
Grown old in ſin, and dead to amorous joy,
No acts of penance *their* great ſouls employ.
Without a bluſh behold each nymph advance,
The luſcious Heroine of her own romance.
Each harlot triumphs in her loſs of fame,
And boldly prints and publiſhes her ſhame.

1751.

[a] Tereſa Conſtantia Philips.

[b] Mrs. Letitia Pilkington.

[c] See this lady's Memoirs in the Life of Peregrine Pickle.

The

The PARTING.

By the Same.

Written ſome Years after Marriage.

I.

THE riſing ſun through all the grove
Diffus'd a gladſome ray:
My Lucy ſmil'd, and talk'd of love;
And every thing look'd gay.

II.

But oh! the fatal hour was come,
That forc'd me from my dear:
My Lucy then through grief was dumb,
Or ſpoke but by a tear.

III.

Now far from her and bliſs I roam,
All nature wears a change:
The azure ſky ſeems wrapt in gloom,
And every place looks ſtrange.

IV.

Thoſe flow'ry fields, this verdant ſcene,
Yon larks that towering ſing,
With ſad contraſt increaſe my ſpleen,
And make me loath the ſpring.

V.

My books that wont to ſooth my mind
No longer now can pleaſe:
There only thoſe amuſement find
That have a mind at eaſe.

VI.

Nay life itſelf is taſteleſs grown
From Lucy whilſt I ſtray:
Sick of the world I muſe alone
And ſigh the live-long day.

1748.

* *

ODE to MEMORY. 1748.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq;

I.

O Memory! celeſtial maid!
Who glean'ſt the flow'rets cropt by time;
And, ſuffering not a leaf to fade,
Preſerv'ſt the bloſſoms of our prime;
Bring, bring thoſe moments to my mind
When life was new, and Leſbia kind.

II. And

II.

And bring that garland to my ſight,
With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;
And bring that wreath of roſes bright
Which then my feſtive temples crown'd.
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

III.

And ſketch with care the Muſe's bow'r,
Where Iſis rolls her ſilver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r,
That ſhines on Cherwell's verdant ſide;
If ſo thou may'ſt thoſe hours prolong,
When poliſh'd Lycon join'd my ſong.

IV.

The ſong it 'vails not to recite—
But ſure, to ſooth our youthful dreams,
Thoſe banks and ſtreams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other ſtreams:
Or by thy ſoftening pencil ſhewn,
Aſſume they beauties not their own?

V.

And paint that ſweetly vacant ſcene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My ſpirits light, my ſoul ſerene,
I breath'd in verſe one cordial vow;
That nothing ſhould my ſoul inſpire,
But friendſhip warm, and love entire.

VI.

Dull to the ſenſe of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muſe attends;
As ſome fond lover, robb'd of ſight,
On thy expreſſive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that ſhines.

VII.

But let me chaſe thoſe vows away
Which at ambition's ſhrine I made;
Nor ever let thy ſkill diſplay
Thoſe anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breaſt that ſeaſon raſe,
And bring my childhood in its place.

VIII.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I beſtrode;
When pleas'd, in many a ſportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whiſtle that I blew.

IX.

Then will I muſe, and penſive ſay,
Why did not theſe enjoyments laſt?
How ſweetly waſted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waſte?
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But, ah! for pleaſure yield us pain.

The Princeſs ELIZABETH[a]:

A Ballad, alluding to a Story recorded of her, when ſhe was a Priſoner at WOODSTOCK, 1554.

BY THE SAME.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and ſway?

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts purſue?

[a] Afterwards Queen. Hollingſhead, ſpeaking of her confinement, ſays,—"no marvell, if ſhe hearing upon a time out of hir garden at "Woodſtocke a certaine milkmaide ſinging pleaſantlie, wiſhed herſelf "to be a milkmaide as ſhe was; ſaying that her caſe was better, and life "merrier."

Malice never taught to treaſure,
Cenſure never taught to bear:
Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
Love is all the damſel's care.

How can they of humble ſtation
Vainly blame the powers above?
Or accuſe the diſpenſation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Pow'r nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
Only pureſt on the plain!

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt.

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near:
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion,
But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail:
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters might I rove:
Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living,
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.

ODE to a YOUNG LADY,

Somewhat too ſolicitous about her Manner of Expreſſion.

BY THE SAME.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid ſtream
Adown the ſmiling valley ſtray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy ſhining hair
In looſe diſhevell'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, nor all thy care,
Can there one ſingle grace beſtow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmoſt ſkill
Inſtruct one flow'r to pleaſe us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks diſcloſe,
And oh may Laura, ere ſhe try,
With freſh vermilion paint the roſe.

Hark,

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every ſtudy'd grace excel;
Let art conſtrain the rambling note,
And will ſhe, Laura, pleaſe ſo well?

Oh ever keep thy native eaſe,
By no pedantic rules confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to pleaſe,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

VERSES written towards the cloſe of the Year 1748, to WILLIAM HENRY LYTTELTON, Eſq;[a]

By the Same.

HOW blithely paſs'd the Summer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To viſit Damon's bower.

But now, with ſilent ſtep, I range
Along ſome lonely ſhore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

[a] Sixth ſon of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, and brother of George, the firſt Lord Lyttelton. He was created Baron Weſtcote, of Balamare, in the ounty of Longford, July 21, 1766; and is at preſent member for Bewdley.

Away to crowds and cities borne,
In queſt of joy they ſteer;
Whilſt I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O penſive autumn! how I grieve
Thy ſorrowing face to ſee!
When languid ſuns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying ſcene ſurvey!
Haſte, Winter, haſte; uſurp the ſky;
Compleat my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley caſt
Yon' ſickening leaves retain;
That ſpeak at once of pleaſure paſt,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbleſt, I gaze around,
My diſtant ſcenes require;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill, and ſpire.

Though Thomſon, ſweet deſcriptive bard!
Inſpiring Autumn ſung;
Yet how ſhould we the months regard,
That ſtopp'd his flowing tongue [b]?

[b] Mr. Thomſon died Auguſt 27, 1748.

Ah

Ah luckleſs months, of all the reſt,
To whoſe hard ſhare it fell!
For ſure he was the gentleſt breaſt
That ever ſung ſo well.

And ſee, the ſwallows now diſown
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad ſome happier ſhore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The ſportſman's frantic deed;
While hounds and horns and yells unite
To drown the Muſe's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown!
Ye ſkies no longer blue!
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
To bear theſe frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unſullied green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where ſweet friendſhip's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine diſcloſe her dyes,
And boaſt her purple ſtore;
Not all the vineyard's rich ſupplies
Can ſoothe our ſorrows more.

He! he is gone, whoſe moral ſtrain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whoſe ſocial vein
Surpaſs'd the power of wine.

Faſt by the ſtreams he deign'd to praiſe,
In yon ſequeſter'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raiſe [c];
To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend! forlorn and ſad,
I grave your Thomſon's name;
And there, his lyre; which fate forbad
To ſound your growing fame.

There ſhall my plaintive ſong recount
Dark themes of hopeleſs woe;
And, faſter than the dropping fount,
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

c Inſtead of the urn, Mr. Shenſtone afterwards inſcribed the following lines on one of the ſeats in his grounds:

CELEBERRIMO POETAE
JACOBO THOMSON,
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum veneſtis ſibilus auſtri,
Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxoſas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

There

There leaves, in ſpite of Autumn, green,
Shall ſhade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be ſeen,
To call forth flowers around.

But no kind ſuns will bid me ſhare,
Once more, His ſocial hour;
Ah, Spring! thou never canſt repair
This loſs to Damon's bower.

SONGS.

By the Same.

I.

IN a vale fring'd with woodland, where grottos abound,
And rivulets murmur, and echoes reſound,
I vow'd to the Muſes my time and my care;
Since neither could win me the ſmiles of my fair.

As freedom inſpir'd me, I rang'd and I ſung;
And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue:
But if once a ſmooth accent delighted my ear,
I ſhould wiſh, unawares, that my Daphne might hear.

With faireſt ideas my boſom I ſtor'd;
Alluſions to none but the nymph I ador'd;
And the more I with ſtudy my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impreſſion ſhe made on my mind.

Ah

Ah! whilſt I the beauties of nature purſue,
I ſtill muſt my Daphne's fair image renew;
The Graces have choſen with Daphne to rove,
And the Muſes are all in alliance with Love.

II. Daphne's Viſit.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay ſalute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain;
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footſteps riſe;
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes;
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee:
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flower,
And ſhed its odours round my bower:
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreſhment find.

Ye ſtreams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſooth my fair;
Or oh! 'twill deepen my deſpair.

And thou, my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds,
May Daphne praiſe thy peaceful gloom;
Or thou ſhalt prove her Damon's tomb.

III. The Rose-Bud.

SEE, Flavia, ſee that budding roſe,
How bright beneath the buſh it glows:
How ſafely there it lurks conceal'd;
How quickly blaſted, when reveal'd!

The ſun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze,
A blaſt deſcends from eaſtern ſkies,
And all its bluſhing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair! your charms divine;
And check the fond deſire to ſhine
Where fame's tranſporting rays allure,
While here more happy, more ſecure.

The breath of ſome neglected maid
Shall make you ſigh you left the ſhade:
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the roſe, an eaſtern wind.

The nymph reply'd, "You firſt, my ſwain,
"Confine your ſonnets to the plain;
"One envious tongue alike diſarms,
"You, of your wit; me, of my charms.

"What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
"Or what, unknown, the poet's ſkill?
"What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
"Or what the roſe's bluſh, unſeen?"

IV. Written

IV. Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee, through yonder ſilent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inſpire:
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
And value reaſon next to love.

V. Imitated

V. Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, theſe are the ſcenes where with Iris I ſtray'd;
But ſhort was her ſway for ſo lovely a maid;
In the bloom of her youth to a cloiſter ſhe run;
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muſt prove
So fatal to beauty, ſo killing to love!

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs and the plains,
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, the ſcene of my pains;
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be ſtill though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the ſeaſon of love is no more.

With her how I ſtray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
Then breathleſs with ardor my fair-one purſu'd,
And to think with what kindneſs my garland ſhe view'd!
But be ſtill, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;
Fain would'ſt thou forget thou muſt love her no more.

RURAL INSCRIPTIONS.

By the Same.

I. On a Root-House.

HERE in cool grot, and mossy cell,
We rural fays and faeries dwell:
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon' limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene;
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life;
And much it vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race:

And tread with awe theſe favour'd bow'rs,
Nor wound the ſhrubs, nor bruiſe the flow'rs.
So may your paths with ſweets abound!
So may your couch with reſt be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward ſwain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunt prophane!

OBERON.

II. In a ſhady Valley, near a running Water.

O! Let me haunt this peaceful ſhade;
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bow'r,
That ſhun her paths, and ſlight her pow'r.

Hither the plaintive halcyon flies,
From ſocial meads and open ſkies;
Pleas'd, by this rill, her courſe to ſteer,
And hide her ſapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimſon ſtains,
Forſakes the river's proud domains;
Forſakes the ſun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble ſtream.

And ſure I heard the Naiad ſay,
"Flow, flow, my ſtream! this devious way:
"Though lovely ſoft thy murmurs are,
"Thy waters, lovely cool and fair.

" Flow, gentle ſtream! nor let the vain
" Thy ſmall unſully'd ſtores diſdain:
" Nor let the penſive ſage repine,
" Whoſe latent courſe reſembles thine."

III. On a ſmall Building in the Gothic Taſte.

YOu that bathe in courtly bliſſe!
Or toyle in fortune's giddye ſphere!
Doo not too raſhly deeme amyſſe
Of him, that bydes contentid here.

Nor yet diſdeigne the ruſſet ſcoale,
Whyche o'er each carelelle lymbe he ſlynge.
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In which he quaffs the lympid ſpringe.

Forgyve him, if, at eve or dawne,
Devoyde of worldlye carke he ſtray:
Or all beſyde ſome flowerye lawne,
He waſte his inoffenſive day.

So may He pardonne fraud and ſtrife,
If ſuch in courtlye haunt he lee:
For faults there beene in buſye lyfe,
From whyche theſe peaceful glennes are free.

A Paſtoral

A Paſtoral BALLAD[a], in Four Parts, Written in 1743.

By the Same.

Arbuſta humileſque myricæ. VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam!
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

II.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repell;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

[a] Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that though Mr. Shenſtone was never married, yet he might have obtained the lady to whom this ballad was addreſſed.

III.

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

IV.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

V.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

VI. The

VI.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

I.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

II.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar twines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

III.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
O how ſudden the jeſſamin ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

IV.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

V.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

VI.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

VII.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains, and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught, in her abſence, could pleaſe.

VIII.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. Solicitude.

I.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is every way pleaſing to me.

II.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

III.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets He dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

IV.

'Tis His with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis His in ſmooth tales to unfold,
" How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
" And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold;
" How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
" With the notes of his charmer to vie:
" How they vary their accents in vain,
" Repine at her triumphs, and die."

V.

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
" O Phyllis, he whiſpers, more fair,
" More ſweet than the jeſſamin's flow'r!
" What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
" What is eglantine after a ſhow'r?

VI.

" Then the lily no longer is white;
" Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
" Then the violets die with deſpight,
" And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

VII.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. Disappointment.

I.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

II.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inſpire:
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

III.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

IV.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe?
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

V.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from Solitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

VI. O ye

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound through the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it began;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

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Directions to the Binder.

Place the Muſic to follow this Leaf.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM
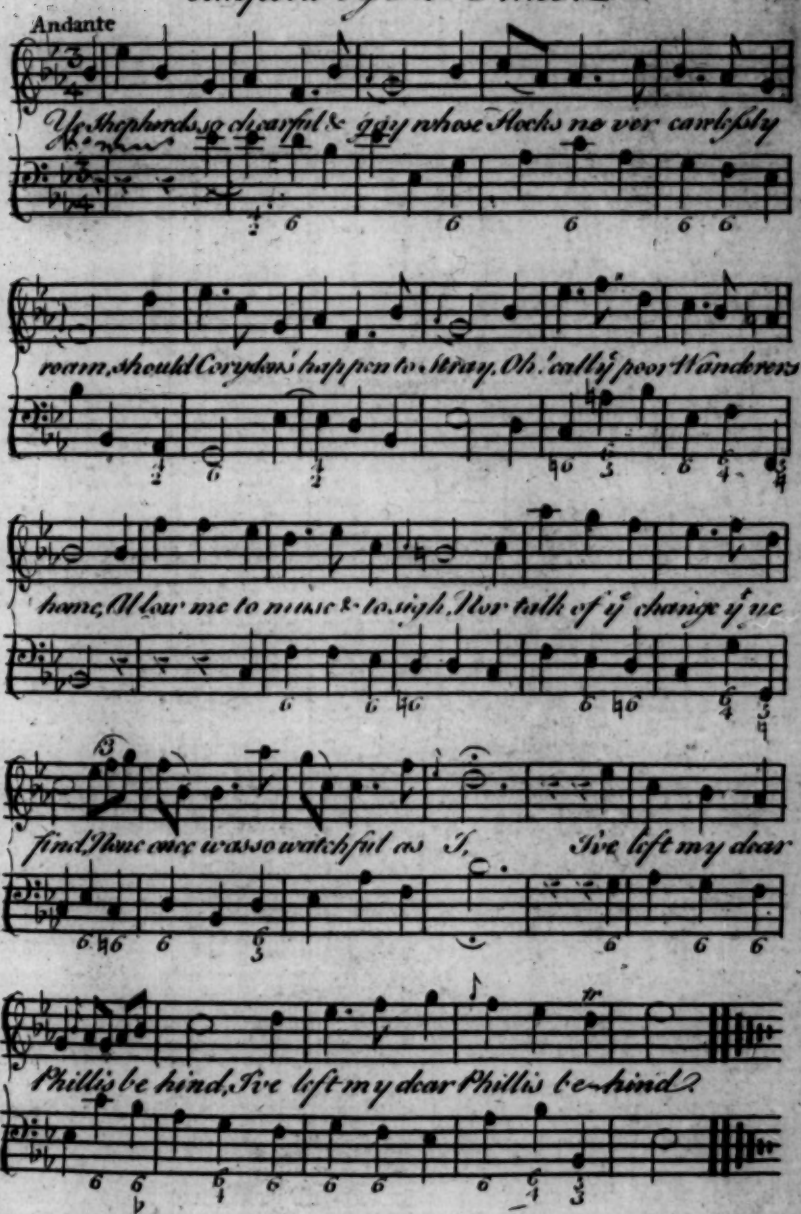
Musick for the preceeding Ballad
Composd by Mr. Arne.

